WEEK
ENDING
OCT. 31, 1931

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

LARGEST
SINGLE COPY
SALE
OF ANY
MAGAZINE

Leslie Thrasher

BEN HECHT ~ JAY FRANKLIN ~ MARIE DE MONTALVO ~ GEORGE M. COHAN ~ PAUL ANNIXTE

WAX

GOOD FOR CHEWING

BUT NOT FOR MOTOR OIL

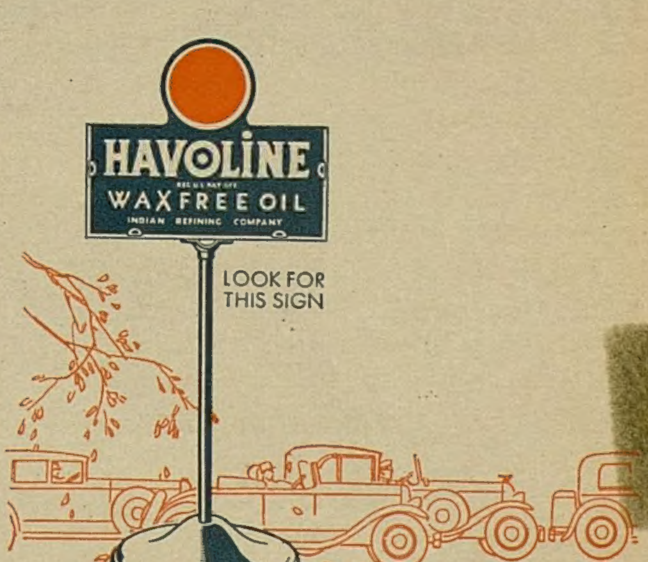
Remember how hard it was to chew wax gum—the flavored paraffin chewing gum of your youth? Wax in motor oil is like that on chill fall days. It hardens with cold. It becomes a stiff non-lubricating mass through which dry engine parts must chew their way. It slows up circulation of lubricating oil.

KEEP WAX OUT OF YOUR MOTOR

That is why you should use The New Waxfree Havoline now—and all winter long. It cannot clog your motor, because it is entirely free from wax. It lubricates instantly, preventing ruinous "dry starting"—even in sub-zero weather. And it holds its rich protective oiliness at highest motor temperatures because it is 100%-distilled and free from volatile impurities.

Drain and refill—*today*—with the grade recommended for your car. Whatever the weather, *waxfree means carefree.*

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
General Offices and Refinery: Lawrenceville, Illinois
Sales Offices: Indianapolis, Indiana



USE ONLY *The New*

WAXFREE HAVOLINE

MOTOR OIL

35c a quart—Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada. If you want the finest quality *regular* oil, use *Blended Havoline*—25c a quart

© 1931, Indian Refining Co.

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Decay begins beneath this Film on Teeth

COMBAT IT!—Remove film, eat the right foods, see your dentist—the 3 great rules. Science finds teeth must be protected from "within" and from "without."

BEFORE decay or other troubles can triumph there must be two prime conditions. First: germs of infection must be present—active, vigorous—ready to attack. Second: natural resistance must be low and hence *invite* attack.

To build natural resistance against decay and gum disorders eat the right foods. (Refer to diet hints on this page.) Eat them to make teeth harder and to make gums firm.

Remove film

And in addition remove the germs associated with tooth troubles. To remove germs from teeth, remove film. For film is their breeding ground. It glues germs against the teeth so tightly ordinary brushing cannot remove them. The stains from food and smoking are absorbed by film. It fills every tiny crevice in enamel. Film is hard to reach and hard to remove. So to meet this need Pepsodent was developed. Today Pepsodent has become the *special film-removing* tooth paste.

Now, a new discovery

Pepsodent's unique action is due to a revolutionary polishing and cleansing agent. One that is SAFE and gentle. One twice as soft as that commonly used in other tooth pastes. Because of its great safety, Pepsodent is recommended widely for the delicate teeth of children.

Yet with all its softness Pepsodent cleanses teeth and polishes enamel to a degree heretofore unknown.

And besides the proper diet and removing film each day, one thing remains: **See your dentist regularly.**

Further than this there is nothing left to do. It's science's own prescription.

INCLUDE THESE IN YOUR DIET:

One or two eggs, depending on your age.

Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.

Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.

½ lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.

Plenty of milk every day.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST TWICE A YEAR

Oct. 31, 1931

Liberty

Vol. 8 No. 44

A Weekly for Everybody

Editorial and Executive Offices:
Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue.
Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.; Lee Ellmaker, Publisher; Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1931, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage); but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year for the United States and possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, and Panama. All other countries, including Canada, $5.00 per year. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.**

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —Abraham Lincoln.

WE WANT BEER!

When President Hoover addressed the American Legion, after the applause subsided he was greeted vociferously with:

"WE WANT BEER!"

It resounded through the hall in strident, vehement tones. It was repeated in unison by hundreds of lusty voices.

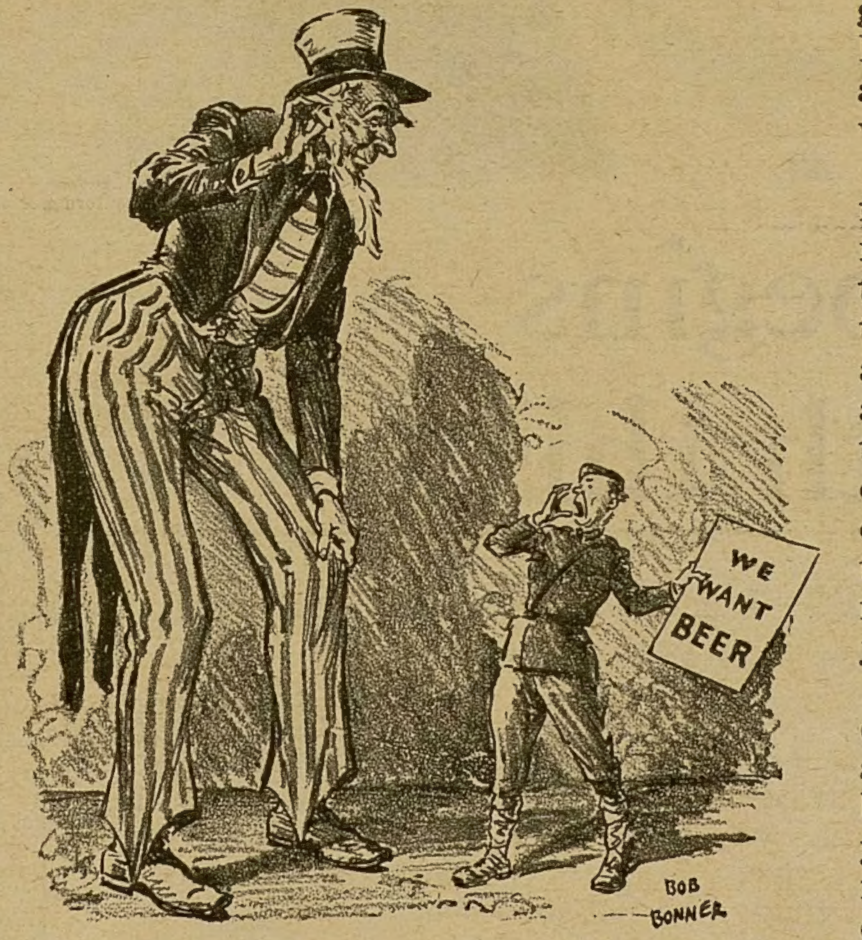
"WE WANT BEER!"

And if they want beer, they should have it.

In fact, they are having but little trouble to secure it at this time. It is sold everywhere in speakeasies, but its quality is questionable and the price is high.

The brewers, who have always believed that the prohibition mania would some day subside, are ready to turn out a good product.

And the results of acquiescing to the demands of the Legionnaires and all those who like this foaming liquid would ultimately be advantageous. Doubtless it will greatly increase the demand for this particular liquor.



Prohibition has given everybody a thirst. There is hardly anything that would have accomplished more to advertise alcoholic liquors than the hue and cry which has been everywhere in evidence in connection with the discussion and the enforcement of this much criticized law.

Let the people drink beer if they insist upon having it, but if it is really harmful, carry on an educational campaign that will give the public an understanding of its dangers.

And then there are the taxes that could be collected from this business. One publisher stated that if every glass of beer were taxed six cents it would bring us over a billion dollars a year.

Beer drinking does not seem to have lowered the vitality of the Germans. They are certainly a tremendously vital race, and they drink it in preference to water.

Some physicians maintain that beer will make you heavy and logy, and that it is inclined to add flabby tissue. But whatever the truth may be on this subject, it should be broadcast.

Regardless of what we do at this time, the people want beer, and we can rest assured they are going to have it. The prohibition law will be either annulled or modified, and within a very short time.

The "noble experiment" has been an appalling failure. Many really trained observers believe that prohibition has actually increased the use of alcoholic liquors, and it will take a generation or more of educational procedure to overcome the bad influence that has resulted from overmuch attention to this subject.

Anything that is forbidden and which is talked about continuously finally becomes alluring, and youthful minds everywhere naturally want to do a little experimenting on their own account. They want to find out what it all means, and that accounts for the hip-pocket flasks in our high schools, and many other associated evils.

IN THIS ISSUE

The Mystery of the Fabulous Laundryman *A story* .... Ben Hecht 5

Did Prohibition Increase Crime? *Yes, says* Jay Franklin 11
And a few more words from Heywood Broun

Margin—*A story* .... Marie de Montalvo 16

The Screen Is Singing Again
Movie reviews .... Frederick James Smith 24

A Comedian Stops to Think .... George M. Cohan 26
Why he left Broadway and why he came back

When the Turtle Sings .... Paul Annixter 40

The Twilight of the Gangster—*Part II* . Edward Doherty 46
A startling picture of the murder industry

Mr. Solomon Goes Home—*A short short story* .... Olga Hall-Brown 51

Drama on the Gridiron .... John F. "Chick" Meehan 54
The inside story of some big football moments

$5,000 in Prizes in a Jig-Saw Contest 57

Hiccoughing Makes Us Fat .... Robert Benchley 58

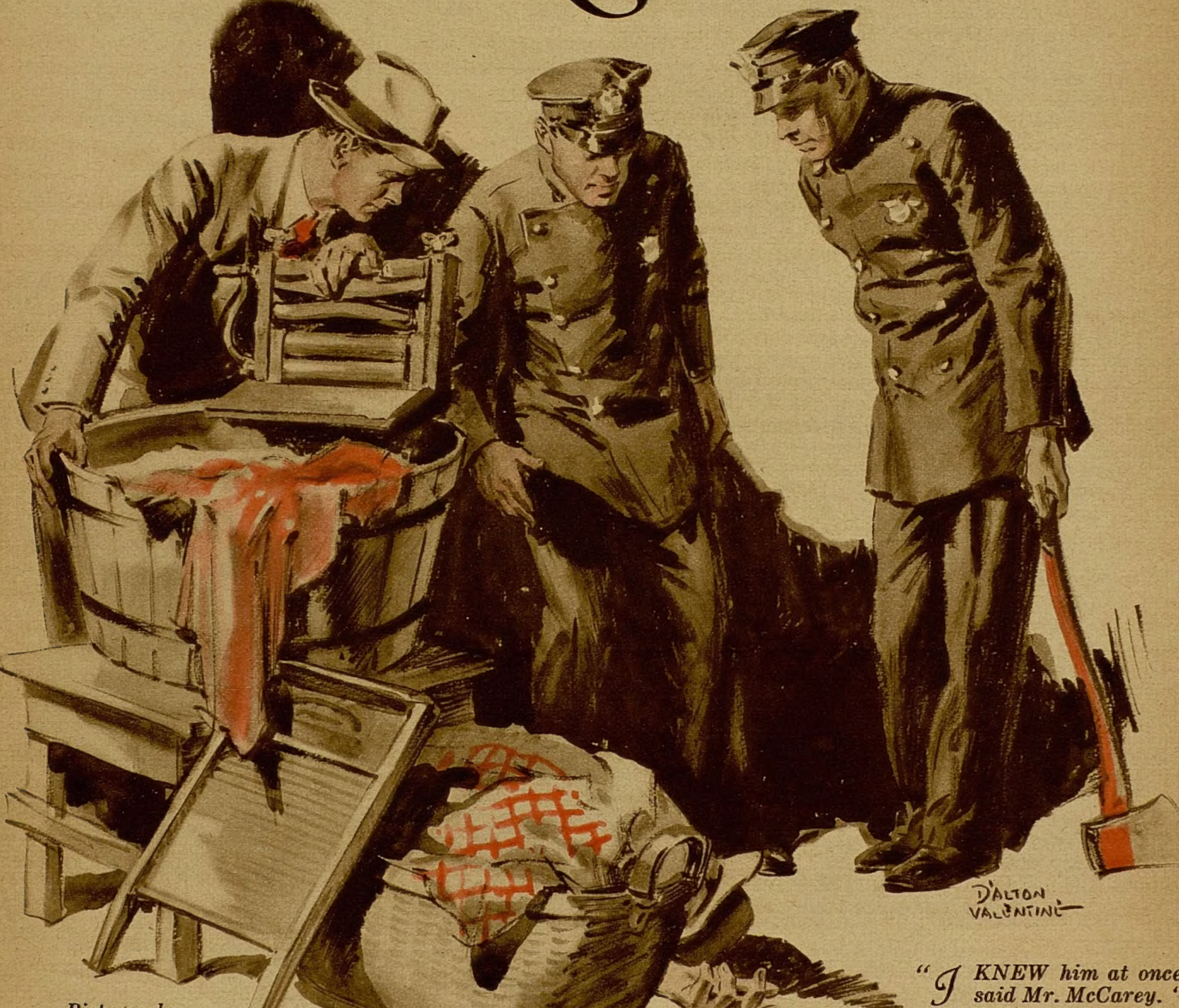
Lost Squadron—*Part V* .... Dick Grace 60

To the Ladies! .... Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 66

Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (23); Civilization's Progress (36); For the Love o' Lil (37); Vox Pop (38-39); Bright Sayings of Children (45); Cross Word Puzzles (52-53)

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

The Mystery of the Fabulous Laundryman



Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

"I KNEW him at once," said Mr. McCarey. "I can tell you so much. I took one look and I knew him."

A Story That Might Be True

(Reading time: 22 min. 5 sec.)

By BEN HECHT

I WILL write this story out as it was told to me, with the hope that you will believe it as did I listening to the bibulous and rococo verbiage of Mr. Dick McCarey.

In the days when I was a newspaper man such a tale as my friend McCarey unleashed between his first and fifteenth drinks in that buzzing Harlem speakeasy would have sent me bouncing into the night to run it down; nor would I have rested till the last detail had been garnered and verified and the whole thing blazoned across a front page. (A statement, this, which such of my erstwhile editors as happen upon these words may very likely challenge with snorts. But what newspaper man, having quit that daft profession, but remembers himself as one of its heroes? And this is not so

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MYSTERY OF THE FABULOUS LAUNDRYMAN
Continued from page five

much a boast as an obeisance to a lost and glamorous vocation.) The bravoes of the press today seem to me a less gaudy lot than those I once knew as colleagues. This McCarey, however, who will in a moment take the floor, is of that species which rather egotistically I choose to fancy extinct. He is of that tribe that once practiced journalism as if it were holy orders.

Mr. McCarey was sitting by himself in a corner of the noisy, foggy barroom when I spied him this night, and he was a man full of truculence and contempt, as I expected him to be, although I hadn't seen him for a year.

“ Hello,” I said. “ How's Parnell this evening? ”

Mr. McCarey looked up, and from the fact that his eyes failed to blaze at the name Parnell I knew that the highball before him was his first. Mr. McCarey grinned and beckoned me to sit opposite him.

“ What are you doing in this *foul* town? ” he said, laboring as always under the delusion that I was, despite five years' residence in Manhattan, an alien. But this was a rather general attitude held by Mr. McCarey toward men and women encountered in the secret barrooms that were his stamping ground—that they were all aliens, all wanderers, with their hearts in far-away places.

“ Still in search of fame and fortune,” I answered him.

“ Oho! ” said Mr. McCarey and sneered.

HIS voice will bear mentioning, that you may hear him. It was a husky, rushing voice whose most characteristic tones were those of boundless and derogatory anger. He spoke chiefly in sneers, but the sneers, these, not of small frustration but of a large and tumultuous romanticism which found the world too dingy for its practice.

Then, looking me slowly up and down, Mr. McCarey remarked: “ Same old suit of clothes, eh? ”

I nodded, and this brief confession of my unimproved estate appeared to lighten the McCarey mood. His swollen but still boyish face relaxed, his lip uncurled, and his Celtic eye softened.

“ How's the world been treating you? ” I said.

“ The world,” said Mr. McCarey, with an angry squint, “ has seen fit to harass and bedevil me beyond the power of speech. You are looking upon a man who is one of the foul favorites of misfortune.”

Turning his squint on the bartender some thirty feet to the leeward, Mr. McCarey cried out: “ Here, you foul Corsican! Another glass of that peculiar liquor.”

“ I'll have one too,” I said.

Mr. McCarey held up two fingers and the barkeep nodded.

“ What,” I inquired, “ is the general cause of your depression—women, debts, or the ennui of a sensitive soul? ”

“ The cause of my depression,” said Mr. McCarey, “ is a laundryman. What a laundryman! ” The Celtic eyes fluttered and a sigh shook the McCarey frame from head to foot. “ You are looking upon a man,” he added, falling after a pause into his favorite rodomontade, “ who bears in his bosom a secret so fabulous, so heartbreaking, as to render him speechless. Speechless! ” he repeated loudly—and favored the coterie of drinkers draped around the bar in front of us with a carnivorous glare.

“ Let's get out of this fish trap,” he said, after having sneered and squinted separately at a dozen of the customers. “ Hey, you peculiar Aztec! ” This brought the waiter. “ *Rechnung, bitte. Verstehen sie?* The bill,” he added, translating contemptuously. “ Here are your thirty pieces of silver,” he said, with a high aversion for the whole transaction. “ Count them, ingrate.” To me he said, “ Come on.”

I started for the door. But Mr. McCarey moved in an arc, and with an unexpected list tacked into an unoccupied corner. Here, overturning a chair and kicking it savagely out of his path, he sat down in another.

“ *Oberkellner!* ” he bawled. “ Hey, you foul Swiss! Some service here. If you please! ”

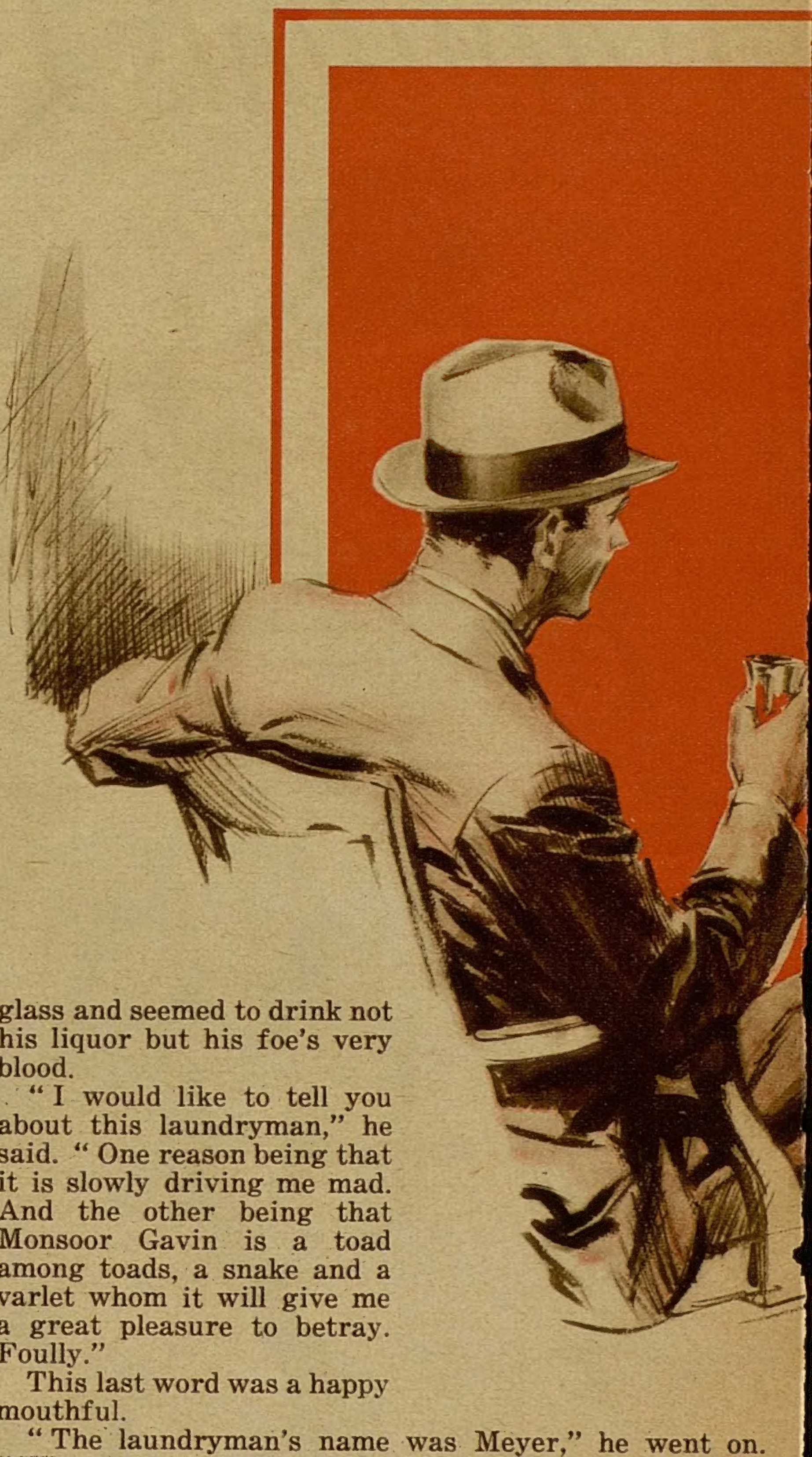
Mr. McCarey would have fought for Parnell now.

“ This place,” he confided abruptly to me, “ has one asset which distinguishes it among its horrible ilk. It is the watering trough of that foulest of all bipeds, Monsoor Gavin, my esteemed city editor.”

“ What paper are you on now? ” I asked.

“ None! ” said Mr. McCarey loudly. “ I have tonight severed my association with the depraved press, and as soon as Monsoor Gavin sticks his snout into this tallyho I am going to cool him off and lay him to rest.”

Mr. McCarey, despite his scowl, seemed appeased by this pronouncement. He smiled sullenly and, ogling the doorway through which his enemy was to appear, lifted his glass and seemed to drink not his liquor but his foe's very blood.



“ I would like to tell you about this laundryman,” he said. “ One reason being that it is slowly driving me mad. And the other being that Monsoor Gavin is a toad among toads, a snake and a varlet whom it will give me a great pleasure to betray. Foully.”

This last word was a happy mouthful.

“ The laundryman's name was Meyer,” he went on. “ What was that name that Mary Queen of Scots had written on her heart? ”

“ Calais,” I said.

“ Calais,” repeated Mr. McCarey. “ Well, the name Meyer is written on my heart. Meyer the laundryman.”

AGAIN Mr. McCarey laughed cruelly, as if there were within him a Greek chorus cued to deride his hurt whenever he expressed it. Having ended his laughter, however, he looked at me with so sad and appealing an eye that I nodded sympathetically.

“ May the angels guard his sleep,” he said.

“ Is this laundryman dead? ” I asked.

“ Yes, thank God,” said Mr. McCarey. “ Dead and under a slab in potter's field.”

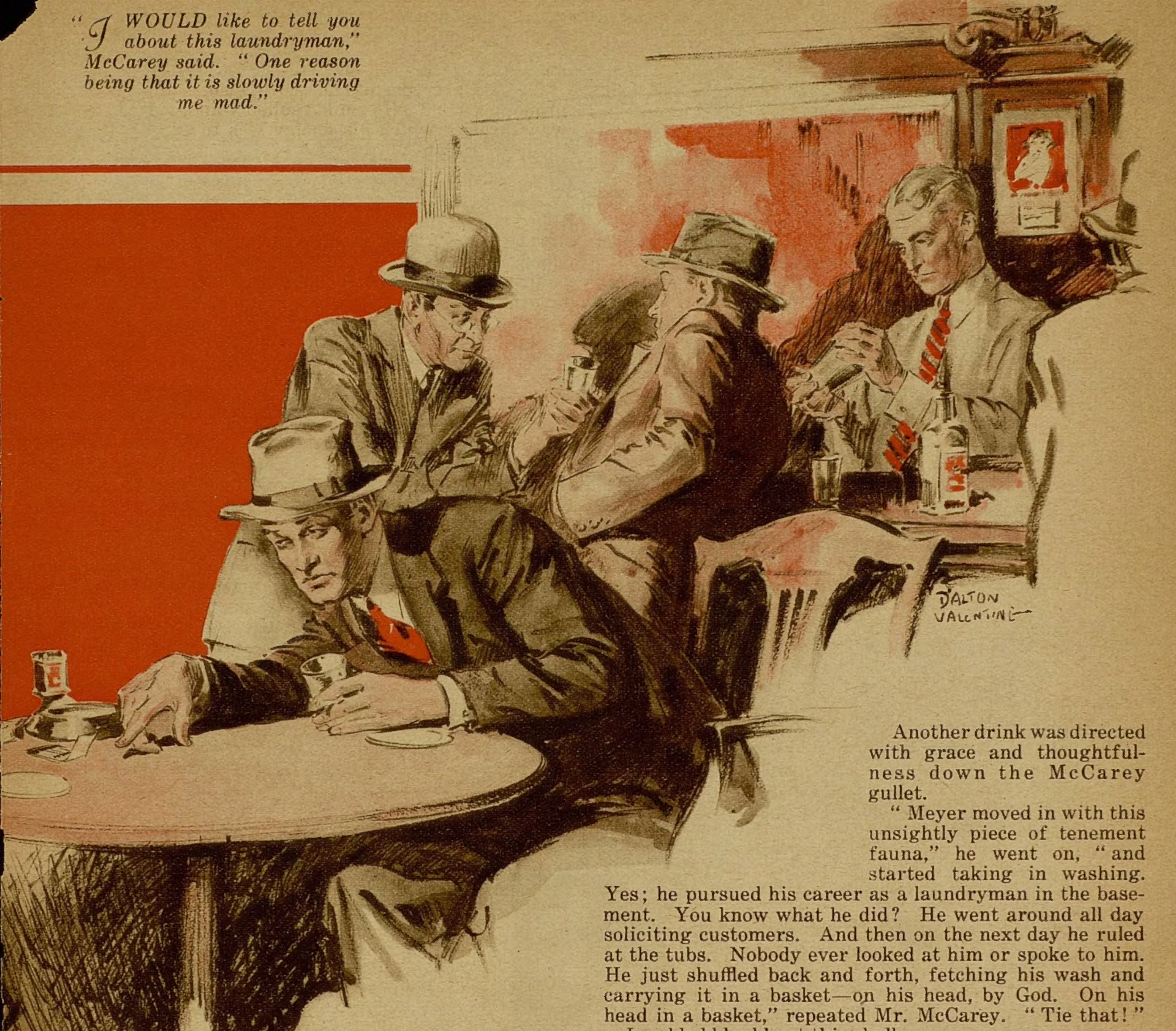
“ What happened to him? ” I asked.

“ Words fail me,” said Mr. McCarey, and his eye—the one that wasn't squinting—clouded with tears. He swallowed his fifth drink in silence.

“ Let's hear,” I insisted.

“ Well, I can't tell you everything,” he said. “ My lips

"I WOULD like to tell you about this laundryman," McCarey said. "One reason being that it is slowly driving me mad."



are sealed regarding certain matters. I'm sorry."

Mr. McCarey assumed the look of a sibyl and for several minutes he gazed at me darkly.

"I can tell you this much," he said finally. "Meyer died on a hot night a month ago, shot through the head twice—and his right hand chopped off at the wrist, for good measure. But I don't want you to misunderstand me. I am not one who sits in mourning for Meyer's death. It's his living, his ten years over the washtub in Harlem, that unnerves me when I think of it."

Mr. McCarey grew grave and squinted with both eyes.

"I can tell you this much," he said. "He was a short, thin old man with a thoughtful face and a weak chin. He came to Harlem ten years ago and moved into one of those putrid tenements on Troop Street—a hovel reeking with poverty and disaster. That's the kind of a home Meyer moved into," grinned Mr. McCarey as if in derision of his literary flourishes. "He took a single room, renting it off a monstrous wench named Mrs. Maum. An oily, sweating behemoth in a wrapper, who tipped the scales at three hundred and fourteen pounds. One of those female hippogriffs that seem to thrive best, peculiarly enough, in districts where food and space are scarcest."

Another drink was directed with grace and thoughtfulness down the McCarey gullet.

"Meyer moved in with this unsightly piece of tenement fauna," he went on, "and started taking in washing. Yes; he pursued his career as a laundryman in the basement. You know what he did? He went around all day soliciting customers. And then on the next day he ruled at the tubs. Nobody ever looked at him or spoke to him. He just shuffled back and forth, fetching his wash and carrying it in a basket—on his head, by God. On his head in a basket," repeated Mr. McCarey. "Tie that!"

I nodded blankly at this challenge.

"Tie that!" insisted Mr. McCarey, full of an odd excitement.

I changed my tactics and this time shook my head in impotence, and Mr. McCarey was appeased.

"I thought so," he said, and looked grim. "It's a foul world," he added, "full of horrible and fantastic things."

AGAIN there was silence, during which Mr. McCarey communed and debated the ways of life and washed down the secret results of his cerebration with another highball.

"Well, there's no use in hiding anything," he resumed. "Anyway, I can tell you this much. This foul dinosaur, Madam Maum, was a widow with a weazened and half-idiot babe in arms when Meyer moved in. And what attracted her beautiful ferret's eyes was the fact that Meyer spent all his hard-earned nickels buying new bolts for his doors, putting steel bars across his windows, and boarding himself in like some daffy old boy with a nightmare on his heels."

Mr. McCarey paused to ogle the door, and his thoughts shifted angrily.

"Monsoor Gavin," he said, "is overdue. His dog sled is usually along by this time."

"What's wrong with the monsoor?" I asked.

"Very, very many things," said Mr. McCarey, and fell to making menacing faces at his liquor glass.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MYSTERY OF THE FABULOUS LAUNDRYMAN

Continued from page seven

Then he laughed cruelly and said with a growl: "He didn't have a friend. Not a friend."

"Who?" I asked.

"Meyer. Meyer," said Mr. McCarey. "Meyer, this fabulous laundryman. Not a human soul to talk to. Not one human being to take his hand."

"And why should they do that?" I asked.

"Because," said Mr. McCarey, "he was the loneliest, saddest creature alive in the world. What a life for *him!*"

"Who?" I asked.

And my friend McCarey shut his eyes and laughed with greater cruelty than ever this evening.

"There are some things that can't be told," he said. "But this much I can tell you. He was up at dawn, washing in the tubs. In the afternoon he tottered through the streets, that foul basket on his head. He always showed up at six in a cigar store a block away and bought a package of cigarettes. One package a day. And then home and to bed and asleep behind his bolts and bars by eight."

"Not a very interesting régime," I said.

"Is that so," said Mr. McCarey, ogling me as if I had been transformed into the mysterious foe Monsoor Gavin himself. "Is that so!" he repeated. "Well, I beg to differ."

Rebuked, I beat to the leeward and inquired casually: "What happened to Meyer?"

"All these peculiar didos on the part of this laundryman," said Mr. McCarey, "stirred the female curiosity of that horrible creature Mrs. Maum, who began to set her cap for Meyer. And there," he deflected himself with a snarl, "there you have the eternal feminine. Love coming to bud among the ash cans. Cupid bombarding this hippogriff with a battering-ram. This dismal squaw used to lie in wait for Meyer as he came shuffling home, puffing on a cigarette. Ready to make wassail, she was. Primed for the kill, her five chins and three stomachs jiggling seductively. What a foul Cleopatra! But Meyer was proof against these blandishments. He chose to ignore them. He said good evening to her, and so much for romance. But, mark you, there was a woman scorned, and roundly."

"Come on, Dick," I said quietly. "Who was this Meyer?"

But Mr. McCarey appeared not to hear this question, which had begun to aggravate me. A smoky look was on his face.

"Imagine this man," said Mr. McCarey, "living like that for ten years. Friendless and chained to a washtub like a Carthaginian slave! All sorts of fantastic things happened in the world during these ten years, but none of them as fantastic as this that I'm telling you. Meyer at the washtubs. Meyer with a basket on his head. And nothing as heartbreaking. What a laundryman!"

BEN HECHT

who wrote this story, was born in New York City, and began newspaper work on the Chicago dailies. He is the author of several books and plays, including, with Charles MacArthur, The Front Page and The Unholy Garden.

I SETTLED back in my chair, deciding on silence and indifference as the most effective measures. But Mr. McCarey was walking the ways of his secret and had no eyes for my tactics. He drank with dignity as I kept silent, and appeared to be toasting the dead-and-gone hero of his tale.

"Monsoor Gavin," he said, setting the glass on the table with ominous poise, "has heard that I am lying in wait for him and is shunning this horrible rendezvous like a plague spot."

"Let's hear of Meyer's death," I said.

"On a hot night," said Mr. McCarey with an unexpected rush of words, "full of that summer steam which the dwellings of the poor begin to exhale no sooner does the foul sun go down, and in a darkness mixed with dust, cinders, and disease, Meyer was done to death and his right hand chopped off.

"I can tell you this much and no more." Mr. McCarey squinted cautiously at me. "The police arrived at ten o'clock and found Meyer's room locked—the doors bolted from the inside, mind you. The windows barred. Th street agog with the news that there had been a murde done. Mrs. Maum, that dismal squaw, had heard two shots and come billowing out of the house like a square-rigger with her mouth full of screams. The foul police battered down the wretched door. And there was Meyer, murdered and mutilated, on the floor."

Mr. McCarey grew wistful. He lit a cigarette with a great deal of grace. And he stared morosely into the foggy air of the speakeasy, shaking his head and heaving three separate sighs.

"Let me tell you one thing," he said. "I have always looked on Gavin as a man of parts. He may be a rat and a varlet, as you say, but he knows more about the newspaper business in his little finger than all the foul geniuses on Park Row put together. But, despite all this dazzling cunning which I am ready to admit, this Gavin has the heart of a snake. He is a craven and yellow thing that crawls. That's a very fair picture of the man."

Mr. McCarey wagged a wild forefinger under my nose.

"THIS bulletin of Meyer's death dropped on Gavin's desk was no more than two lines long," he said. "A stupid laundryman done to death in a tenement. One of those dull, poverty-ridden crimes. A bubble coming up from a dismal sewer, revealing for the moment that there is life in those stale waters. That's all the bulletin showed. But not to Monsoor Gavin. Monsoor Gavin called me over and, with that peculiar sneer with which he addresses his betters, pointed at his dull, stupid announcement that some totally unimportant human being named Meyer had been snuffed out in some wretched hovel in Troop Street, and said to me, 'There's something in this. There's more in this than meets the eye.' So much for Monsoor Gavin's cunning."

Again my friend scowled and, ogling the door, drained his foe's lifeblood from his glass.

"Let me tell you another thing," he said, and spat. "Lieutenant Neidlinger of the Harlem police is a bird of a similar ilk. A species of double-dealing, cringing officialdom that I will cool off and lay to rest before yonder sun has set."

Mr. McCarey chuckled.

"What did you find when you got to Troop Street?" I asked.

"The usual blather," snarled Mr. McCarey. "Lieutenant Neidlinger was all agog when I descended on this tenement. He was hovering about the premises and perspiring like an African bride. I tackled him for the facts about this dull, stupid crime, and he at once unburdened his vulgar heart to me. There was some wretched mystery about the business that filled this pretzel-headed police official full of confusion and alarm.

"'Item one,' said this peculiar fellow: 'how had the desperado responsible for Meyer's death gained entrance into this laundryman's stronghold? Item two: having gained said entrance and committed the bloody deed, how had the same desperado made his exit, leaving every door bolted on the inside and the windows barred? Item three: the dastardly criminal could have pot-shotted Meyer from the street, but how could he have chopped off his hand without coming inside the room? Item four: *why* had this peculiar assailant removed Meyer's hand and whisked it away?' All these nuances were rattling around inside that vast, empty policeman's skull on this hot night.

"'There's some mystery here,' he said.

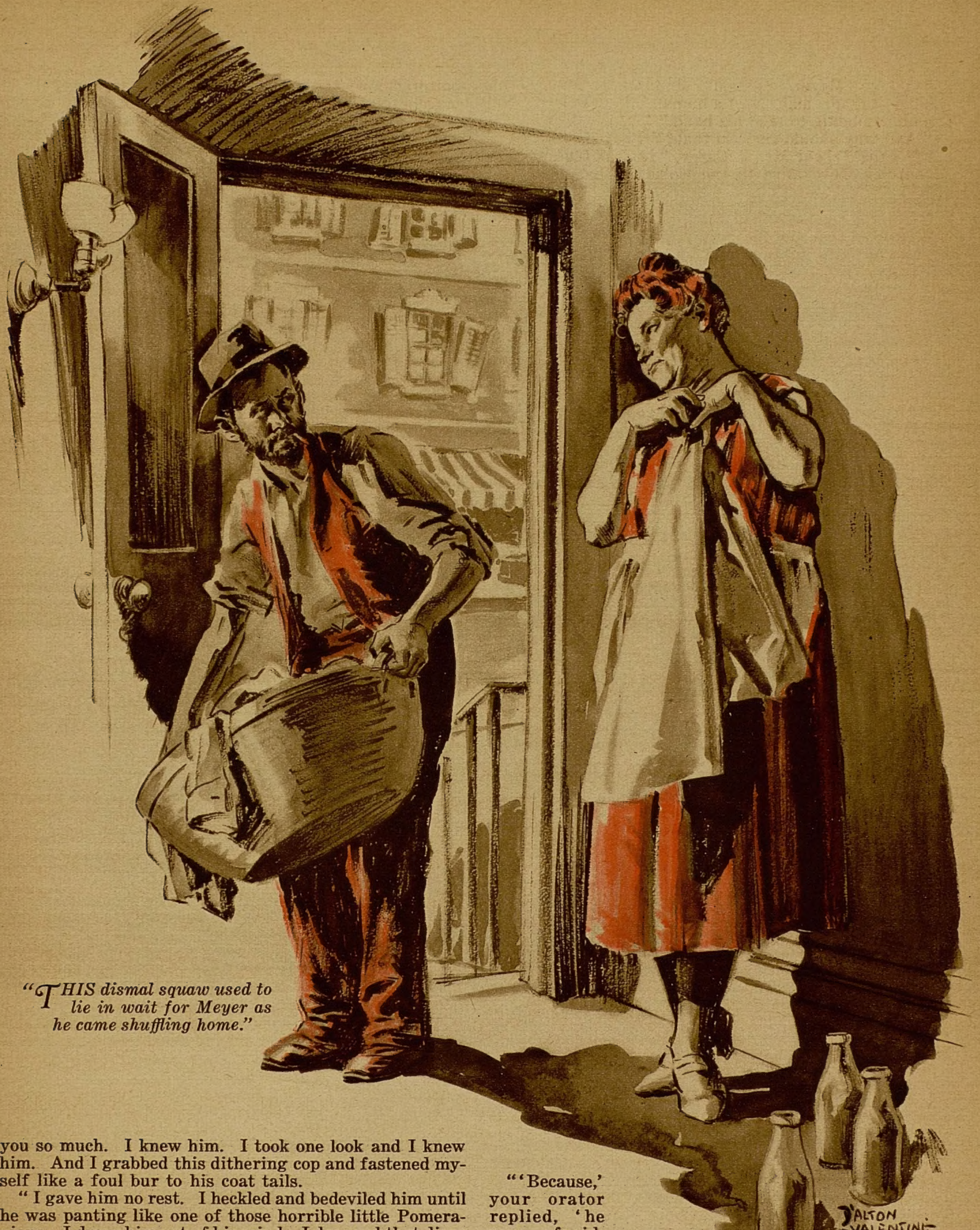
"'We'll discuss that later,' said I. 'First I want to take a look at this dull corpse of a laundryman.'"

Mr. McCarey began to weave over the table and turn suddenly from the left to the right as if facing his enemies.

"Who was this Meyer?" I asked again, and more soothingly than ever.

My friend was drifting through mists. Once more I could feel him walking the ways of his secret. He was beyond the prod of questions.

"I knew him at once," said Mr. McCarey. "I can te



"THIS dismal squaw used to lie in wait for Meyer as he came shuffling home."

you so much. I knew him. I took one look and I knew him. And I grabbed this dithering cop and fastened myself like a foul bur to his coat tails.

"I gave him no rest. I heckled and bedeviled him until he was panting like one of those horrible little Pomeranians. I drove him out of his mind. I dragged that dizzy Teuton up and down this Pomander Walk where Meyer had lived. We pumped and blasted and burrowed, but not a ray of light. Nothing! There was less to find out about this strange laundryman than if he had never lived. He was a man with no more substance than a shadow on a screen.

"And all the time this dull fellow Neidlinger kept mumbling, 'Why did he bar the windows and bolt the doors for ten years, and how did they get away after killing him?'

"'Because,' your orator replied, 'he was afraid. Because there was some peculiar nightmare on his heels.' And I kept prodding this foolish bloodhound to redouble his efforts. To no avail."

"But you knew at the time," I said.

"Yes," said my friend, and snarled.

"Who?"

Mr. McCarey stared at me. In the long pause that fol-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MYSTERY OF THE FABULOUS LAUNDRYMAN
Continued from page nine

lowed, it became apparent that what kept my friend silent was neither drink nor reticence but a great desire not to cry. A series of symptoms showed that Mr. McCarey was overcoming the womanish crisis that held him spellbound. He brought his glazed eyes slowly back to reality until they encountered his cigarette, which hung in his fingers and trembled.

He then carried his cigarette, which he held like the Prince of Wales, to his mouth and maneuvered it promptly back toward the table.

" We won't go into that now," he said.

I realized that Mr. McCarey's great secret was out on its feet but still fighting, and I summoned patience into my voice.

" Did they solve it? " I asked.

" All I am privileged to tell you," said Mr. McCarey, " is, yes."

His voice had thickened and grown angrier.

" But that worm of a man, Monsoor Gavin, writhes on the hook of his own cowardice. That foul Corsican trembles lest he hit a sunken road. He refuses to print it. Lieutenant Neidlinger refuses to open his dull mouth. He skulks in the bush. Three dithering cops who know what I know have been transferred and promoted and are full of a craven, foolish silence. You are looking upon a man," Mr. McCarey burst out, " who is slowly wilting under the bludgeonings of a conspiracy greater than St. Bartholomew's Eve."

" How did they solve it? " I asked, closing in on Mr. McCarey.

" By following Mrs. Maum," said he. " By shadowing that barely animate and faintly human mass of tissue to an office in Forty-ninth Street."

Mr. McCarey communicated with the waiter, ordering more drinks and issuing a confused command that Monsoor Gavin, immediately on his appearance, should be haled before us for summary justice.

" What was she doing in Forty-ninth Street? " I asked.

" Who? " said Mr. McCarey.

" La Maum," I said.

" Oh, that foul wench," said Mr. McCarey, and spat.

" Yes," I persisted.

" My lips are sealed on that subject," said Mr. McCarey. " All I can tell you is that she went to collect the wages of her sin. She journeyed to Forty-ninth Street in quest of her share of the blood money. You see, it was she who had baffled that master mind Lieutenant Neidlinger. It was this abnormal trollop that had h'isted her idiot boy in through the transom, barely large enough for a cat to crawl through, to bolt the doors inside after the murderers had left. This weazened stripling had crawled in and out of the transom like some trained lizard."

" WHY did she want the doors bolted from the inside? " I asked.

" For no reason," said Mr. McCarey. " Just a foolish, silly female ambition to create mystery. She derived some species of deformed pleasure from her son's didos in and out of that transom. But they had nothing to do with the case, *per se*. This dithering pachyderm of a female Macbeth had been hired only to get Meyer to unbolt his doors to the murderers. This she did by cooing outside his portal for an hour."

" Were they caught? " I asked, still closing in.

" No," said Mr. McCarey. " A thousand times no! We followed Mrs. Maum into that Forty-ninth Street office, but the dastardly crew we were after was wig-wagged by some peculiar outpost, and escaped. Leaving behind "—Mr. McCarey's eyes both squinted and his voice harshened—" leaving behind a package in the safe containing Meyer's right hand. It was addressed and ready to be mailed."

" To whom? " I asked.

Mr. McCarey was silent.

" To whom? " I persisted.

" To a man named Stalin in Moscow, Russia," he said. It was being sent him with its fingerprints intact to verify the report already over the cables."

" Who was Meyer? " I asked—and this time with my hand on the McCarey arm.

He was silent again, his eyes glaring. I waited.

" Will you believe me when I tell you? " said Mr. McCarey, with a sudden pleading whine, and he pulled his head erect with a lurch. " Or will you join this foul conspiracy against truth and justice led by Monsoor Gavin and his peculiar mermidons? Will you believe me if I tell you I've got all the facts of this fabulous crime? "

" I will," I said.

" This laundryman," said Mr. McCarey in a harsh voice, " was the Czar of Russia."

I regarded Mr. McCarey calmly.

" Nikolay the Second," he said with dignity, in a sad croak. Then he went on in a mumble: " Escaped from his executioners in Siberia in 1918. Shipped across the world, his royal mind fogged by the tragedy of his murdered kin. But enough of his brain left to know he was hunted and that murder waited for him around every corner on the globe. He drifted into Harlem as a little laundryman with a Jewish name."

Mr. McCarey slowly folded up over his fifteenth drink, and allowed his head to hang and his eyes to close.

" The Czar of All the Russias," he whispered.

" You said you knew the minute you saw him," I said.

" Yes."

" How? "

THE McCarey heart came charging out of its torpor. " How did I know? " he said. " Because when I looked down on this dead laundryman I saw a cross in his left hand. A Muscovite cross. And a look on that dead face I'll never forget. It was the look of a noble, gracious, royal soul. There were some people who knew who was on the middle cross on a certain hill called Calvary." Mr. McCarey sneered, his face thrust close to mine. " They could tell by a light that hovered peculiarly in the air. There was a light on this Jew laundryman—this Meyer. This little dead Meyer."

" What did Neidlinger say? " I asked.

But the McCarey was in the mists. Tears were sliding down his agitated cheeks and his head was wagging loosely over the table.

A short, gray-haired man appeared beside him.

He had a red, excited face and a pair of black bristling eyebrows. He began shaking the McCarey shoulder.

" Wake up, you lout! " said this man. " Come on, quit your stalling, you lousy, drunken bum! "

Mr. McCarey opened one angry eye.

" Monsoor Gavin," he said, and tried to rise, " you foul Armenian! "

" Pull yourself together," said Monsoor Gavin, and stood trembling with an excitement even greater than Mr. McCarey's had been.

Mr. McCarey slowly opened a second eye, glared, and emitted a carnivorous snarl.

" I'm going to stuff your heart," he said, " like a foul olive."

The fearless monsoor with the red face ignored this promise and hoisted the McCarey to his feet. He was pushing at him from behind with eager, almost frantic gestures, and steering him for the door.

" Pull yourself together," he whispered fiercely into the McCarey ear.

" No, I can handle him." He turned to me. " I don't need you."

To Mr. McCarey he added, giving that bravo a final shove toward the door: " You're going home and pack. I got it all fixed. The boss has agreed. Do you hear me? Agreed, by God!

" You're leaving in the morning for Moscow."

THE END

Did PROHIBITION increase CRIME? YES! says Jay Franklin

Pictures by Robert A. Cameron

(Reading time: 13 minutes 15 seconds.)

Editor's Note: The dry side of the prohibition question was presented in last week's Liberty by Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. To "Did prohibition increase crime?" her answer was, of course, "No"; she also set forth her reasons for believing that wet sentiment is not gaining ground. In accordance with its policy of giving both sides of all questions a fair hearing, Liberty now presents a reply to Mrs. Boole by Jay Franklin, who contributed Are Americans Fools? to a recent issue, and is the author of the widely read book entitled What This Country Needs. On page 15, his reply is followed by a comment on Mrs. Boole's views from Heywood Broun, columnist and critic.

IF I had not been taught, as a small boy, not to be rude to old ladies, I should have answered Mrs. Ella A. Boole's article on what to do about prohibition with one on what to do about Mrs. Boole.

The president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is a first-class example of the fact that the way to get known as a great reformer in this queer country of ours is to interfere with other people. The W. C. T. U. and the Anti-Saloon League, with the best intentions in the world, have sought for and have got, through state and federal laws, the widest possible sort of interference with the personal habits of the mass of Americans. They have thereby produced a reign of crime and corruption with few parallels in the history of civilized government, and—what is really tragic—have completely failed to get what they were after: a temperate country in which the commercialized traffic in alcoholic liquors had been abolished.

If a man or a woman tries to free his fellows from any form of tyranny, whether that tyranny be imposed by hard-boiled big business, gouging labor unions, power-drunk parsons, or obsolete popular superstitions, he or she gets it in the neck from the righteous and the godly. If, on the other hand, he or she attempts to fasten a new law or a new prohibition upon the people, provided he or she does not stand to profit by it directly, you have a "great idealist." It is a queer set-up and is probably based on the idea that the more horrible a medicine tastes the better it is for you.

What Mrs. Boole proposes to do about prohibition is to talk about it. She wants the government to hire four-minute speakers (from the W. C. T. U.?) to tell us how wonderful prohibition is and how beautifully it is working. It would be an educational and not an emotional campaign, and here is what she would tell the American people:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DID PROHIBITION INCREASE CRIME?
Continued from page eleven

1. That the speakeasy existed before prohibition. Conceded.

2. That municipal corruption existed before prohibition. Also conceded.

3. That wet sentiment is not gaining ground. This is not accurate; it is a hope rather than a fact.

4. That the Supreme Court has upheld the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment. This is quite correct, and that is why there is agitation to change them.

5. That there is less drinking now than before the war. The Wickersham Commission reports that drinking decreased sharply after prohibition went into effect, but that for the last few years there has been a steady and significant increase.

6. That greedy millionaires favor a tax on beer in order to reduce income and corporation taxes. Undeniably.

7. That any modification of the law would bring back the saloon. But the saloon, if defined as a place where liquor is retailed and consumed for private profit, has never left us. We call it a speakeasy.

8. That the W. C. T. U. is gaining 1,000 members a week; that the Federation of Women's Clubs is on record for law enforcement and law observance and so is the Parent-Teacher Association. All right.

What of it? These aren't arguments for prohibition. They are simply statements which don't come within a mile of the real question. The fact that a lot of well meaning women favor prohibition doesn't prove that prohibition is a good thing. The ladies of Jerusalem didn't object to the Crucifixion. The moral element in Athens made Socrates drink hemlock. The good citizens of Rome believed that law and order depended on throwing the Christians to the lions. The clergy of Salem believed in putting witches to death. The women in every single belligerent country in the World War were the most enthusiastic patriots and stoked the fires of mass murder with remarkable enthusiasm. And if there were a law requiring the execution of bootleggers, there is little doubt that the W. C. T. U. would applaud it and remark sourly that the wages of sin is death every time a rumrunner faced the firing squad.

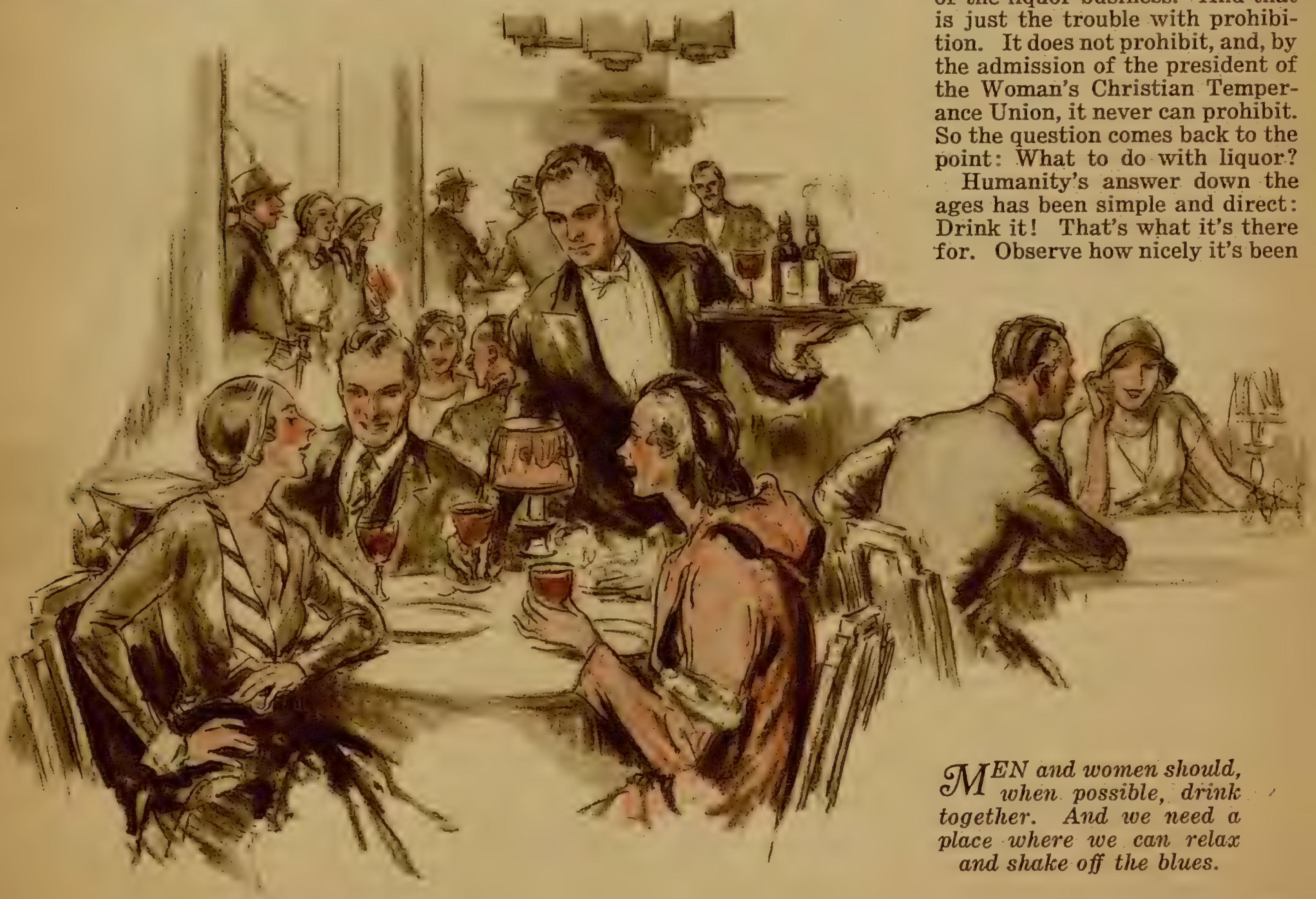
Similarly, there is little doubt that a lot of old boys with high-pressure pocketbooks would like to prevent hardening of the financial arteries by passing over their taxes to workingmen who drink beer. That, however, is no more an argument for prohibition than it is an argument against it that Al Capone would gladly contribute to a fund to prevent repeal of the Volstead Act or that the hotel keepers of Bermuda would go into mourning, if not bankruptcy, the day we got rid of the stupid mess.

So far as workingmen are concerned with the beer tax, it is possible that the American Federation of Labor is a better judge of the interests of its members than is Mrs. Boole. The Federation has come out for beer.

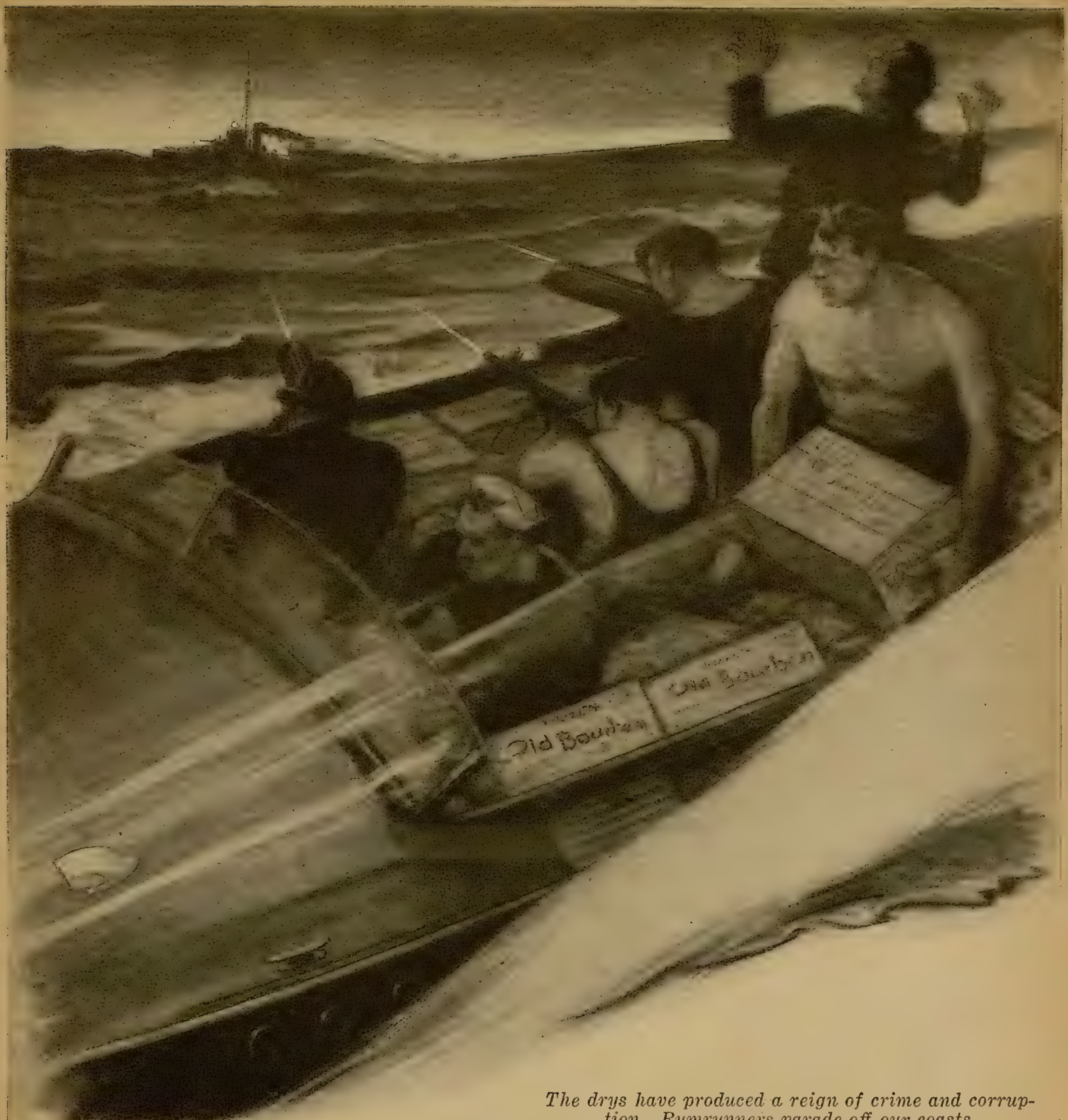
THE economic arguments for and against prohibition miss fire, as we still spend an awful lot of money a year for a lot of awful liquor; $1,500,000,000 is a very modest guess. It isn't good liquor and it isn't very cheap liquor. But the revenue that the government used to get is gone to finance the organized criminal gangs who cater to a very deep-seated human appetite, and to corrupt the officials who let them do it. For the first time in our history crime has been given a steady income from an appropriation which ought to go to the government and is collecting an excise tax which ought to go to the Treasury. Mrs. Boole is smug about this corruption. She says we've always had it and she implies we always will have it. Just so is she smug about the speakeasy. There always were speakeasies, so why worry?

The trouble with the drys is that, in glorifying the fact that the liquor business is officially outlawed, they have lost sight of their real object, which was the control of the liquor business. And that is just the trouble with prohibition. It does not prohibit, and, by the admission of the president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, it never can prohibit. So the question comes back to the point: What to do with liquor?

Humanity's answer down the ages has been simple and direct: Drink it! That's what it's there for. Observe how nicely it's been worked out for us. Under the law, it is not illegal to drink. It is not illegal to buy a drink. It is not illegal to manufacture, transport, or sell wine concentrates which can be made into twenty per cent wine; barrels of mash which can be made into ninety-proof whisky; malt, hops, and yeast which can be made into high-pow-



MEN and women should, when possible, drink together. And we need a place where we can relax and shake off the blues.



The drys have produced a reign of crime and corruption. Rumrunners parade off our coasts.

ered beer. What the Eighteenth Amendment attacks is the commercialized liquor business, not liquor itself. And the reformers who objected to the abuses of the liquor business, as well as the much smaller group who thought that liquor itself was sinful, have bogged down in the swamp of American liquor and American thirst.

There's no doubt that alcohol is a poison. It is not, however, necessarily fatal. For that matter, life itself is a deadly poison which kills you if you live long enough. A nation which puts up with 32,000 killed and 1,000,000 wounded a year in automobile accidents need not lose much sleep over the dangers of alcohol. If you take too much it will kill you. If you take a small amount it will intoxicate you. If the intoxication is serious you may become a nuisance to your neighbors and a danger to your community. If you become a chronic drunkard, you become a burden on your family, your friends, and possibly the state. Brilliant men have ruined their careers by drink, under prohibition and before it. It's a toss-up. However, if you keep the intoxication and the habit under control, *as the great majority of people do*, it is a pleasant and pretty inoffensive habit, which is an inalienable right to you as a part of your " pursuit of happiness."

Nevertheless, it is necessary for society to control the liquor traffic in order that the liquor dealers, who profit by your pursuit of alcoholic happiness, may be discouraged from deliberately making a chronic drunkard of you in order to boost their sales. This principle holds true in every alcoholic country in the world, except the United States and Finland, which have prohibition.

Prohibition has cost us our control of the liquor traffic. We cannot regulate a trade which has no legal existence. We can only arrest, fine, or jail the modern saloon keeper, but that merely boosts the price of his bad liquor to the consumers. It does not assure the consumers of good quality, it does not protect them against profiteering, it does not compel the modern saloon keeper to run his place in a decent or orderly fashion, and it does not put an end to human thirst.

That provides the real problem. People like intoxicat-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DID PROHIBITION INCREASE CRIME?]
Continued from page thirteen

ing beverages. Most of us do. Most of us know judges, lawyers, politicians, policemen, educators, physicians, and clergymen who drink. Most of us refrain from reporting the names of bootleggers or the addresses of speakeasies to the authorities. We are meeting the law with what the wets call " nullification."

That is because none of us admits that the law is necessary for him personally. The manufacturer thinks it is good for the worker. The farmer thinks it is what the city slickers deserve. The West thinks it's good for the " alien East." The South thinks it's good for the Negroes and the North. The women think it's good for the men, and the men think it's good for the women. And in the meantime the liquor remains and is drunk up as fast as the bootlegger's truck can thunder to our doors. Rival gangs battle with machine guns in our city streets for control of the liquor racket, and kill our babies. Liquor gorillas terrorize the Catskills and the Ozarks and inflict medieval tortures on their victims. The smoke of ten thousand stills stains the sky along the Appalachians. Rumrunners parade off our coasts, and wide-open old-fashioned saloons with swinging doors do business near our coast-guard stations. In Washington, senators, Cabinet members, Supreme Court justices, and minor officials drink, and there never was a major political convention, wet or dry, in this land which did not float its party platform in strong waters.

The manufacturer thinks prohibition is good for the worker. The farmer thinks it is what the city slickers deserve.

Liquor is still here and the appetite for liquor is still here, and the prohibitionists propose to tell us that everything is fine because the Parent-Teacher Association believes in law enforcement.

Al Capone believes in the Volstead Act, but that oughtn't to stop us from finding an answer to the prohibition riddle.

Here's the answer: Do something about prohibition. Don't talk about it. It's been talked to death. Mrs. Boole admits that it cannot be fully enforced. The Wickersham Commission admitted that it wasn't supported by public opinion and it would take $300,000,000 to enforce it halfway. Everybody knows that we aren't going to fork out any such sum, and everybody but Mrs. Boole knows that public opinion is getting sick and tired of a quarter-enforced law which develops Capones and Diamonds—and bullet-riddled baby carriages.

The way to stop all that is to repeal.

If you're a man, join the Crusaders!

If you're a woman, join the Woman's Organization for National Prohibition Reform!

If you have money, subscribe to the work of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment.

VOTE for any decent wet candidate for public office in preference to any equally decent dry.

Don't worry if their aims are not quite the same as your own. They have the main idea and, since the professional drys are united to defend the Impossible Amendment, you might as well unite to attack it. You won't get rid of it at one stroke. Least of all when the real political issue of the day is not " What do we drink? " but " When do we eat? "

The important thing is to put the government in a position to bring the liquor business under control by taking it away from the outlaw bands who now profit by our imbecile politics and the sinister self-satisfaction of our professional reformers. (But don't think that you can take liquor out of politics. You can't. There's no political panacea for alcohol.)

Then we can all go to work—Mrs. Boole included—for a saner system than that which was fastened upon us by the overconfident parsons and the nice old ladies of meddlesome America. In constructing this new legal ark, we can save a few valuable fragments from the wreck of the Eighteenth Commandment.

The first is that addiction to strong liquors is the mark of strong peoples. It is a curious fact that Christian civilization, which dominates the planet, is based on alcohol, that the wine-drinking Latins conquered half of the New World and that the whisky-drinking British rule a quarter of the globe. We can take it for granted that as long as we have any national or racial vitality we will have a liquor problem.

The second is that vast technical improvements in the liquor business have been stimulated by prohibition. For example, the grape-concentrate racket has disclosed that dehydrated grape juice, diluted with warm water, ferments three times as fast as the natural product.

This and the quick-aging devices of the whisky racket are a real gain to the science of drink, and will survive after prohibition is long forgotten.

THE third is that men and women should, when possible, drink together. The old saloon was too much of a man's institution. Women resented it. The new saloon—the speakeasy—has taught the sexes to drink together, and when doing so in public they are far more likely to exert self-control than when they drink separately or alone.

And, finally, we need a saloon for our social well-being. We need a place where we can relax, have a good time, shake off the blues, enjoy our daydreams, and exchange our uncensored opinions on politics, business, and life in general. We must not forget that the saloon is the only institution which is now left to us where a real social forum exists. Fear of the saloon is really the fear of popular government, a fear which runs through our entire country and is quietly destroying our free institutions. The press is under the influence of the business community. The pulpit depends upon the approval of the more wealthy parishioners.

The courthouse and jury system of popular administration is sinking into disrepute. The saloon remains the only place where men can exchange ideas, voice complaints, and decide on actions—under the stimulus of alcohol—without having what they think, say, or contemplate censored.

As a nation, we need something like the saloon, just as the individual needs an occasional jolt or jag to stir him out of his rut and make him a more human being. The Briton has his pub, the Frenchman his café, the German his beer garden—schools of individual conduct and social safety valves.

Let Mrs. Boole do what she likes to improve the quality of our liquor, prevent the exploitation of our thirst for private profit, and regulate hours and prices in the interest of social order.

But liquor will remain and thirst will remain, and she had better see that we have a decent place where we can drink, in the company of our friends, sweethearts, and wives, or the whole dirty business of evasion and corruption will remain.

For the great danger is that we shall get so used to a prohibition which does not prohibit that we shall never bestir ourselves to get rid of a condition which finances crime, debauches our public officers, and leaves control of the liquor business to those who profit by our appetites. We should get rid of prohibition. We shall never get rid of the liquor problem. And we already know that there is only one satisfactory way of getting rid of liquor. Here's how!

THE END

A Few More Words in Answer to Mrs. Boole

from HEYWOOD BROUN

(Reading time: 5 minutes 35 seconds.)

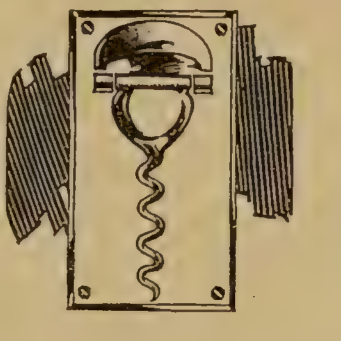
MRS. ELLA A. BOOLE bases her argument for prohibition on the assumption that there is no middle ground. One must be either a wet or a dry. But it seems to me that millions of Americans, particularly in the big cities, are living in this middle ground which Mrs. Boole has not yet discovered. During the Smith-Hoover campaign I asked a friend of mine how he could possibly support the Republican candidate, since Mr. Hoover was so definitely on record as a dry. My friend replied:

Heywood Broun

"Why should I worry about prohibition? I can get all the liquor I need, and it's beginning to improve in quality and decrease in price. Let the drys have the law and we will keep our gin. That seems to me a fair arrangement all around."

And this is the attitude of a great many New Yorkers.

My personal testimony would be that prohibition has done a vast amount to make drinking more pleasant and civilized than it was in the old days. New York restaurants have improved infinitely. The old barroom was generally a vulgar and tawdry place. The refining influence of woman was largely absent. Of course the back room existed, but it was a humiliating and ill-furnished resort. Now that the old-time saloon has largely gone, we have become accustomed to the coeducational bar. I think it is fair to say that there is less drunkenness in New York than before the days of prohibition. The speakeasy proprietor has every reason to avoid rows of any kind. And so he strives to develop a clientèle of pleasant and respectable folk. Of course the romantic element now enters in. There was no spirit of adventure in pushing through the old swinging doors. The mood is quite different when one peeps through a grille and shows a membership card or mentions the name of some acquaintance as a password. We all feel like fraternity members.



It may be that vigorous local enforcement could check the speakeasy, although Mrs. Boole herself points out that it has always been with us. I wish to assure her that the new style is ever so much more attractive, than the old. Up to this point Mrs. Boole and I are in pretty fair agreement. Prohibition has done a great deal to develop character in America. In the face of what seemed terrific obstacles, an ancient industry has not only been preserved but has flourished. Again, there is the fact, which should bring pride to every patriot, that we have at last begun to compete with France itself in the matter of making red wines. The juice of the grape was neglected in the pre-Volstead period. Now there are thousands of restaurants in New York alone where one can obtain an excellent bottle of California claret at a nominal figure.

In the beginning the fear was expressed that the benefits of prohibition would accrue only to the rich. That is no longer true. Competition and American aggressiveness have managed to bring the price of alcoholic beverages down practically to prewar levels.

In all fairness I must admit that the quality of gin and whisky is still a shade below par. That is being corrected. After all, America has always been noted for its technical skill. Anyone with faith in America can hardly doubt that some of our younger chemists will match the best alcoholic products of the Old World.

So far, so good. And yet, I am no more satisfied than Mrs. Boole with the existence of a nation half wet and half dry. Prohibitionists argue in terms of savings-bank accounts, radios, and automobiles. But what shall it avail a country to gain radio sets and automobiles if it loses its own soul?

There is the risk of prohibition. It has sufficed to make hypocrites of us all. Our politicians have never been noted for frankness and sincerity. But now there are scarcely a handful of men in Congress or state legislatures who dare to speak their minds freely. Every candidate for public office has become a wire walker. And this same disposition invades the home.

The Constitution has been riddled again and again in an effort to increase the efficiency of enforcement. Old liberties lie sick and tarnished. Free speech may be the next to go. In speaking of the tone of editorial comment Mrs. Boole remarks: "It is as vicious as it is vain. Something ought to be done to correct it."

Just what does that mean? If it means anything at all, it suggests that Mrs. Boole and her organization would like to have a clamp pressed down upon the newspapers of America. Indeed, she makes the specific suggestion that we should return to war conditions and organize a government propaganda of four-minute speakers. Everybody remembers that during the war dissent was punished. Drys are fond of saying that wet opposition is highly organized and financed entirely by brewers and distillers. I cannot speak for the press of the entire country, but I know New York newspapers and New York reporters and commentators. All of us attack prohibition with the greatest good will in the world. No one need offer us a subsidy. Granting the utter sincerity of Mrs. Boole and her associates, I think that they make a grave mistake in not allowing the same honesty of mind to their opponents.

TOO much argument has been based upon statistics. For instance, Mrs. Boole takes up the replies of college presidents in regard to student drinking. Even in pre-prohibition days the president of a college was almost the last person in the community who was likely to know of high jinks within the institution. When a beer night or a cocktail party was being organized the suggestion was never made, "Let's call up Prexy and ask him to attend."

The same things hold true today. It would be unfair for me to generalize about colleges throughout the country, but I can report on Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. When I was an undergraduate at Cambridge there was a good deal of drinking. But it was done beyond the college boundaries. Now a great many undergraduates keep liquor in their rooms. This was almost unknown between 1906 and 1910. At college football games in the East the hip flask is far more openly displayed than ever before.

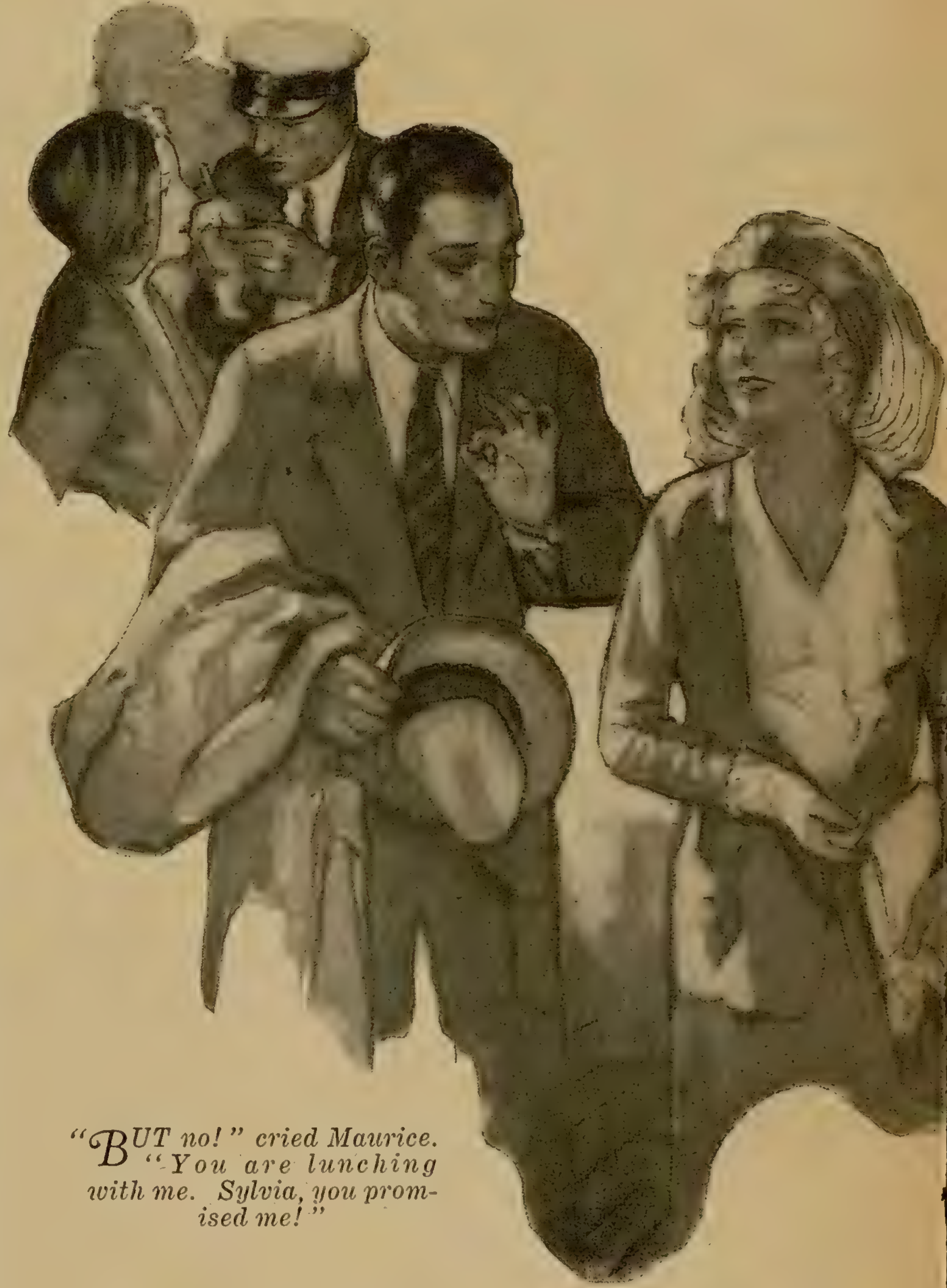
The Wickersham Commission took a great deal of time in its investigation of conditions. I think there are indices simple and easy. The test of prohibition efficiency is the retail price of gin. Gin today costs less than half what it did four years ago. And in a recent trip from New York to Los Angeles, I stopped at hotels in six of the Middle Western states. At every hotel I found a corkscrew fastened to the wall. If prohibition is really so near perfection, why do practical men such as hotel keepers embed these corkscrews in the wall? For the use of those who want to order sarsaparilla?

THE END

MARGIN

A Story of Stocks and Blondes

(Reading time: 31 minutes 15 seconds.)



"BUT no!" cried Maurice. "You are lunching with me. Sylvia, you promised me!"

THE thought of suicide came coldly to Mark Livingston.

His friends had thought he rated nothing but trouble when at thirty-five he had married a girl of twenty straight out of a night club: a girl so fantastically pretty, with her voluptuous small body, smooth, suntanned skin contrasting oddly with her naturally silver-blonde hair, and big hazel eyes, that nothing short of a miracle could make her what they called a good wife.

And Mark didn't stop with marrying her and taking her out of the feverish, sordid life of a paid entertainer into his quiet, normal home. He spent a full year building up her rather frail health, exercising and feeding and mothering her like an old hen, then sent her to Paris for two years to study music while he stayed home and earned money for her.

Then his friends told him flatly he was a sap and cheerfully gave him up for lost. And Mark, who found it easier to express emotion in work than in words, was neither able nor willing to explain to them that Sylvia's lovely, plaintive voice, the first time he had heard it crooning a foolish song in the night club, had set up vibrations in his heart that had permanently changed its rhythm; so that nothing now was of importance, not even his own happiness and dignity, except what Sylvia wanted and needed. And Sylvia had wanted to go to Paris. She was tired of being a third-rate crooner, she said, and would like to find out whether she had it in her to be a real musician. So Mark had deposited a generous sum of money to her account in a Paris bank and had seen her off at the pier without protest. After all, if she wanted a career it was her right to have one; and what but money and opportunity could he give her that a younger, cleverer, more exciting fellow could not?

Mark, however, had not counted on being separated from her for any long period. His father had left him a prosperous one-man business which gave him an ample income, and there was nothing to prevent his "running over" to Paris when things went a little slack and he thought he could be spared from the office.

Things hadn't gone a little slack: they had gone very slack, quite suddenly. The bottom had dropped out of the New York stock market, business was at a standstill, and all around him were the slightly absurd tragedies of the prosperous. He spent the two years at home fighting a losing battle to keep his business going and spending his capital like water to meet expenses.

He was shocked and bewildered by it all. Life, which for him and his friends had been so smooth as to seem uninteresting, had developed a sensational quality nothing short of indecent. Half a dozen men he knew had even committed suicide, and the newspapers had said ". . . due to despondency over money losses."

This despondency, asked Mark contemptuously—what was it, anyway? Take Everett Huston, now: dropped five million and had half a million left. What cause was that for despondency? Yet he had shot himself.

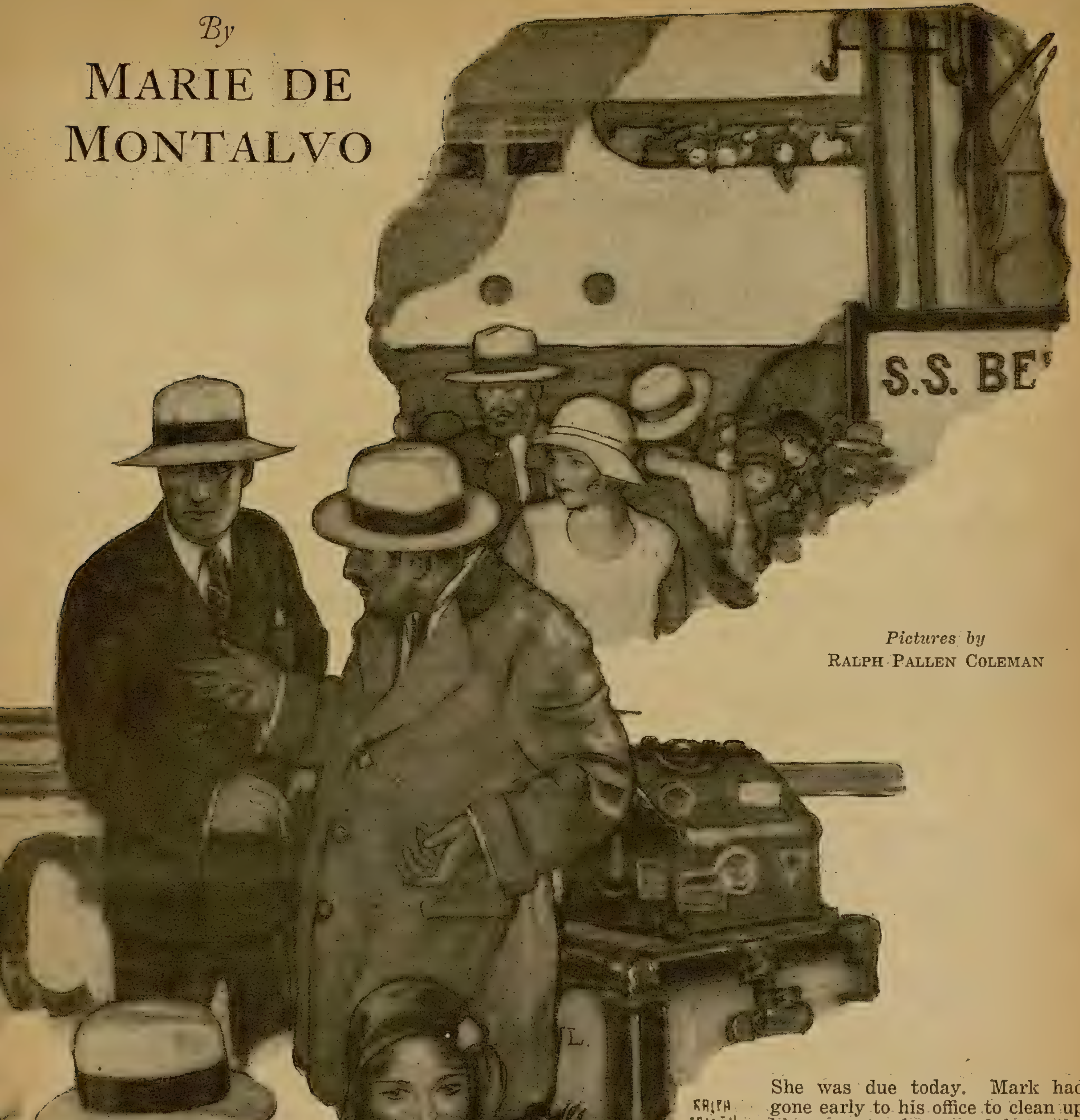
"Everett liked to brag about how easily he made money in the market," his partner elucidated, "and he couldn't stand the kidding when he lost it."

Was that a sane reason for a grown man to put a bullet through his head?

Suicide for any cause was unthinkable to Mark Livingston. He was much harder hit than Everett Huston, taking it relatively, but he wasn't despondent. He canceled his vacations, sold his car, resigned from his clubs, gave up cigars and expensive restaurants, got along with one servant, and reduced his office space. He did, in fact, everything but reduce personnel, and this because he hated to fire anybody.

When Sylvia had completed her two years of study and

By
MARIE DE
MONTALVO



Pictures by
RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

he found himself no better off for these economies, he wrote urging her to stay abroad another summer, and he would join her if he was not "too busy"—for he had managed to keep up her allowance and tell her nothing of his difficulties. Then he started, as many another man on the brink of failure has done, a campaign of speculation in the stock market, hoping that he might make good his losses and that his wife need not come home to find him a poor and broken man.

But Sylvia had cabled to say she would return at once.

She was due today. Mark had gone early to his office to clean up his correspondence and hear the first reports from his broker before meeting the steamer.

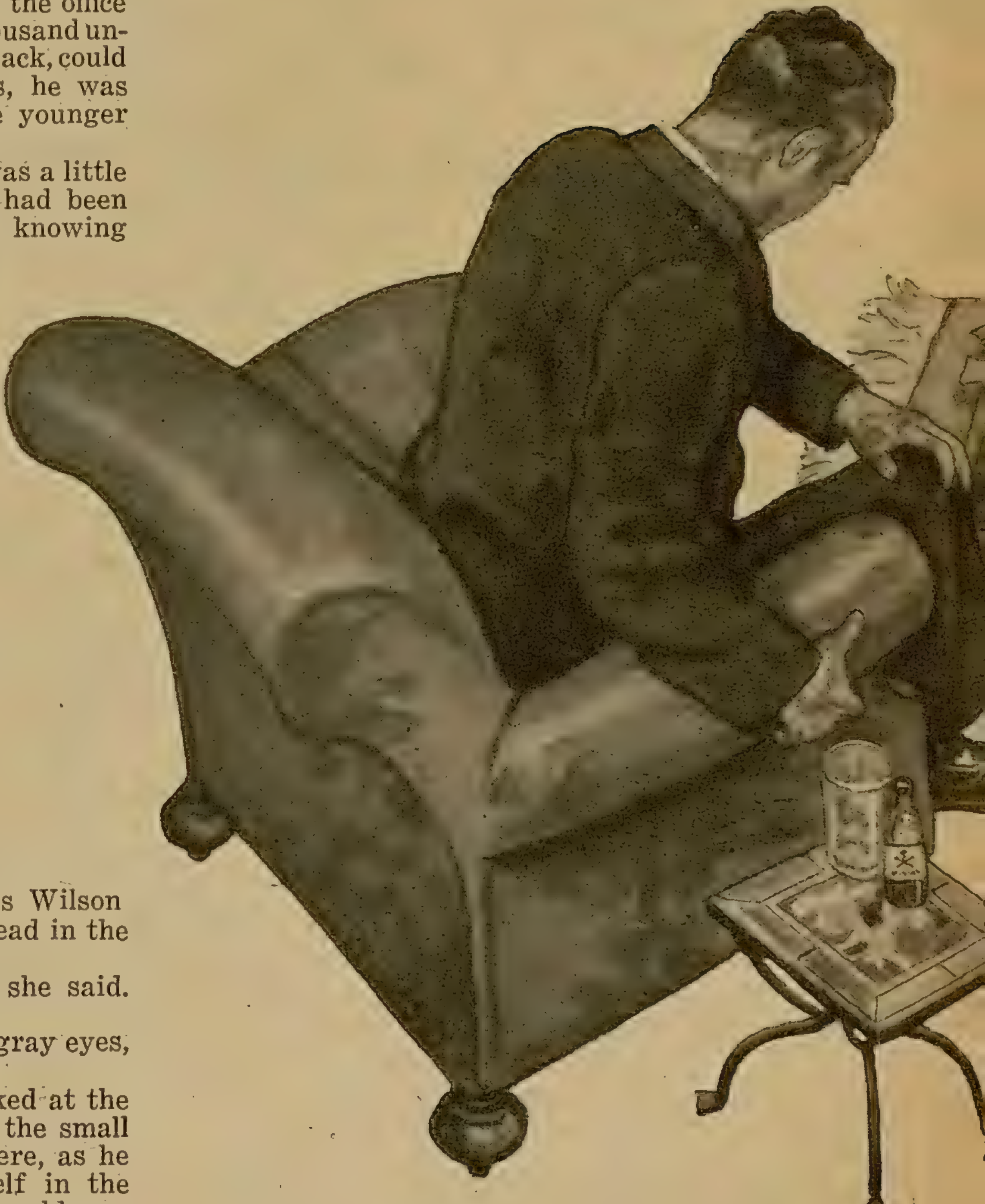
Mark was keenly conscious of his deficiencies. Reticent to the point of awkwardness, thickset, with heavy brows, a mass of dark hair turning gray, eyes between blue and green, and a square jaw, he felt himself handicapped both by his appearance and by his inability to talk. He neglected, when he took inventory of himself, to check in the qualities of generosity and integrity which made men call him "a damn' fine fellow when you get to know him."

And he was quite ignorant of the fascination which his enormous physical strength exerted over women, or of the charm they found in his reluctant, boyish grin, which came so hard but when it did sweetened and lighted his whole rugged face. And so he was constantly surprised at what he considered their altruistic kindness toward him, and overwhelmed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MARGIN
Continued from page seventeen

HE felt a moment's choking agony, a sense of imprisonment as if his spirit were having a hard time to crowd back into his body.



that any one of them should have wanted to marry him: above all, the lovely Sylvia.

All the money in the world would have been small compensation for her sacrifice—and to judge from the way the market had been going when it closed yesterday he would soon have no compensation at all to offer her.

The phone call from his broker, which came soon after ten, was hardly reassuring. It embodied a request for five thousand dollars to cover a five-point drop.

"How far will it go?" asked Mark, who had been covering margins for days.

"Hasn't struck bottom yet," said Higgins, the broker. "Better stick around."

Mark wrote the check and rang for a boy, then sat looking through the stubs in his check book. If he didn't make good on this deal he would certainly have to reduce salaries and cut down his staff.

There was old Tennant, now. He acted as mail clerk, ordered and kept track of office supplies, bossed the office boys, substituted at the switchboard, and did a thousand unobtrusive jobs which, now that business was so slack, could easily be divided among the others. Besides, he was slow and fussy and didn't get along with the younger people.

But old Tennant had been there since Mark was a little boy. He had even lent him money when he had been in a jam at college, and kept his father from knowing about it. He couldn't fire old Tennant.

Then, there was Tolliver. True, he had once saved the firm a lot of money, but a chemist really wasn't needed on the pay roll; he should be laid off and called in only when necessary.

But Tolliver had young children and a delicate wife, and this was no year to send a chemist out looking for a job.

No, he couldn't get rid of Tolliver.

MRS. WORTH, then, in the outside office. But Mark shook his head quickly. He had seen her pay checks come back indorsed to a sanitarium in Saranac, "for board and treatment for John Worth."

Mrs. Worth would be the last to go.

But a private secretary, even for the head of the firm, was not essential under present business conditions. He could dispose of his appallingly meager correspondence in an hour's dictation to one of the regular stenographers and . . .

As the thought ran through his mind, Miss Wilson who had been his father's secretary, put her head in the door, and he looked up a little guiltily.

"I've just talked to the steamship office," she said. "The boat will dock about twelve."

She had sleek dark hair closely bobbed, cool gray eyes, and a nice smile. She was about Mark's age.

Mark nodded, and she disappeared. He looked at the little clock on his desk, then went slowly into the small lavatory which adjoined his private office. Here, as he washed his hands, he caught sight of himself in the mirror, and wondered what changes Sylvia would see. He had lost weight—worry was as good for this as golf, but more expensive—and while this had improved his waistline it had also deepened the lines in his face, so that his mouth looked set and grim. He tried smiling at himself in the glass to see himself as Sylvia would see him, then blushed at his childishness and began brushing his finger nails.

The telephone on his desk rang again—his private line. Miss Wilson reached it first.

"Mr. Higgins," she said.

Mark took the instrument with an uncomfortable feeling.

"I'll have to have another five thousand," said Higgins, and the man sounded out of breath. "The bottom's dropping out. Stick around."

He hung up before Mark had time to reply.

Mark's fingers left streaks of moisture on his fountain pen as he signed the check, with Miss Wilson standing by ready to blot it.

"It's time to start," she reminded him. "Shall I call a taxi?"

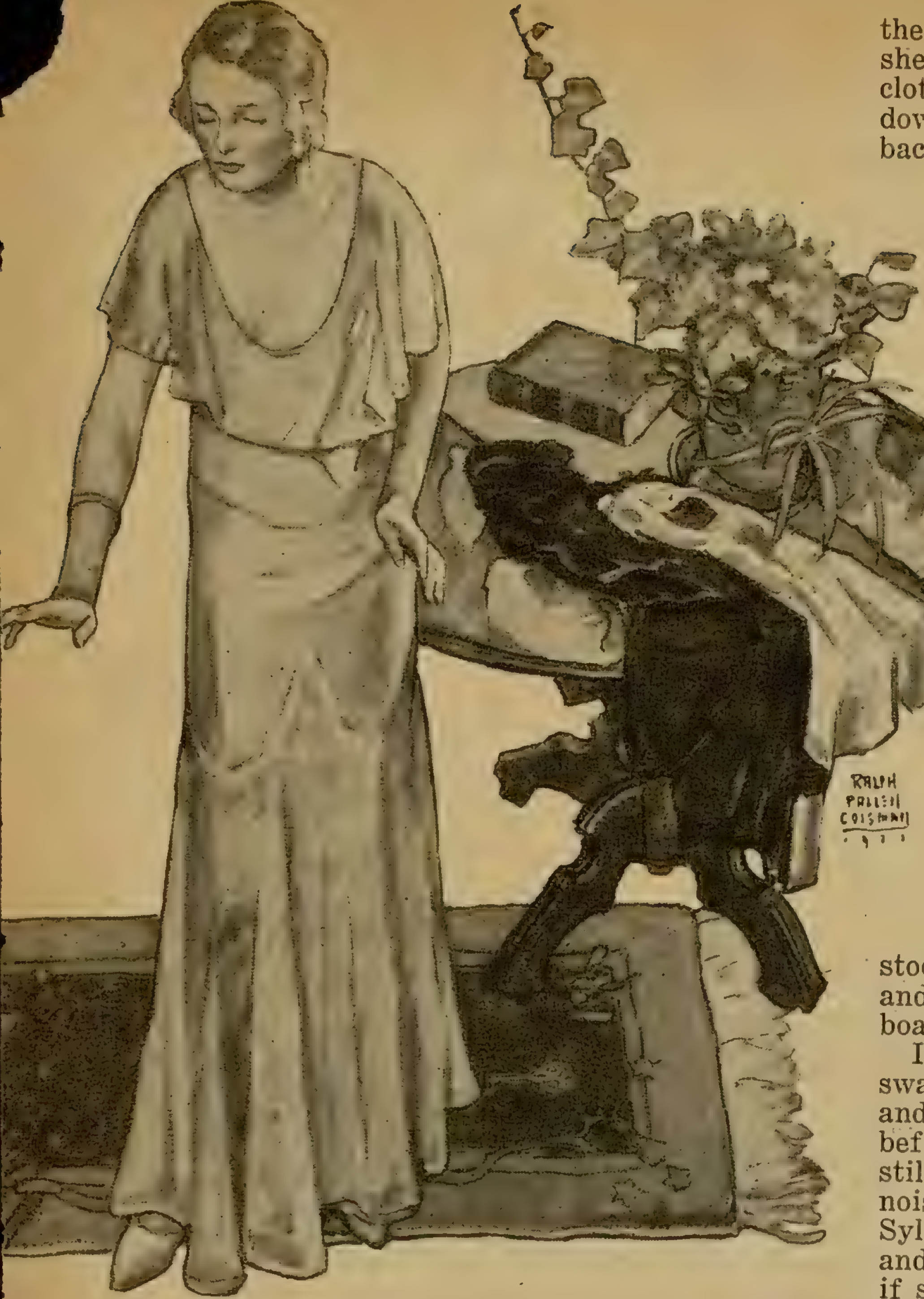
"I should say not! No more taxis for me if this keeps up!" He added: "The subway's quicker, anyhow."

"You'd be sure to get held up by traffic," Miss Wilson consoled him. "By the way, I was going to order some flowers for you to take, but you didn't say anything, and—"

"I can buy some on the way," Mark said absently.

He ought not to leave the office with the market this way—but what a home-coming for Sylvia, with no one to meet her!

"Tell you what I'll do," he said suddenly. "I'll sign a blank check and leave it with you in case Higgins needs



more margin. You fill in the amount. It'll be about five thousand, maybe less. Only be careful, won't you? It's the first time I ever gave a blank check—"

He wrote the check and stood up to go.

"Be sure to answer calls on my private line. Better sit in here while I'm gone. I'll be back in time for you to go to lunch, if you don't mind waiting a little late."

"I don't care if I don't go out at all," Miss Wilson assured him good-naturedly. "I'll send out for sandwiches and make tea right here."

"I don't want you to do that," Mark began—but she interrupted him:

"If it's just as convenient for you, I'd rather take the time at the end of the day and do some shopping."

"All right—thank you," replied Mark, after an instant of hesitation.

He lingered, trying to think of something more to say —he had always been a little in awe of her—but Miss Wilson, without laying a finger on him, was giving the impression of pushing him out of the door.

"You'll be late," she said, and handed him his hat and gloves; and added as he left, in a different tone: *"Don't worry!"*

It was the most intimate thing she had ever said to him, and he gave her a grateful look before the door closed, then hurried to the elevator and stood absent-mindedly holding his finger on the button until an indignant operator appeared and took him down. He was thinking that he certainly couldn't do without Miss Wilson.

The liner was ready to warp into the dock when he reached the pier. He was surrounded by a noisy, merry crowd who were shouting inanities across the water to their friends on board. Mark blinked and stared in the bright June sunshine, and finally recognized Sylvia standing at the rail. She seemed very thin; but he knew her by the way she moved—the proud tilt of her head, which she said she had learned from having to wear shabby clothes, and her habit of standing with one foot pressing down on the other, and the way she had of throwing back her head to laugh.

She was laughing up at someone now: a tall young man who stood beside her. And suddenly Mark realized what in his unimaginative thoughts had never occurred to him before: that life had not stopped for Sylvia when she went away, any more than it had for him; that she must have had experiences he had not heard of, made friends he had never seen. It gave him a pang to think that as much of importance might have happened to her as to him in these two years. He was not the same Mark —would she be the same Sylvia?

She was scanning the crowd on the pier now, looking for him, and all at once she saw him and waved; and Mark whipped off his hat, but could think of nothing to shout across to her. And presently he could see that she was laughing and wiping her eyes and pointing him out to the man beside her. . . .

But where had she got the orchids she was wearing?

Not until then did he remember the flowers Miss Wilson had suggested. He had forgotten, and someone else had thought of them—doubtless the man at her side.

He thrust his hands into his pockets and stood staring at his shoes in unreasoning resentment; and when he looked up again Sylvia had disappeared, the boat was in, and the gangplank was being lowered.

In the brief interval before the passengers began to swarm ashore his mind went back to the stock market and he wondered whether he could get to a phone and back before she landed. Then he saw her coming toward him, still with the tall young man; but a group of excited, noisy people flung themselves upon the pair and stopped Sylvia and made her speak to them. Then she broke away and stood looking up at him with an uncertain smile, as if she didn't know whether to laugh or cry; and Mark, conscious of people around him, kissed her awkwardly on her cheek.

"Isn't that a new dress?" was all he could think of to say.

"Silly, did you think I'd be wearing the same one I went away in?" Sylvia exclaimed, and again he was painfully aware of the lapse of time. "Listen, Mark dear, you must meet these people. . . ."

But already the noisy group was upon them, the tall young man in the center of it, dragging a squat, saffron-faced gentleman by the arm.

Who were they, anyway? Had they no tact, no manners?

But Sylvia did not seem to share his irritation.

"This is Maurice L'Hommedieu, Mark dear—*the* Maurice; and"—indicating the swarthy gentleman—"Mr. Steinfeld, the producer—the great producer!"

"My producer," said the Frenchman as he shook hands. Mark thought his accent a trifle exaggerated.

"My husband, Mr. Steinfeld," continued Sylvia. "Mademoiselle Lamar, let me present my husband. (Miss Lamar sang with Maurice in Hollywood, you remember, Mark.) Miss Jennison, my husband. . . ."

Mark acknowledged the introductions. Miss Jennison, it appeared, had been the star in June Roses that ran all summer—or so Sylvia told him. The others sang too, or something. He knew vaguely that he had seen Maurice somewhere before.

"You are to be congratulated on your wife," said Steinfeld. "Maurice is so crazy mad about her he sent me a wireless from the steamer."

Mark gazed at him coldly.

"Come, Monsieur Livingston," the Frenchman broke in. "Our baggage is under the same letter and I know these customs men. Give me your keys, Sylvia."

He dragged them along, and entered into a voluble par-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MARGIN
Continued from page nineteen]

ley with one of the officials, accompanied by what Mark was forced to admit was an engaging smile—especially across footlights. He took note a little contemptuously of the aquiline nose, the flawless teeth, the perfect line of black hair above a smooth forehead, and the brilliant eyes, almost black, under arched brows—plucked, Mark felt sure.

While the trunks were being opened Maurice—"the" Maurice—turned to Steinfeld.

"*Tiens, mon vieux,* tell me the news. Is Josephine really too ill to open wiz me? An' have you feex the secon' act?"

Under cover of the talk which followed Sylvia asked where the car was parked. And Mark, who had for the moment forgotten his financial worries, was plunged into despair by the innocent inquiry and replied briefly that he wasn't using the car.

"We'll send the trunks by the transfer company and get an extra taxi for the bags," he suggested.

"Oh, but no!" cried Maurice, turning around—he seemed to hear everything, that fellow! "I will send the bags in my other car, and you are both lunching with me in my suite at the Ritz. . . . Oh, but, Sylvia, you promised me!"

And he added something in rapid French which Mark did not understand. Sylvia not only knew people he had never seen, but now spoke a language he did not know.

But she replied in English:

"I said *if* my husband didn't knock you down and drag me away by the hair."

She flashed a smile at Maurice—another of those footlight smiles, thought Mark bitterly—then gave her husband's arm a little squeeze.

"But you aren't going to be rough about it, are you, darling?"

"My wife and I will be delighted," he responded stiffly. "But first I must telephone my office."

"Ah, these American business men!" exclaimed Maurice, with a mocking twitch of his mobile eyebrows. And Mark wondered, as he went to find a phone booth, whether he was being ridiculed for his stiffness.

Miss Wilson answered his call immediately.

"Are you alone, where you can talk?" she asked without preliminary.

"Yes."

"I've done something maybe I shouldn't have done," she told him quickly in a low, strained voice. "I tried to locate you on the pier, and then I phoned the Savarin—I thought you might have gone there for lunch. But there wasn't any time to lose—and if I've done wrong, Mr. Livingston, I have no money saved, but I'll work for you for nothing until . . ."

"WHAT has happened?" asked Mark.

"Mr. Higgins had to have some money right away, so I filled in the check and sent it—but it's for three times as much as you said."

Mark broke into a perspiration.

"That leaves me cleaned out, doesn't it?"

"You have a balance of twelve dollars," Miss Wilson told him in a trembling voice. "Did I do wrong?"

MARIE DE MONTALVO

the author of this story, was born in New York City of French and Spanish parents. She is the author of two books and numerous short stories, and has spent twelve years in newspaper work in New York and Washington.

"No . . . no, indeed."

"Mr. Higgins said he thought it might save the whole investment, but that anything might happen before closing time and he'd like you to keep in touch."

"I'll come right down," said Mark. He took a long breath as he came out of the stuffy telephone booth and wiped his face and neck and hands. He found the others outside the pier, where Sylvia's bags were being put in Maurice's less expensive car, in which his secretary and valet rode. Sylvia was talking, smiling and animated, but he noticed that when she turned to him her face was grave and troubled. Evidently she was not glad to see him.

"I am afraid we can't accept your invitation," Mark told the Frenchman. "I have only time to see my wife home and go straight to the office—important business. I'm very sorry"

"I am—desolated," murmured Maurice, and looked at Sylvia.

She appeared to receive a message from his glance, for she spoke quickly: "Mark dear, would you mind awfully if I went without you?"

It seemed incredible that, when he had thirsted for her for two years and now at last could hold her in his arms, Sylvia should want to desert him for a lot of ill bred fools she had met on a steamer!

"By all means go," he said. "I could spare only a few minutes, anyway. Glad to have someone to look after you. Thank you for your courtesy, Mr. L'Hommedieu. . . . No, thanks," he replied to the Frenchman's gesture toward his car. "Don't bother about me; I'll take a taxi to the subway. Telephone me later, Sylvia. Good-by, good-by—glad to have met you!"

He bowed to them with his hat lifted, and dived into a cab. In the subway station he dropped a nickel on a news stand and picked up an evening paper, caught an express, and stood reading the market reports until he noticed that the car was half empty and dropped into a seat.

HIS private telephone was ringing as he walked into his office, and Miss Wilson was just lifting the receiver.

"It's Mr. Higgins," she said, when she had taken the message. "He wants another five thousand before three o'clock."

Her mouth was quivering.

"Tell him he's got to give me till the last possible minute; I'll have to borrow it. And then it's probably throwing good money after bad."

Miss Wilson repeated his statement while Mark dropped into his desk chair and began writing a list of names on a memorandum pad.

"He says he's sure the worst is over," reported Miss Wilson, "and he'll have better news tomorrow."

Mark handed her the list of names.

"Get their numbers as fast as you can, please."

She left the room, and he sat staring ahead of him, wondering what he could do if no one would lend him the money. He had borrowed to the limit on his insurance and every other asset, but it seemed that if he only had time to sit and think he could figure some way out of the difficulty.

When Miss Wilson connected him with the first number, he braced himself to ask what he had never asked of anyone before. The conversation was brief.

"Old man, I'm in a jam. Can you let me have five thousand?"

"Sorry as hell. I would in a minute if I could, but I haven't got it. The market . . ."

"I know how it is. Thanks just the same."

The formula varied but slightly during several calls. Some of his friends hadn't come back from lunch and valuable time was wasted. Mark kept his eyes on the clock.

At last Bill Evans was reached at the Bankers Club. Next to his physician, John Salisbury, who was generous but chronically broke, Bill was the best friend Mark had. If he should turn him down . . .

Mark noticed that his unoccupied hand, lying on the desk, had accumulated a tiny puddle of moisture at the point of each finger tip as he waited for Bill's voice on the line.

"Five thousand? Surest thing you know. And the reason I've got it to give you is because I had sense enough to pull out of the market and put every cent in a bank when the smash came. Tell you what I'll do, Mark. You say you're in a hurry, and both our banks are just a step from here. I'll draw out five thousand in cash and deposit it to your account within ten minutes. You'll have it to draw against right away, and that gives Higgins an hour's leeway. Will that fix it?"

"You're a good sport," said Mark.

"Shut up," was the cheerful reply. "Phone you later so you'll know it's O. K."

The relief was so intense Mark felt light-headed, and it was some minutes before he could apply himself to the roblem of meeting his pay roll tomorrow and other xpenses which his twelve dollars would hardly cover. Then he began to watch the clock. It seemed odd that Bill hadn't called. As the precious minutes passed he was unable to concentrate on anything, and finally had Miss Wilson call Bill's office. But Mr. Evans hadn't returned from lunch.

At last the telephone rang, and he grasped it eagerly. It was Sylvia calling from the Ritz to say that she had accepted an invitation for them, dinner and a party afterward, from Maurice and Mr. Steinfeld.

Resentment swept over him again. It was all because of that damn' Frenchman, of course, with the footlight smile and the plucked eyebrows. This certainly was a different Sylvia from the little night-club hostess who had told all her friends she was going to marry "a prince."

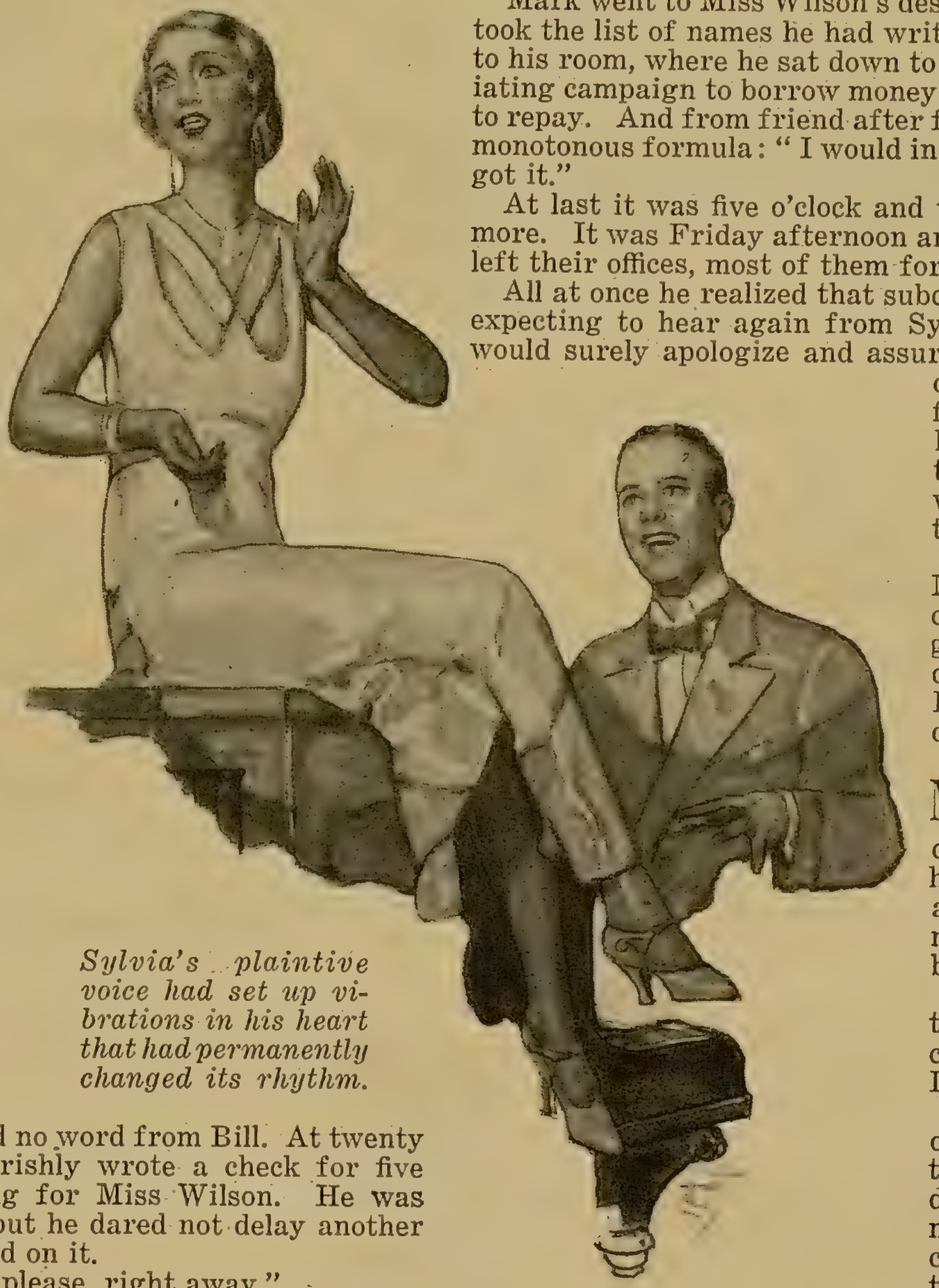
"You'd better go without me," said Mark shortly. "I can't waste any more time on your Tin Pan Alley friends. I have important things to do."

"But, Mark," Sylvia faltered, "this is important to me!"

She lowered her voice. "I can't very well explain—the whole crowd is right here—but Maurice says . . ."

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, Sylvia," Mark cut in, "but I need to hold this line free for an important message. Phone the apartment and tell the cook never mind about the dinner I ordered; she can have the evening off. You do what you please and count me out."

"Very well, Mark, if those are your orders. Good-by," said Sylvia, and hung up.



Sylvia's plaintive voice had set up vibrations in his heart that had permanently changed its rhythm.

It was half past two, and no word from Bill. At twenty minutes to three he feverishly wrote a check for five thousand dollars and rang for Miss Wilson. He was taking a terrible chance, but he dared not delay another minute; too much depended on it.

"Rush this to Higgins, please, right away."

"I'll take it myself in a taxicab," said Miss Wilson.

"All right," said Mark; "and you can go on from there and do your shopping."

She had already put on her hat and spoke through the open door. "Sure you won't need me?"

"Sure. And thank you."

"Quite welcome. I'll phone when this is delivered."

She was gone.

AT five minutes to three she called him.

"I gave the check to Mr. Higgins personally, and he indorsed it and sent it to his bank. It must be there by now. Are you sure there's nothing more I can do?"

"Not a thing. Have a good time. Good-by," said Mark.

He wondered after she had hung up whether he ought not to have warned her not to do much shopping, since he couldn't pay her salary tomorrow. But perhaps Bill might let him have a little more money. . . . Why didn't Bill phone him?

It was just three when the call came.

"God in heaven, Mark! I've been trying to reach you. Couldn't get to a phone in that howling mob. *Did you draw that check?*"

"Yes," said Mark, "and it's gone through. What's the matter?"

"My bank has failed—stopped payment. Doors closed just as I got there. Vice president shot himself. Howling mob outside. I'm cleaned out, Mark, every penny, and your check is worthless."

Mark's grip tightened on the telephone. Perspiration ran down out of his hair and tickled his face and neck.

"It's O. K., Bill," he said quietly. "Don't worry about me; I'll make it good somehow. You have your own troubles. Wish I could help you."

Bill was still mumbling in a dazed fashion when he said good-by and hung up.

Mark went to Miss Wilson's desk in the outer office and took the list of names he had written and carried it back to his room, where he sat down to begin again the humiliating campaign to borrow money he might never be able to repay. And from friend after friend he listened to the monotonous formula: "I would in a minute, but I haven't got it."

At last it was five o'clock and too late to do anything more. It was Friday afternoon and business men had all left their offices, most of them for the entire week-end.

All at once he realized that subconsciously he had been expecting to hear again from Sylvia—had thought she would surely apologize and assure him she wouldn't go out without him on her first night at home. Perhaps she had tried to telephone and found his wire busy; so he called the apartment.

The maid told him Mrs. Livingston had come home to dress and gone out again. She was driving to Clearview Inn on the Hudson for dinner.

MARK was penniless. He had given a bad check. And his wife had thrown him over for a mountebank Frenchman with plucked eyebrows.

And it was then that the thought of suicide came coldly to Mark Livingston.

He need not face another day. It had been two years since another day had brought him a moment's pleasure or contentment, save for the anticipation of Sylvia's return. Now that Sylvia had returned, it was only to add to the despondency which had been slowly engulfing him since he had begun to lose his money and his courage two years ago.

As the thought went through his mind he started a little with surprise, then smiled quietly to himself. So this was despondency! Well, at last he knew. It felt more like relief to him: relief at the knowledge that no power on earth, now that he had lost Sylvia, could compel him to keep up the losing battle that had vanquished so many of his friends.

Quickly and clearly, his mind rising out of the fog of fear which had clouded it, he reviewed the situation. It was really very simple. His will left everything unconditionally to his wife. What was left of his insurance would take care of her decently, if she needed it after marrying the Frenchman, who seemed exceedingly well off.

He would take poison and arrange matters so that John Salisbury would discover his body and take care of all the disagreeable details while Sylvia was at her party. He knew where to find the poison.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MARGIN

Continued from page twenty-one

A little astonished that he felt no emotion, no excitement, but only the calm decisiveness that accompanies the concluding of a business deal which has been a little troublesome, he picked up his hat and gloves, stopped in Tolliver's tiny laboratory to take a bottle from a shelf, and took the subway home.

An hour later he was sitting in an armchair in the living room of the old-fashioned apartment in Gramercy Square where he had lived for years. On a table beside him were letters for Dr. Salisbury and Sylvia under a paper weight, the bottle, a decanter of whisky, a large glass, and a spoon.

Mark seldom drank, but he thought he might as well go out in a convivial mood. Besides, it would lessen the pain.

Nothing remained but to telephone John Salisbury and ask him to drop in during the evening, which he often did. He noticed that his voice sounded natural and care-free over the phone. He felt natural and care-free!

John said he would come about nine. Neither Sylvia nor the maid would be back by then, and it allowed plenty of time for the poison to work.

He had left the door unlocked so John need not ring the bell when he came. He mentioned this casually.

Poor John!

Mark measured the substance from the bottle with the spoon, dropped it into the glass, filled the glass to the top with whisky, and stirred the mixture thoroughly.

Already life with its torments and perplexities seemed to have receded far away. It was inconceivable that he should ever return to it.

He drained the glass.

. . . . .

CENTURIES of pain followed by oblivion had passed when he began to hear the faint distant music that seemed to come from another sphere.

He was free of his body, and his spirit was drifting, effortless and content, in some nebulous substance that carried him as if on wings.

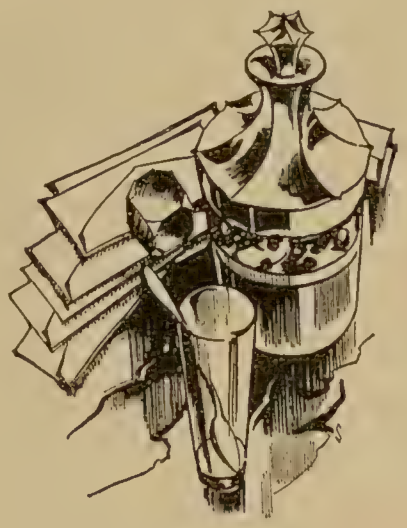
The music was clearer now, and the melody something familiar that came to him out of the past. It seemed to be pulling at him like a silver cord, and he did not want to go. At last he recognized it: Sylvia's voice. He had not realized he could listen to Sylvia in that place where he was going, yet here she was singing a little song. It came nearer and nearer, and presently it was shattered by a shower of words:

"Mark dear, where are you?"

The words came from far away, from at least ten thousand miles away.

As their vibrations died, echoes caught them and flung them back at him ten thousand times, from every corner of the universe, until all space was filled with whispering voices that said: "Mark dear, where are you? Mark dear, where are you?"

Then another voice broke in, a voice from inside his mind, and this one said over and over again, "To go back is pain, to go back is pain," until the words ran together in little distant whisperings, like tiny waves that dashed and murmured against the borders of unconsciousness.



But Sylvia's voice was drawing him back like a silver fishline baited with that little melody, and at last he floated slowly up from that place of nebulous, shadowy contentment into life again. He felt a moment's choking agony, a sense of imprisonment as if his spirit were having a hard time to crowd back into his body.

And as he struggled and crammed himself into his body he felt a touch, and opened his eyes to see Sylvia's face floating before them in a white fog: Sylvia in a pale green dress, her little head like a flower on its stem.

"You old bum, sitting here guzzling whisky while I looked all over for you! The door was unlatched and I was scared to death."

He felt her touch again, in great confusion, for could not for the life of him remember what had bee happening.

"Mark dear," said Sylvia, "you and I ought to have a big fight, but we're not going to."

She sat down on the arm of his chair and leaned her cheek on his head, and he was glad, for this way she could not see his face as he struggled with his confusion.

"Mark—I guess it's always been kind of hard for us to talk to each other. It's natural for you not to say much, and I've always been a little bit afraid of you because you were so important and I owed you so much for what you'd done for me—so much I never can repay it!"

Her voice shook and he could feel her trembling, but she went on:

"It's been my ambition to be some use to you because you were so good to me. If I couldn't be any use I wanted to be a fine musician so you could be proud of me. That's why I went to Paris.

"You tried not to let me know how bad things were while I was over there, didn't you? But I did know, from what you didn't tell me. I saved a lot out of my allowance, and then I decided I'd come home and get a job and help you.

"Well, darling"—her voice was shaking again, but this time with exultation—"I've done just what I meant to do; only it came quicker and it's a whole lot better than I ever dreamed."

She was taking some papers out of her little evening bag and holding them before him.

"See—that's my contract to take the place of Maurice's leading lady, who got sick and lost her voice. Please note the phenomenal salary, Mr. Livingston! And this here check—see, Mark? Five thousand dollars that I wangled out of old Steinfeld because Miss Wilson said you had to borrow five thousand. . . . I telephoned her because I knew something terrible must have happened when you were so mean to me. She thinks she ought to be fired for telling me, but never while I've got my health will that girl get fired!

"Mr. Livingston, will you ever tell me again to get off the phone because you've something more important to attend to?"

And Sylvia slipped down to his lap and began to cry. And then Mark remembered what he had done.

"God!" he said hoarsely. "I thought you were in love with that damn' Frenchman!"

He held her closely in despair.

"All I wanted from him was a contract," Sylvia burst out indignantly. "And all he wants of me is a foil for his manly beauty. Haven't you noticed how handsome we look together?"

"You're the grandest little good sport that ever lived," Mark burst out.

IT was agony that the knowledge should have come to him too late.

"Coming from you, Mark Livingston, that statement is a bigger honor than the Congressional Medal."

Sylvia sat up to look at him—then cried out in alarm:

"Mark darling, what's the matter? You look terrible!"

"I'm not—feeling very well. I sent for Dr. Salisbury. He's due about nine. That's why I left the door unlocked."

"It was nine when I got home," said Sylvia. "We just signed the papers and had some dinner and then called off the party because you wouldn't come. . . . Shall I telephone?"

"He ought to be here," said Mark.

He spoke with dry lips. He must never let her know what he had done. But why was he still alive?

There was a sharp rap at the outside door and the doctor's brisk step coming down the hall.

"Ah, here you are—and Sylvia! I didn't know you were home, my dear!"

When his observant eye lit on Mark his expression changed.

“ Hello, what have you been doing? ook sick as a dog. What's this here? Been taking medicine? ”

He picked up the bottle, glanced at its label, dropped it in his pocket with a swift gesture, and raised the glass to his nose.

“ Sylvia, run out like a good girl and make some tea. I'll bet this man hasn't had a mouthful to eat all day.”

As Sylvia left the room he took Mark's wrist with a finger on his pulse and spoke in a low voice:

“ When did you take it? ”

“ Hours ago. It was a mistake, John. Can you save me? ”

“ Did you drink whisky? ”

“ That whole glassful. Dissolved the stuff in it.”

The doctor held his wrist a moment longer, then dropped it with a jerk.

“ You damn' fool, you took the antidote, thank God,” he said. “ I'll give you some stuff to fix you up. It's in my bag outside.”

He left the room just as the night-club girl entered it carrying a tray.

“ Sylvia,” said Mark, “ there's nothing the matter with me. I'm the healthiest and the happiest and the luckiest man that ever lived. Tomorrow you and I are going out to lick the world—together!

“ And now come here and let me tell you what I think of you.”

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a deciduous tree?
2—What is the greatest coffee-producing country?
3—What is the sixth letter of the Greek alphabet?
4—What is the term of office of a United States senator?
5—What is the largest city in Africa?
6—What is tensile strength?
7—What is the source of “ Frailty, thy name is woman ”?
8—What is a noisome odor?
9—From what mountain did Moses first see the Promised Land?
10—New Holland is the former name of what continent?
11—What does primordial mean?
12—What is the name of the largest artery in the human body?
13—Who was King of England during the American Revolution?
14—How many rods in a mile?
15—Who won the heavyweight pugilistic championship from James J. Corbett?
16—What is a Cadmean victory?
17—What is an imbroglio?
18—What is provided for in the seventeenth amendment to the Constitution?
19—What is the name of the last book of the Old Testament?
20—Who was the mother of Cupid in Roman mythology?

(Answers will be found on page 32)

Greet the Morning Sunshine *with a* Saline Cocktail!

If you wake up tomorrow with a grouch—feel dull, dispirited, headachy—get your zest back with a Saline Cocktail!

A teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica in a glass of cool, fresh water does the trick, and it'll give you a singing start that'll carry you through the day!

This modern idea of health cocktails is good! Fine! Tomato juice cocktails, fruit juice cocktails, sauerkraut juice cocktails—all go a long way towards keeping you healthy. But when you drink a Saline Cocktail, you drink the grandest of them all!

For gently, thoroughly, promptly Sal Hepatica cleans the whole system. It sweeps out toxic wastes and purifies the bloodstream. Constipation, headaches, colds, rheumatism, digestive disorders are all defeated by the saline cleansing.

Every year physicians, here and abroad, send throngs of wealthy people to the great European spas—Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, Aix—to take the "saline cure." Doctors have long known the great restorative powers of these saline springs. And Sal Hepatica is their efficient American equivalent, contains the same properties as those famous waters.

Ask your doctor and find out why the saline method keeps you "in the pink." Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Then buy a bottle from your druggist. And if you've been getting up on the "wrong side of bed"—feeling as though you'd give a week's pay to stay at home—try a Saline Cocktail! Try it for a week. And just see how your pep comes back to you!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢, and $1.20

Sal Hepatica

© 1931

Bristol-Myers Co.
Dept. A-101, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.
*Name*____________________
*Street*____________________
*City*__________ *State*__________

Ann Harding plays the pursuer and gets her man, Leslie Howard, in Devotion.

Charlotte Greenwood and Eddie Cantor in the musical film, Palmy Days.

The SCREEN I

Eddie Cantor's Palmy Days Sets a N
and Jack F

By FREDERIC

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE musical film is returning. Eddie Cantor's newest comedy, Palmy Days, is an entertaining forerunner of what probably will develop into a small avalanche of song pictures. Scores of wretchedly filmed musical comedies brought about the collapse of the melodic film a little more than a year ago. Hollywood dropped it in a panic.

This time the Hollywood producers may be more imaginative. The redoubtable Samuel Goldwyn not only flew in the face of popular opinion in making Palmy Days, but he also turned out a well made musical film. Without songs or chorus evolutions, the comedy would stand up very well by itself, which, of course, will always be the test of this kind of screen entertainment.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ PALMY DAYS

CAST

Eddie Simpson	Eddie Cantor
Miss Martin	Charlotte Greenwood
A. B. Clark	Spencer Charters
Joan Clark	Barbara Weeks
Yolando	Charles B. Middleton

Directed by Edward Sutherland.
Produced by Samuel Goldwyn.

Exhibit A in the retrial of the case of Hollywood *vs.* Musical Films.

Besides that, it is a personal hit for the Broadway comedian, Eddie Cantor. In films, both silent and musical, Cantor always has seemed to be trying too hard. But he has learned the trick. As the fake crystal gazer's nervous assistant in Palmy Days, Cantor is consistently amusing.

The phony yogi installs Eddie as efficiency expert in the modernistic bakery of a wealthy victim.

Cantor is aided by Charlotte Greenwood as the strenuous instructor of the bakeshop gym. There is a lovely ingénue, named Barbara Weeks, who plays the doughnut mogul's daughter.

Palmy Days is gay, pictorial, and funny. It sets something of a new style in musical pictures, too.

★ ★ DEVOTION

CAST

Shirley Mortimer	Ann Harding
David Trent	Leslie Howard
Harrington	Robert Williams
Mr. Mortimer	O. P. Heggie
Mrs. Mortimer	Louise Closser Hale
Sergeant Coggings	Dudley Digges
Mrs. Coggings	Alison Skipworth

Directed by Robert Milton.
Produced by RKO-Pathé.

This story is thinner than a Wampas baby star. In fact, it takes all the adroitness of director, scenarist, and adapter to keep the two principal characters apart for six reels.

A young woman falls in love with a London barrister. In order to be near him, she disguises herself as a governess and obtains a position taking care of his boy. Nobody penetrates her palpable disguise.

Ann Harding exercises all her abilities in trying to make the girl believable, and Leslie Howard is personable and interesting as the lawyer. But, with all the skillful acting, Devotion is a lame vehicle for the star who was so compelling in Holiday.

★ ★ SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

CAST

Harmon	Buster Keaton
Margie	Anita Page
Poggle	Cliff Edwards
Butch	Frank Rowan
Clipper	Norman Phillips, Jr.

Directed by Jules White and Zion Myers.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

You would think that Buster Keaton, experienced in the ways of screen comedy, would be able to give a stage

To the left is Buster Keaton in a gym scene in Sidewalks of New York.

Loretta Sayers, Richard Cromwell, and Jack Holt in Fifty Fathoms Deep.

SINGING Again

e; Ann Harding, Buster Keaton, ther Films

MES SMITH

comedian such as Eddie Cantor a good running start—and overtake him without effort. But he doesn't.

Here Keaton plays the wealthy owner of several tenements who, losing his heart to a pretty tenant, develops into a philanthropist. He builds a gym to help regenerate the girl's hoodlum brother—and promptly gets involved in a series of comedy episodes with a menacing gang leader.

The comedy has a few laughs, but it sadly lacks ingenuity of development. It is odd how the dead-pan comedian loses personality with the acquisition of a businesslike voice.

★ FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP

CAST

Tim	Jack Holt
Myra	Loretta Sayers
Pinky	Richard Cromwell
Florine	Mary Doran
Conchita	Christina Montt
Mate	Wallace MacDonald
Brewster	Henry Mowbray

Directed by Roy William Neill.
Produced by Columbia.

Old, old melodramatic stuff, relieved only by some striking moments beneath the sea. Tim is a big-hearted, hard-fisted diver, and Pinky is his protégé. A water-front gold digger annexes the boy, marries him, and turns him upon his pal. Later she runs off with a millionaire yachtsman. The vessel sinks and the two ex-pals, engaged in salvaging it, are reunited over the faithless girl's body on the ocean floor. There is a kick in the subsea scenes, but there aren't enough of them to lift the picture out of the ordinary.

Short Subjects:

There are a number of football one- and two-reelers, but no gridiron shorts are better than RKO-Pathé's series of six, filmed at Notre Dame under Rockne's direction just before his fatal flight. Watch for them. Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies still are best of all the cartoon films. Especially recommended for children is Nursery Rhymes, a new Silly Symphony. Probably you have noted Paramount's Screen Souvenirs, presenting shots from old-time screen dramas and news reels. They are usually interesting.

Do you know that—

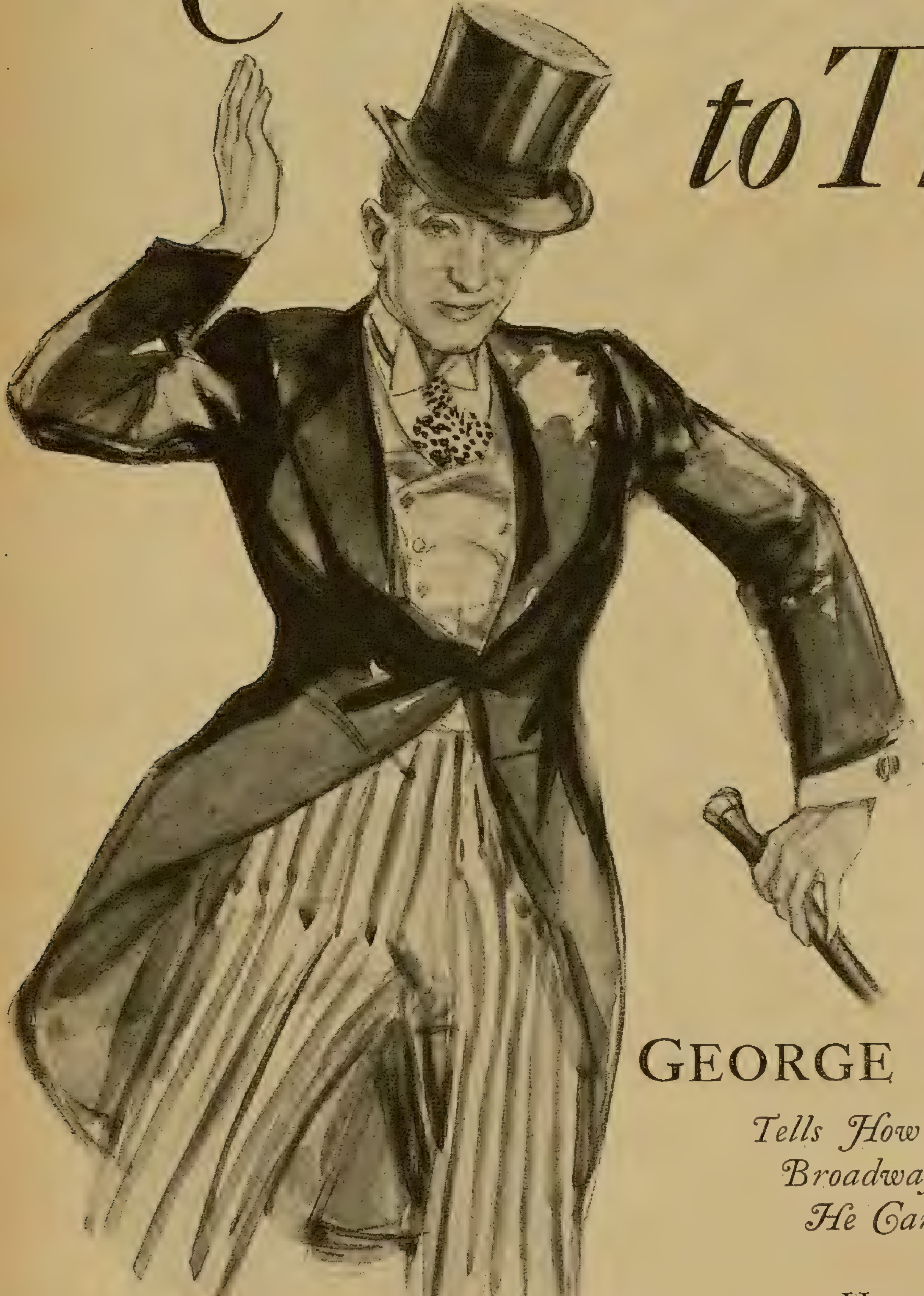
Joan Crawford is going to do a talkie new version of Black Oxen, once filmed by Corinne Griffith and Clara Bow? . . . After all the denials, Ruth Chatterton moves to the Warner Brothers studios on November 1? . . . Edmund Goulding will direct Grand Hotel for Metro-Goldwyn with an all-star cast? . . . Jeanette MacDonald is coming back from Europe to play opposite Maurice Chevalier in One Hour with You?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Street Scene, Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant, Skippy, The Front Page.

★★★—The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire, Dirigible, Tabu, Behind Office Doors, Charlie Chan Carries On.

A Comedian Stops to Think



GEORGE M. COHAN

Tells How He Deserted Broadway—and Why He Came Back—

to

HAROLD BOLCE

(Reading time: 20 minutes 55 seconds.)

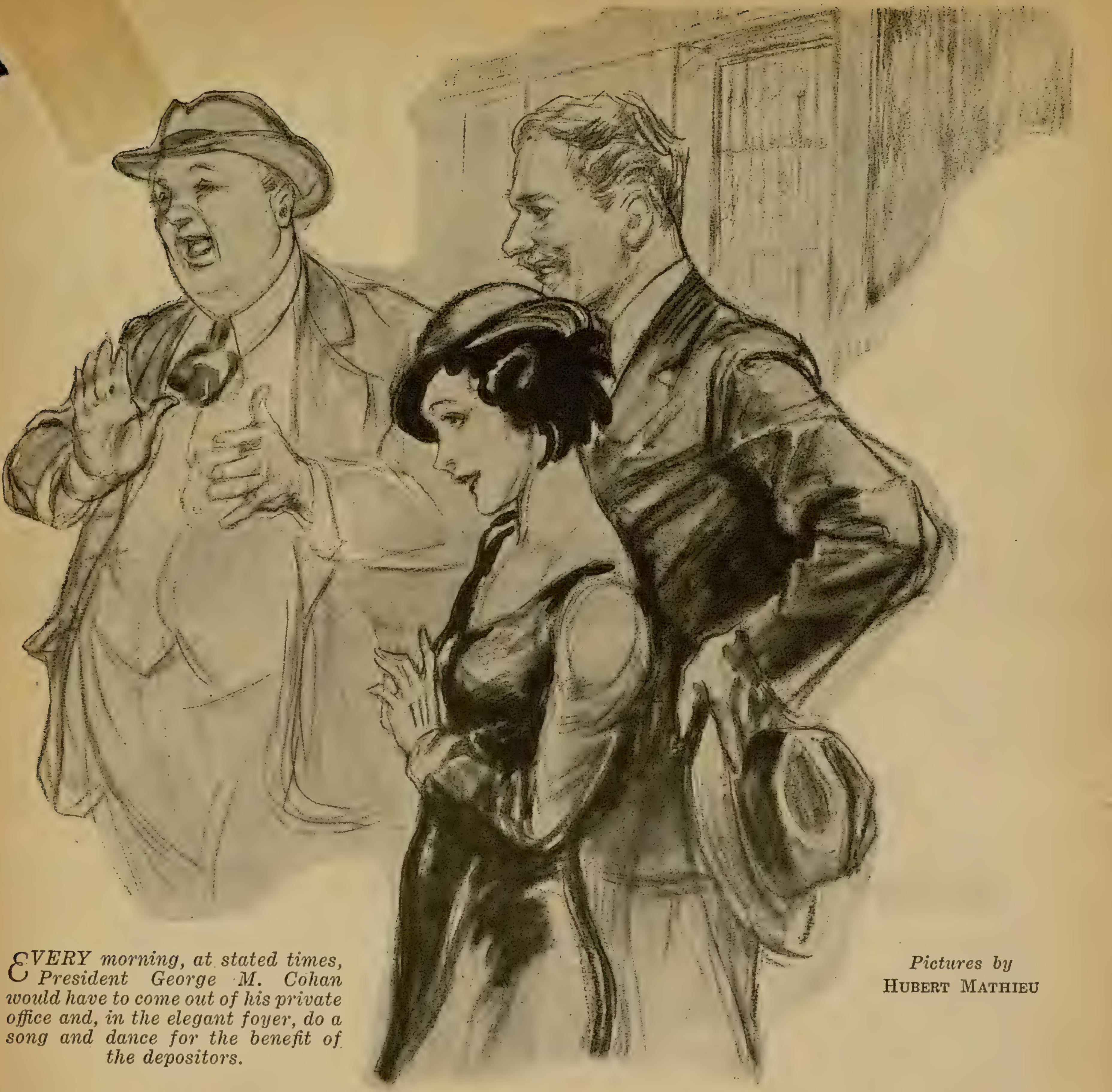
WHEN I said good-by to Broadway in the spring of 1924, people of appreciation said: "Cohan needed a rest." Leaders in the anti-Cohan chorus added: "The public was entitled to one, too."

Comment, pro and con, regarding my exit reached me at Atlantic City, where I was beginning to enjoy a lucid interval. One report was of a column conductor venturing at the Lambs Club the remark that Cohan, who could be counted upon to qualify in speed, had beaten the public to a farewell. The people were getting tired, quoth the communicative bird, of the everlasting Cohan comedy.

"Tired!" roared Sam Forrest. "I'll say they were. That's why they kept clamoring at the box office. *They wanted a place to sit down!*"

I can say this much in support of that loyal and dramatic outburst: that when I decided in 1924 to quit, I had a number of companies in the field and all the plays going strong. Audiences had been good to the last drop. Not a curtain then nor in years before had fallen on a fiasco.

It was, therefore, reasonable for anyone interested to wonder why George M. Cohan quit. Some said that the song-and-dance man was getting weak in the knees. Even if that had been true, it was no longer necessary for me to appear personally unless I wanted to. (I had not



EVERY morning, at stated times, President George M. Cohan would have to come out of his private office and, in the elegant foyer, do a song and dance for the benefit of the depositors.

Pictures by
HUBERT MATHIEU

danced in thirteen years.) Shortly after this curious canard was started, a friend reported at the Friars Club that he had seen me in vigorous sport at Atlantic City.

"What was George doing?" asked another Friar.

"He was doing handsprings on the beach," was the reply.

"I told you Cohan didn't have a leg to stand on," said a third Friar.

WHEN I come to speak myself of my activities at Atlantic City, including my reading there of most of the new books and serving, without being drafted, as one of the judges of bathing beauties on the beach, or come to my unforeseen but triumphant return to the footlights, even taking up the public dancing which I had definitely abandoned thirteen years before, it will be realized that there was no physical excuse for my retirement in 1924.

Perhaps the thing that persuaded me to retire was my length of service. It seemed to me in 1924 that I had been before the public long enough. I had had my fling. A generation had come and gone. Great names had flamed and faded. When I rode into the American arena, Grover Cleveland was at the helm. Eugene Field was in his prime. Lester Wallack was still living. Joe Jefferson was fifty-seven; Booth was fifty-three; Bernhardt, forty-one; Mansfield, twenty-nine. You see, I had a great start. I began with the immortals.

Mixed emotions, in which sadness and sentiment were strong, stirred me as the train bore me away from Broadway. Arriving, I plunged into reading and ordered "all the new books." They came like a tidal wave. I was inundated by a literary sea. The Publishers Weekly puts the number of new books published in the United States in 1924 at 6,380. But 505 of these dealt with the drama, and I omitted those. I knew they would be O.K.

But I managed to circumnavigate an ocean of the others. Critics will look in vain for influence of this reading in my plays produced since then. I did read a world of new books, *and saw what to avoid!*

Willie Collier, after visiting me and my literary pyramids, said to some friends in New York, as they quote him:

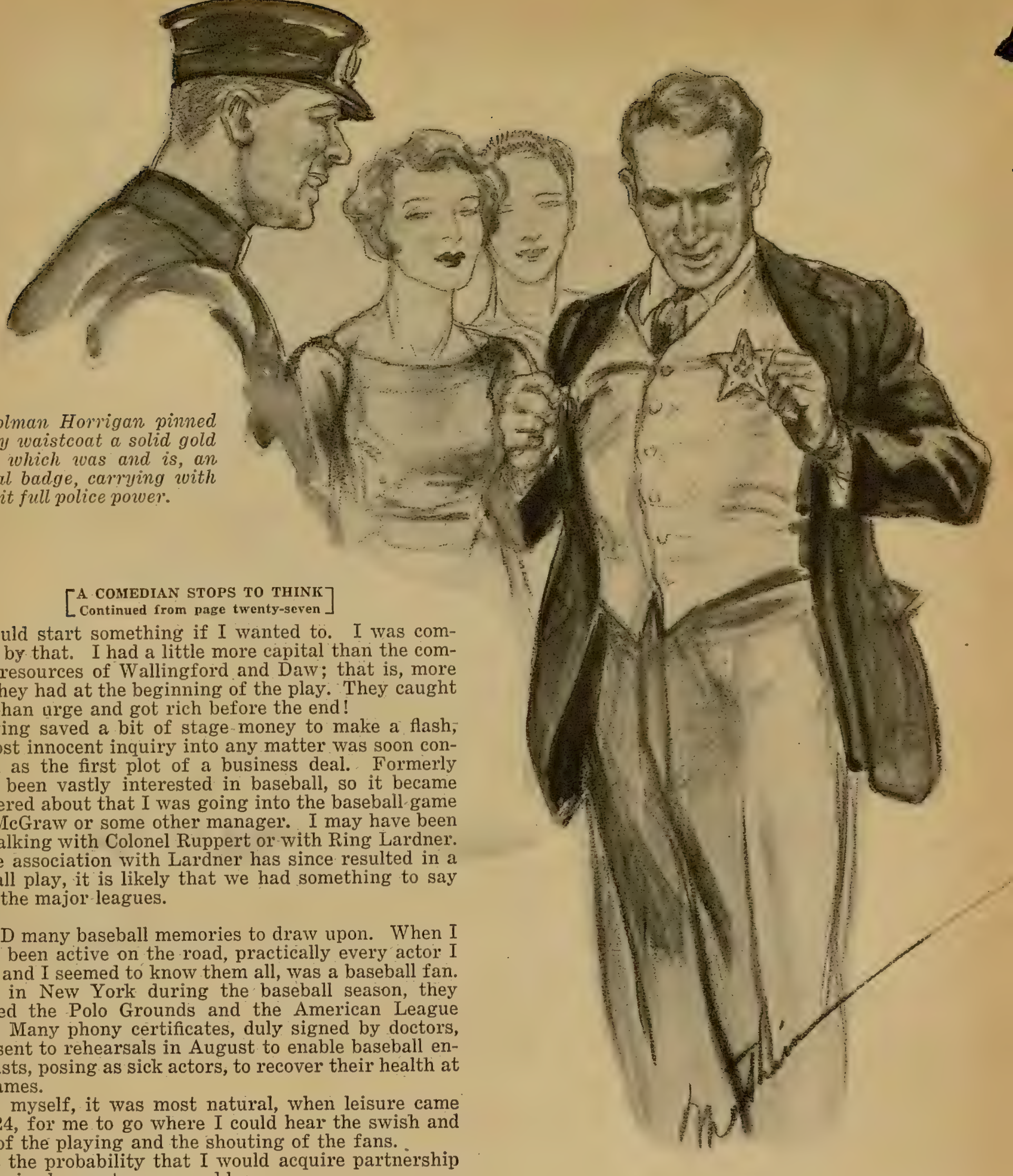
"Cohan has reformed down there in Atlantic City."

"Queer place to reform; what does he do?"

"Every minute," said Collier, "he turns over a new leaf."

People began to ask what I intended to do. I didn't know, myself. I was no more certain than Wallingford was when, at the outset of the play, he said to Blackie Daw: "What *shall* we manufacture?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Patrolman Horrigan pinned on my waistcoat a solid gold star, which was and is, an official badge, carrying with it full police power.

A COMEDIAN STOPS TO THINK
Continued from page twenty-seven

I could start something if I wanted to. I was comforted by that. I had a little more capital than the combined resources of Wallingford and Daw; that is, more than they had at the beginning of the play. They caught the Cohan urge and got rich before the end!

Having saved a bit of stage money to make a flash, my most innocent inquiry into any matter was soon construed as the first plot of a business deal. Formerly I had been vastly interested in baseball, so it became whispered about that I was going into the baseball game with McGraw or some other manager. I may have been seen talking with Colonel Ruppert or with Ring Lardner. As the association with Lardner has since resulted in a baseball play, it is likely that we had something to say about the major leagues.

I HAD many baseball memories to draw upon. When I had been active on the road, practically every actor I knew, and I seemed to know them all, was a baseball fan. When in New York during the baseball season, they haunted the Polo Grounds and the American League Park. Many phony certificates, duly signed by doctors, were sent to rehearsals in August to enable baseball enthusiasts, posing as sick actors, to recover their health at the games.

For myself, it was most natural, when leisure came in 1924, for me to go where I could hear the swish and thud of the playing and the shouting of the fans.

But the probability that I would acquire partnership in a major-league team passed by.

Anyway, I didn't go to Atlantic City to become an anchorite, and so I began to dream about many things. One was a bank, a theatrical bank, or one that would specialize in financing great theatrical projects and assist dramatic geniuses who could write good plays but lacked the salesmanship or the showmanship to get them properly before the public.

It did not seem to be altogether a bad idea. The sound of money—coming in—had always been musical; and I could trust my judgment in knowing what to finance. There would be a stream of depositors. I had no doubt of that. But the dream was shattered by the realization that every morning, at stated times, President George M. Cohan would have to come out of his private office and, in the elegant foyer, do a song and dance for the benefit of the depositors. I would be like the bird that comes out of the cuckoo clock to tell the time.

I knew. I had had experience in Wall Street. I went down there in a truck to raise funds for the sufferers from one of our national disasters. I had no difficulty, while talking, in attracting crowds, and they fairly showered coins at us; but, after all, that was a slow system of relief. An announcement was shouted by some "salesman" in our crowd that if a broker would start a more substantial subscription by handing up a hundred-dollar bill, Mr. Cohan would sing one of his popular songs and do a dance right on the hurricane deck of the truck.

In a flash the hundred-dollar bill was handed up, and I began to do my stuff. After that everything was easy and generous contributions flowed in.

Not only that, but I had to go to various sides of the Stock Exchange and along Broad Street between Exchange Place and Beaver Street, and then to Broadway, stopping all together three hours one morning in the heart of New York's financial district, dancing for the hundred-dollar men and their followers and friends. It was a success, but it wouldn't exactly do in a bank.

I realized that in any public activity I might take up I should have to provide for a song and dance. For this reason I dismissed the idea of a lecture tour. This was a pity, for there were some things I wanted seriously to say. I wanted to go out to Chicago and tell the people, many of them old pals of mine, that the bomb outrages there could not be traced to the influence of Guy Fawkes. I felt that I owed something to Chicago. Not only has that city at all times supported me loyally, making it possible for me to own and operate successfully for years a valuable property there, but I have been during the same period an honorary member of the Chicago Police.

One night at the close of a performance in Chicago a dozen or more members of the city police, sent from headquarters, surrounded me, and, while my company looked on and joined in the applause, Patrolman Horrigan pinned on my waistcoat a solid gold star with a diamond in the center, which was and is an official badge, carrying with it by order full police power, with authority in the city of Chicago to make arrests.

That lovely badge now seemed to condemn me, showing me up as one who had not played his part as a policeman in that town. In consequence, how the gunmen have flourished there!

IN New York, too, I might have achieved something in the way of civic reform, for the police were with me there. Crossing the Williamsburg Bridge in my car one day, we were stopped by some sort of small-sized riot or race argument in the middle of the roadway. Whatever the bridge party was, it was out of place, and seriously so to me, as I was due shortly to go on the stage.

The chauffeur sounded his siren, following that with shouts, but without avail. Just as I was getting desperate, a mounted policeman rode up, gave me, his Chicago brother, a salute, and said: "It's all right, Mr. Cohan. Drive right through them. I'll ring for the ambulance."

Here I was, therefore, with such coöperation in the two greatest cities in America, and yet powerless to proceed as a reformer because of my fatal reputation as a song-and-dance man. Suppose, for example, they put me on Fifth Avenue as honorary director of traffic. Someone would be sure to recognize me, and, while the taxis, sedans, and busses of Manhattan were held up, I would have to do a song and dance and turn handsprings in the street.

My reaction from the thought of futility was to laugh. I thought back with Augustine Birrell to Chateaubriand, who, though the author of many books and an ambassador, is remembered today as the name of a steak!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE

NEW

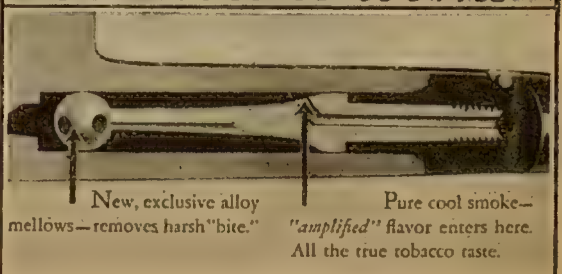
Drinkless

KAYWOODIE

mellows your smoke...
no other pipe does it

Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New, exclusive alloy now cools your smoke, removes harsh "bite." And amplifies the true tobacco flavor. *This great discovery does to your pipe-smoke what the modern refrigerator does to your food.* Years of work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made it possible. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped "Drinkless." Above, No. 24, Ambera bit and Synchro-stem $3.50. Thorn $4.

See how it works


New, exclusive alloy mellows—removes harsh "bite."
Pure cool smoke—"*amplified*" flavor enters here. All the true tobacco taste.

And for cigarette smokers: *New* Tobacco Yello holder

© 1931, KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, Inc., EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

Some of the men in this country may need a good five-cent cigar—but every man needs a good five-cent double-edge Razor Blade

—AND HERE IT IS!

ELSMERE TRADE MARK RAZOR BLADE BEST CHROME STEEL MADE IN U.S.A.

FITS STANDARD RAZORS THAT TAKE DOUBLE-EDGE BLADES

. . . . a blade from which all the gamble has been extracted . . . smooth, quick, easy . . . day after day . . . box after box . . . you may say, "there ain't no such animal," but you're in for a pleasant surprise . . . just try one and smile as you shave!

•

ELSMERE DOUBLE-EDGE BLADE

5c —ask for them wherever razor blades are sold

A COMEDIAN STOPS TO THINK

Continued from page twenty-nine

I thought of Sidney Smith and Andy Gump. Why, Gump, famous throughout the world, is infinitely better known than his creator, although the artist, by any standard, is far the better-looking man of the two.

I thought of Babbitt, far more popular among the Rotarians than Sinclair Lewis can ever hope to be.

I thought of the deep mathematician at Oxford, working obscurely in conic sections and geometry, then in a crazy field, remote from science, conducting, under an assumed name, a masquerade and adventure with a child that made them both immortal.

And I heard the prompter whisper in my ear, as the wind came in from the sea: "Cohan, my boy, why did you ever leave Wonderland?"

I BEGAN to get other jolts about this time.

One was in the form of an interview with George Bernard Shaw in which he was asked, as an observer of matters of moment, what he thought of Babe Ruth.

"Babe Ruth?" said the author of Back to Methuselah and many other masterpieces. "I suppose that is the name of some product of eugenics."

I felt like cabling Shaw that at last he had said something; that the Babe was in reality what the biologists in their best moments term a sport!

But that, I reflected, might be too subtle for a plain-spoken man like Shaw. I would cable simply, "Babe Ruth is a great player," sign it "Cohan," and let it go at that. Thus, associating the name with me, Shaw would conclude that Ruth was the name of an actor, possibly an actress, and subside. But now a new question arose. Would Shaw know my name? I did not like to add: "Late Broadway producer." For Shaw, who likes to trip you up, might ask: "Why late? Did you have to pop your watch to ring the curtain up?"

No, Shaw would not remember me. I had been now several months out of the limelight, too long for an American reputation to survive abroad. Or in America, for that matter.

Clearly, I was getting delusions. I began to realize that if I continued indefinitely to read new books and to keep on dozing and dreaming by the sea, I'd become a subject for a psychoanalyst, or something more serious.

The truth was, though I did not know it, that there on the Atlantic City beach the first act was being played in the farce or folly of 1924 entitled The Retirement of George M. Cohan.

Atlantic City was proving to be no place for a Friar to spend a sabbatical year!

Forces, as I have hinted, were at work—forces within and without—which I could not, or at least did not, successfully combat. And it is probably wise that I let them have their way.

When I did so, the public was generous and so were we! Great signs, gleaming nightly like a beacon, announced that "George M. Cohan himself" was again on the stage. There I was back on Broadway, seemingly unabashed, unrepentant, swaggering. I allowed the electric bravado to stand, as it was good business.

I had little dreamed in Atlantic City that upon my return to Broadway I should find, as new colleagues, such established business geniuses as Owen D. Young, Gerard Swope, Paul D. Cravath, Cornelius N. Bliss, E. W. Harden, James G. Harbord (the major general), E. M. Herr, and James R. Sheffield, all investing in the national future of the Great White Way—in other words, pledged to bring by mechanical means all the music and movement and pageantry—the dialogue, the action, and the actors—of the stage to millions of American homes. And to reproduce there in complete and vivid form all the important events of the day.

There is no field in American activity where big business is needed more than in the theatrical. It is possible that science, backed by experienced finance, will accomplish transformation here. We are cluttered by the débris of unsuccessful plays. More than seventy per cent of all productions fail.

There had been opinions expressed, and probably more unexpressed, that a further career on the films would not be lacking in benefit to me. I was never hostile to the screen. Years ago I was first filmed in an adaptation of my comedy, Broadway Jones. After I played the part before the camera I was anxious to see myself. I had had an idea that the two kinds of acting were entirely different—and they were.

WHEN I saw myself, I realized how little gestures mean in the movies, and how much depends on ability to register emotions with the features. I realized, in fact, that the screen performer's part, at best, is more psychic than physical. This helped me to improve when I came to be filmed in the rôle of Magee in Seven Keys to Baldpate. Then The Song and Dance Man stepped from the stage into the films, and later my farce, The Baby Cyclone, was filmed.

That I did not then step back again for a season into the silent drama as a relief from the big noise of Broadway was obviously due to no hostility. I have always regarded the Far West as peculiarly progressive; and one of its most advanced phases is the film.

In fact, the actors of Hollywoo are more Western than the Westerners themselves!

Knowing my readiness for innovation, friends wondered, when I rested at Atlantic City, why I did not improve the shining hours to write the great American dramatic masterpiece. Critics would have a ready answer to that, but I can offer an explanation of why I didn't even try.

To write a dramatic work down there in Atlantic City and read the effort to the waves did not appeal to me, if I could have managed it. My work, practically all the best of it, had always been done or developed at rehearsals; and now I had put rehearsals behind me. I had thus eliminated the secret and sources of my dramatic power, such as it was. I had throttled inspiration. I had killed the goose that laid the golden egg!

OF course, there are rules of dramatic composition. In collaboration with George Jean Nathan I once prepared an analysis of fourteen of the fundamental factors—the fourteen original points, so to speak. One thing is to be said in favor of collaboration; if the product is good you can claim the credit; if it is bad you can shift the blame. This production was, as the British say, not half bad; so we may call it fifty-fifty.

One seeker after knowledge I referred to these fourteen points. Anyone interested in ancient literature may look them up. We did not pretend, even at the time, that the points cited covered the field. They were our own machinery for the making of masterpieces, and not brought down from the days of Euripides. We thought them pretty good, an appraisement shared by some of our American colleagues.

They put the points to a test without credit, apparently so as not to embarrass us if the experiment turned out wrong. But the piracy of dramatic material was so successful that if either Mr. Nathan or I used any of these plans or pictures now, we should be accused not only of stealing them but of using old stuff. So fast is dramatic history made that these situations, devised to startle or to sustain suspense in a play, novel enough to tempt the buccaneers of the business a few years ago, are today thin, threadbare with use, transparent, not valuable enough even to be exhumed.

It was pleasant, however, to be regarded and cajoled as oracles and authorities on dramatic art, and we could point to the old abandoned quarry as a spot from which a lot of building material had been obtained.

But I was glad to have demonstration that there are no abiding principles for constructing a play—that is, a successful one.

One day, early in my sojourn by the sea, a dramatic critic whom I had met in London called and we had a good talk. He, too, wanted me to give him some lasting rules for building plays.

I told him that there were none except this: that in the dramatic field, as in most others, too many weeds and brambles grew, and that vigorous and drastic grubbing and pruning were indispensable. Then I repeated a talk I had heard Dean Joseph French Johnson of New York University make to an association of intercollegiate orators in convention at Atlantic City. Said the witty dean:

"To prepare a speech, you first compose your exordium. This you make as flowery as you can. Make it ornate with metaphors. Adorn it with Greek myths. Pile up the polysyllables. Let it bespeak your profundity, your learning, your mastery of matter and the ways of man.

"Next, tackle your subject. This you make strong and simple. Proceed logically, your thought clear, your words clean cut. Prove your point, and end this part of your talk.

"The third part is the peroration. This in form and somewhat in substance should resemble the exordium, only it should be still more flowery. If there is an allusion, a simile, or any other reach of rhetoric, any symbol or hyperbole you overlooked before, drag it in; and when you have done all this, cut out and discard both the exordium and the peroration, and you'll probably have a pretty good speech."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Scoring an EXTRA POINT in smoking pleasure

It's the *extra point* that wins football games—and it's the *extra smoking pleasure* that wins friends for Beech-Nut Gum. Try chewing a stick of Beech-Nut before you light up the next smoke. Cool, refreshing, flavorful, it quickens your taste sense, makes every smoke taste like the first one of the day—adds to your smoking pleasure. . . . And remember, always, in no other gum do you get the flavor that is found in Beech-Nut.

Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Co., also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints.

Peppermint,
Wintergreen and
Spearmint Flavors

Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

A COMEDIAN STOPS TO THINK
Continued from page thirty-one

"But," protested the London critic to me, "there are some fundamental truths. You can't controvert the multiplication table. If you add two to two you get four. What do you say to that?"

I wasn't prepared to reply on the spur of the moment. At all events, I began to feel there at Atlantic City that I was a fish out of the sea. The lapping of the waves was less inspiration to me than the orchestra, the furor of rehearsals more quickening than the roar of the sea.

Gene Tunney, who is a two-fisted scholar, could go to Yale and explain to the sons of Eli that the Bard of Avon was some champion, too. What I do not know about Shakespeare is plenty. But I knew before Tunney told it to the undergraduates that you've got to keep making hits to stay in the ring.

Past performances mean nothing when they begin to count ten!

HAD I been casting for a Hippodrome Review, a sort of Boardwalk version of The Big Parade, Atlantic City would have been the place; for passing and repassing endlessly in the procession went:

Hard-boiled fathers, and soft-boiled sons.

People in the public eye, and others in the public nostrils.

Celebrators, fairly successful, and others sober enough to be impressed by prohibition statistics.

Brilliant orators on the black list, and others supplied from home talent.

Genuine fellers of the Fifty-Fifty Club, and others of the 100-per-cent whole-hog variety.

Real players of the game, and others that passed dividends—and got away with it.

Patriots who believed that Teapot Dome and Bunker Hill belonged to the same ridge!

Scholars, and sophomores.

Highbrows who knew all about the labors of Hercules but had never done anything themselves.

Humorists that never laughed, and heehaw men who never said anything funny.

Real celebrities like Fannie Hurst, Irvin Cobb, and other sociologists.

But up to now I have never used any of the material I saw or overheard. One reason, probably, why I built no play on the shifting sands down there is that I went to bed at night.

I had occasion to be glad, too, toward the end of my vacation that I had not taken myself too seriously. I was invited to do something at the benefit performance for the sick and emergency fund of the Theatrical Press Representatives of America. The event was staged at the Liberty Theater, New York City, and my chosen subject was how a playwright does his work. It was lucky for me that I resisted the temptation to be oracular or even try to appear wise; for I had a discerning audience. My part was a harmless song, I'll Tell You How to Write a Play. I knew, of course, that anything high-hat or in any way suggestive of hokum would be spotted by the experts among the Press Representatives of America. So Cohan saved his face by being, as he pretends to be, only a comedian.

But another point. Suppose I had got a hunch that my hours of so-called idleness warranted a new rôle and liberty for me. Suppose that I had absorbed the delusion that the deep had been calling to the dramatist. And imagine me announcing a new American dramatic masterpiece under the title, say, The Soliloquy by the Sea. Why, millions of Americans, if they ever heard of the effort, would tap their heads. Cohan, they would say, had gone cuckoo.

In London, among the people anyone would delight to encounter is W. W. Jacobs, a man endowed with fertile and versatile genius. But Jacobs began and continued to make the wide world laugh with his comical tales of the sea. When he turned, as he could, to stories grisly in character—tales that "thick men's blood with cold"—publishers and public let out a howl. They did not want these things—not from W. W. Jacobs. He must stick to salt-water comedy, to chronicles of the Old Salt. Even if he wrote a Rime of the Ancient Mariner, readers would want it to end in a gale of laughter!

Charles Chaplin, so the story goes, would like to play Hamlet and other serious Shakespearian rôles. He could. He is a thoughtful man, a student of things beyond the rim of Beverly Hills. But we go to see Chaplin not to accumulate a complex but to forget. And so he must stick to his comedy. The nearest he can get to tragedy is to continue his custard massacres.

On October 17, 1908—twenty-three years ago—Burns Mantle published an interview with me in which he had me say:

> Of course, I want some day to write a serious drama, but I know I can't do it as I do the musical-comedy thing. I want to write a regular play, a sane play about things I know and people I know. Maybe it will be nothing more than a farce or light comedy, but I want it to be well done. I can construct it; I can get them on and off; I know they won't be sent downtown without having time to get back. But I want it to be good besides being well constructed. And when I do it I want to have six months or a year to work on it. I want to travel more and see more. *I want to be right.*

Since then I have written many plays, some establishing record runs in America, but none perhaps coming up to the high mark implied in that paragraph.

WHAT the future may bring forth, as the fruition of seeds planted during that vacation season, I do not pretend to foretell. Events have an ironical disregard for plans and prophecies.

Besides, I live, I have to live, in the everlasting and everfleeting present. (There goes the call to rehearsal now!) But I don't get beguiled by the delusion that tomorrow never comes. It's the one thing that's sure to arrive.

Yet what its plays and problems may be is not a Cohan concern. The motto of mine which has become almost a formula reads:

DON'T CROSS THE BRIDGE TILL YOU COME TO IT; THERE'S LIABLE TO BE A DETOUR SIGN, ANYWAY.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

The real story behind

"The Strange Death of President Harding"

by its author

MAY DIXON THACKER

—ALSO—

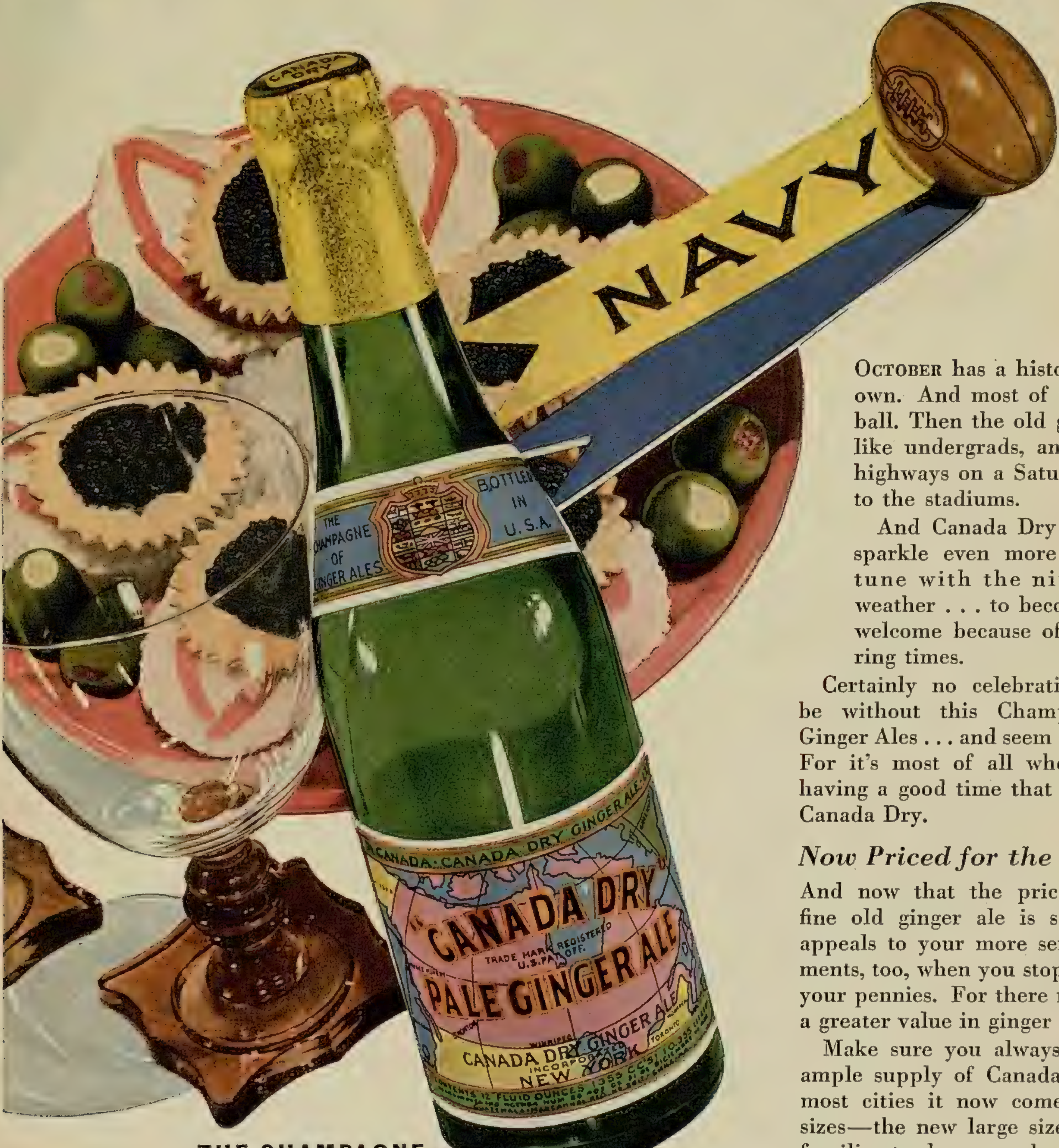
stories and articles by

THEODORE DREISER
BEATRICE GRIMSHAW
CHESTER T. CROWELL
JAMES FRANCIS DWYER
BERT GREEN

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 23

1—One that sheds its leaves at intervals.
2—Brazil.
3—Zeta.
4—Six years.
5—Cairo, Egypt.
6—The power of a substance to resist longitudinal stress.
7—Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 2.
8—One that is offensive to the smell.
9—Mount Nebo.
10—Australia.
11—First in order; primary.
12—Aorta.
13—George III.
14—Three hundred and twenty.
15—Robert Fitzsimmons.
16—One which ruins the victors as well as the vanquished.
17—A serious misunderstanding; an embroilment.
18—Election of United States senators by direct vote.
19—Malachi.
20—Venus.

FIRST DOWN after the game



THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES

OCTOBER has a history all its own. And most of it is football. Then the old grads feel like undergrads, and all the highways on a Saturday lead to the stadiums.

And Canada Dry seems to sparkle even more gaily in tune with the nip in the weather . . . to become more welcome because of the stirring times.

Certainly no celebration could be without this Champagne of Ginger Ales . . . and seem complete. For it's most of all when you're having a good time that you want Canada Dry.

Now Priced for the Thrifty

And now that the price of this fine old ginger ale is so low, it appeals to your more serious moments, too, when you stop to count your pennies. For there never was a greater value in ginger ales.

Make sure you always have an ample supply of Canada Dry. In most cities it now comes in two sizes—the new large size and the familiar twelve-ounce bottle.

A football party buffet

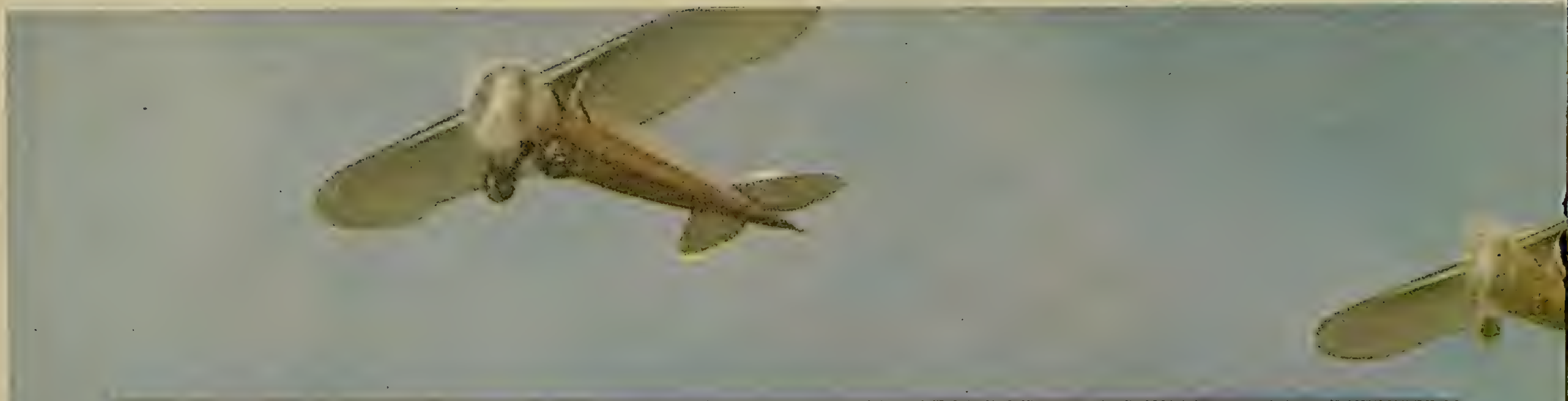
Little sandwiches shaped like footballs to satisfy an appetite made large by an afternoon in the open air . . . olives stuffed with anchovies, pimientos, almonds, and pearl onions to help work up another appetite for dinner . . . some caviar and canapés . . . and above all, cool, sparkling glasses of Canada Dry to take the huskiness out of your throat and to refresh and exhilarate you. Make the ice cubes of frozen ginger ale, too, so you won't dilute the flavor. Let your guests help themselves.—Originated by IDA BAILEY ALLEN, *President National Radio Home Makers Club.*

CANADA DRY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A NEW LARGE SIZE • A NEW LOW PRICE

© 1931



Of course women prefer them—*they're* FRESH!

NOTHING in a cigarette has ever appealed to women so swiftly and truly as the fresh mildness of Camels in the Humidor Pack.

To the delicate feminine throat the suave, cool fragrance of this perfectly conditioned cigarette comes as a genuine and welcome boon.

Now women smokers as well as men are learning what a throat-friendly joy a fine cigarette in prime, factory-fresh condition can be!

Now they can relish the satisfaction of expertly blended fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos free from the scratch-and-sting of parched and dusty dryness.

Camels in the Humidor Pack are just what good cigarettes should be — a superb blend of fine tobaccos kept fine, no matter where or when you buy them.

The scientific germ-safe wrapping—not plain ordinary Cellophane but *moisture-proof* Cellophane which costs nearly twice as much—seals in all the factory freshness and aroma, seals it so tightly that wet weather cannot make Camels damp, nor drought weather make them dry.

If your taste is jaded with the heat and sting of hot-burning dried-out cigarettes, try cool, humidor fresh Camels for a grateful change.

Give your throat a vacation — try Camels for just one day; then quit them — if you can.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard—Columbia System—every night except Sunday

CAMELS

Mild **. . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE**

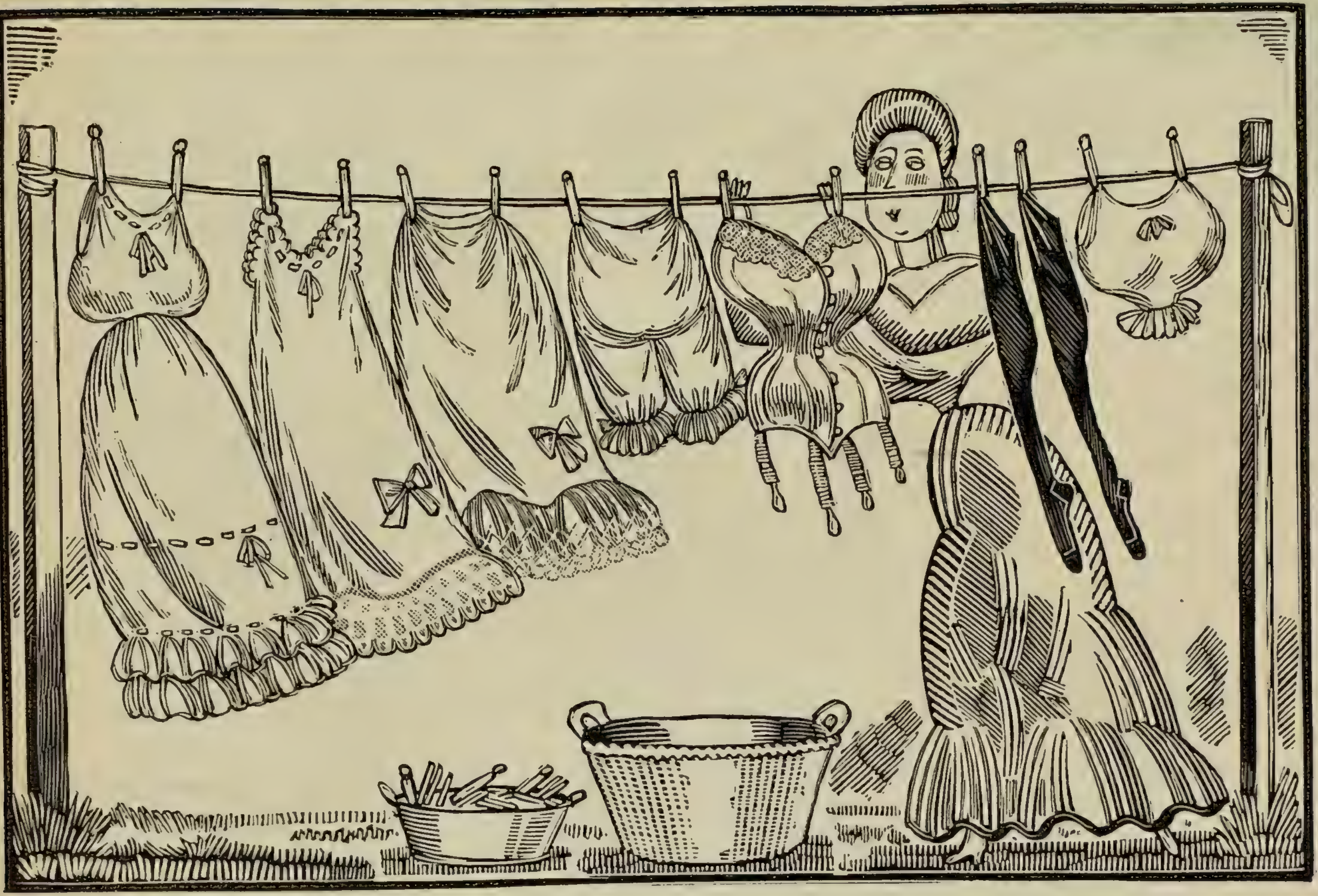
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL 20's
Smoke a fresh cigarette
HUMIDOR PACK

● *Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked*

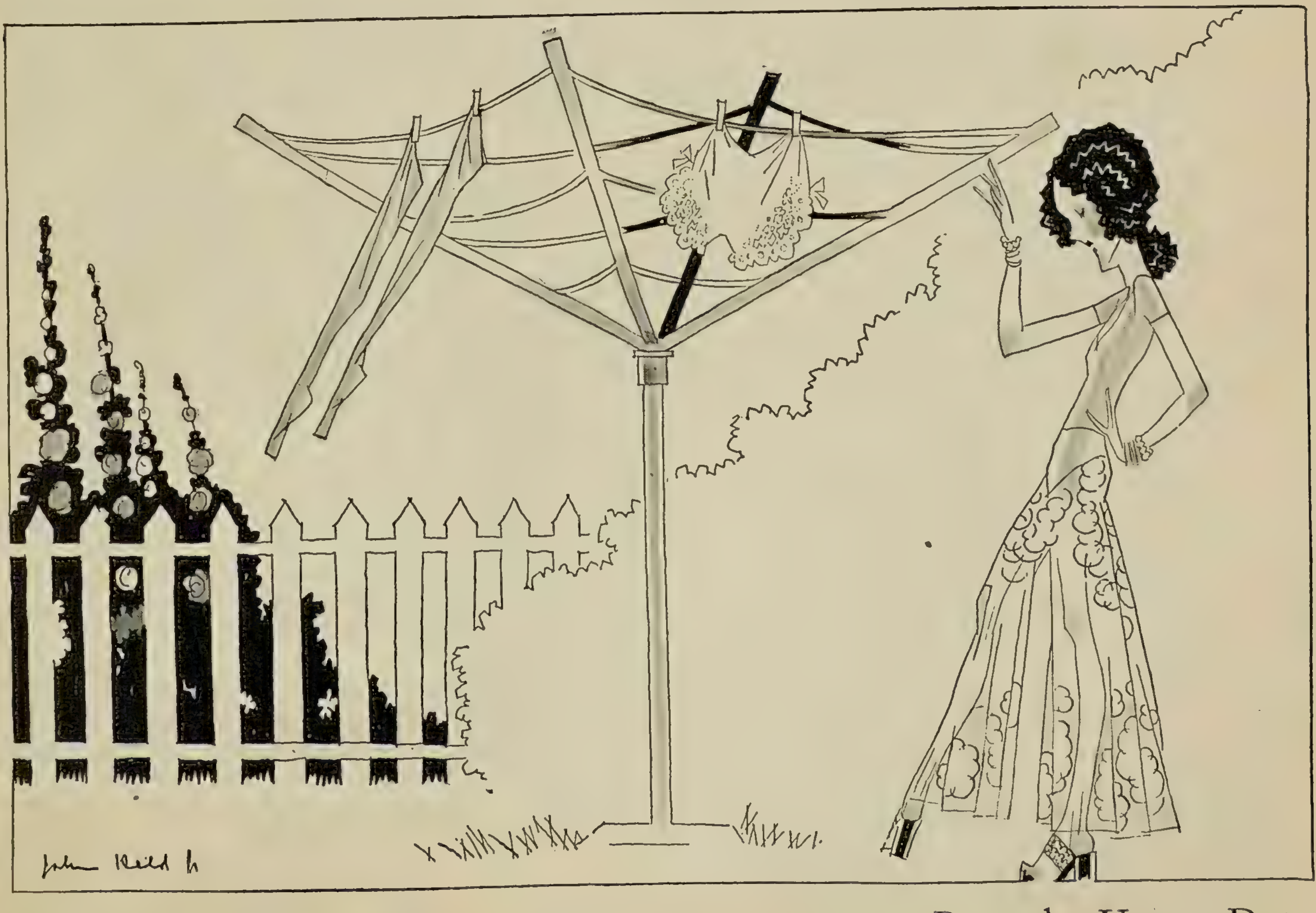
© 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Smoke a
FRESH
cigarette

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



Caught in the Rain Yesterday's Belle Drys Her Costume



The Same Situation . . . . . . Brought Up to Date

Dust to Dust

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

SUMMER is over. Visitors, thank heaven, gone. Time to start the furnace, put up the curtains, put on the storm door, and settle in for winter.

Lil had thought fall house cleaning wouldn't be bad: she had done so much in the spring. But where to put all the tennis rackets, linen suits, bathing paraphernalia? How get all the upholstery coverings and cretonne drapes laundered and put away? How get out all the overcoats, galoshes, umbrellas, heavy underwear? . . .

Sandy came home from work to find his wife in tears and a snatch-as-snatch-can cold supper on the table. Lil was trying to get the children to go to bed early.

This week's cover picture.

"Trouble is, you have no system," Sandy tried to soothe her between giant mouthfuls of the cold cuts and salad.

"Is that so? Well, I'd like to see you do it with children to take care of, phones ringing, delivery men coming, and meals to be got!" whimpered Lil.

"Cinch! We'll pitch in together. Have this place slicked up before you know it. Come on!"

"Sandy! I'm not surprised I fell in love with you. You're precious!"

Sandy waved off the cherished appreciation and manfully started to work. A feller ought to give his wife a lift, he argued. A home is a shared undertaking. If they can enjoy it together, they can work for it together. And so on, for the first few hours, in a noble vein. Then silence, while he mopped grimly onward, beads of perspiration rolling down his cheeks.

And Lil forgot him in his silence. She had found a drawerful of old letters in her desk. For years she had intended to weed them out and throw them away. Now was as good a time as any. . . . Gosh, that old album! Did she ever wear those old-fashioned, funny-looking things? Made her feel old. . . . And that old sledding party! And that trip to Atlantic City. . . . Letters from Freddie Mean—almost-forgotten old Freddie. Um-m-m, pretty crazy about her. No wonder she'd kept such letters! Freddie was so rich he could have taken the Hudson River and put it out front of his estate as a duck pond. . . . Or she could have married Bob Hunt, who goes to Europe every year for his firm, and always takes his wife, too.

"Jumping Judas! Who's doing this work—me or us?" A rude and angry voice startled her.

Lil woke from her daydreams and faced the world of chaotic reality. Faced the man she *did* marry—red and raging on his knees in the midst of the heaped-up rug. Poor dear old Sandy—he was sweet! . . . Lord, he was worth all the other old beaus put together.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Sandy dear. I just—"

"Yeah, I know. You're just learning how to read, I suppose. Why don't you throw those dust catchers out? Don't mean a thing to you, huh? No, but you hang on to them just the same—and tie 'em with ribbons."

Lil looked aggrieved. "If you please, Mr. Jenkins," she said with some dignity, "the ones with ribbons are yours! And I don't plan to throw them away, either."

"No. Keep them for blackmail!" her husband growled. But somehow he didn't look angry as he turned and bent his strong young muscles to sweeping up again.

Lil gathered the whole drawerful and spilled it pell-mell into the wastebasket. There! That's that! She returned only the albums and the blue-ribboned letters to the drawer. Then she went over and kissed the grimy spot on the back of Sandy's neck.

(Next week's cover adventure: Brighten the Corner)

WHEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP

NYAL SALTS

Sound sleep means good health, while dreams, restlessness, insomnia, worry—all mean another thing. That you need NYAL Salts—a saline laxative—non-habit forming. 65c for a large bottle.

Sold only at

NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

The NYAL Druggist is accurate—
He has the confidence of physicians

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
SERVICE
NYAL
DRUG STORE

YOU are a Cowboy in Life's Rodeo

. . . *Ride your "Bronc* Straight up *and Slick"*

Keep all your body fit.

Modern foods and hasty eating cheat your jaws and teeth of their proper exercise.

WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum exercises teeth and jaws, and in harmony with the modern idea its flavor and touch of sweet affords pleasure at the same time.

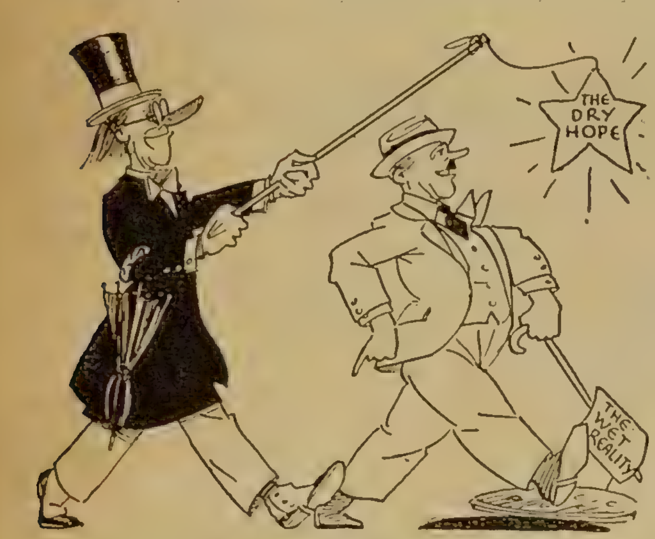
Inexpensive—
satisfying

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS
FIVE STICKS MADE IN U.S.A. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
L190

Vox

Enter Again—the Noble Experiment

St. Louis, Mo.—Lothrop Stoddard sure said a mouthful in his article, "Why Didn't We Do This?" It was an eyeful to find out, from reading it, how New Zealand has handled the question of prohibition. What a joke, the way those reformers pulled the wool over our eyes, and promised a new heaven and a new earth. To be fair to 'em, though, they didn't know, themselves, just what they were letting us in for.



They just didn't savvy that, while they were showing us the star of prohibition as it might be, we'd fall right into the manhole of prohibition as it is.—*F. Johnson.*

San Francisco, Calif.—Mr. Lothrop Stoddard, in his article, "Why Didn't We Do This?" is not entirely fair to the New Zealand prohibitionists. Local option in New Zealand has proved itself practically a failure due to a certain amount of bootlegging and also to the small size of the option districts. In many places in the dry districts it is possible to "fill up" by merely crossing a street into the next district. This is one of the main arguments for national prohibition in N. Z.

Moreover, prohibition would not necessarily be such a flop there as it is in America, due to the law-abiding population and the general respect for law which is so lacking in America.

It is not reasonable to suppose that any country can enforce a prohibition law when it can't even enforce the murder law.

However, New Zealand is never likely to vote prohibition in, as liquor is not a serious problem there.

Temperance will triumph as a result of public opinion and education and not by any edict of law. This is the most satisfactory solution of the liquor question for any country.—*Frank Collins.*

Milwaukee, Wis.—I would like to contribute the following reasons why the American people should be given back their beer:

To do away with the ever-increasing disease of boasting which has become quite a pastime between home-brew fans.

To give these same people a chance to taste the genuine, one-hundred-per-cent stuff.

To give the racketeer a long needed vacation and perhaps prolong his inevitable ride indefinitely.

To give the brewers and beer and light wine advocates a chance to fulfill some of their promises on unemployment.

To keep a lot of our American dollars right here at home where they belong. To eliminate the waste of a lot of newspaper columns, so same can be filled with something interesting.

Lester A. Lewis

To give the many woman's organizations an opportunity to focus their attention on raising their families and thirty million breadwinners a chance to taste a square meal again.

To revive the free lunch, thereby giving newspaper reporters a break.—*Lester A. Lewis.*

Don't Lose Your Mind

Dallas, Texas—I am inclosing my check for $10,000,000 to buy you out. Please just give away the presses, etc., and burn everything else that happens to be left, except, of course, the editor. Just give him the air. I don't care to be bothered any longer by Liberty, and this, though rather drastic, is the only sure way I know of to put Liberty out of its misery.

I trust you will accept this check in full payment.

It's a lot of money, but it's sure worth it.—*Hank.*

P. S. I forgot to inclose the check.

Life as Mr. Thrasher Slices It

Toledo, Ohio—I've stood it long enough, but I won't stand it any longer! What? Well, this business of stoning the most talented and realistic magazine-cover-adorner in the whole world: Mr. Leslie Thrasher.

I wouldn't part with even a single cover of Liberty. I am grateful to Mr. Thrasher for his delicious slices of life.—*Mrs. Frieda Corman.*

Mrs. Frieda Corman

Nice, Isn't It, Not to Be Lonesome?

New York, N. Y.—Upon seeing the cover of Liberty, I was astonished to learn that, in spite of modern educational methods, there are as many as two million five hundred thousand imbeciles in the world.—*One of 'Em.*

We Think We Get You

Canton, Ohio—In your October 3 Liberty you had to go and waste all those good pages on Jack Dempsey's and Estelle Taylor's matrimonial bust-up.

The article was written by Adela Rogers St. Johns, and she is a good writer, and an interesting one. But why the waste? Aren't there enough poor folks around us with a family to keep in their right amount of calories, and all the other things, and without a job among them? Then, I say, why the waste on two (*with jobs*) that have had only a temperamental bust-up?—*Catherine Fuelling.*

For Mr. Erskine

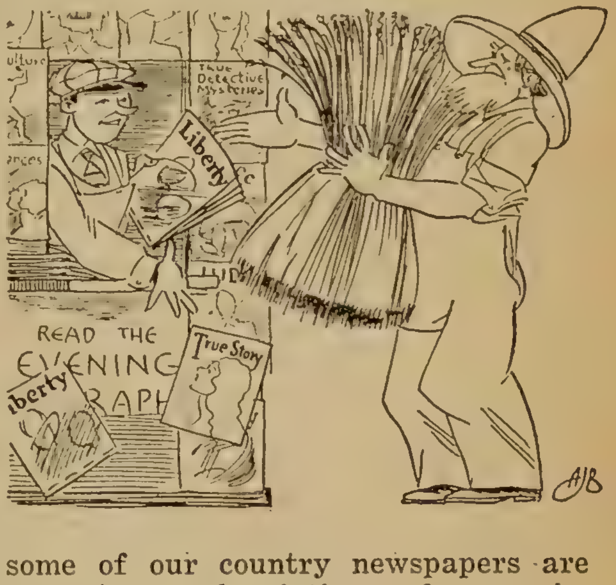
Crichton, Ala.—"The Heroism of the Master Watch," that icebound epic of the Viking disaster, was the best story of bravery I have ever read.

Mr. Laurie York Erskine really knows how to write things that creep under your skin.—*Ruby A. Thompson.*

Brain Food for Body Food

Kansas City, Kan.—I think I've got hold of a good idea by the tail, so I'm holding on to it and passing it on to you. It's this: Why can't you fix it so us Kansas farmers can swap our wheat for some of your copies of Liberty?

Some of our Middle-Western colleges are trading wheat for an education, and some of our country newspapers are swapping subscriptions for grain. We're long on grain and short on nickels, so we're hoping you fellers will take what you need, wheat, in exchange for what we need—Libertys. Good solid nourishment in both of 'em!—*A Farmer.*



You Deserve Your Headache

Battle Creek, Mich.—I don't believe you pay one hundred dollars for every one of those short short stories you publish. If you do, you're bigger simps than I think you are—and I've got a headache, now, from thinking—yes, just from thinking how simpish you are.—*Blue-eyed Blonde.*

Pop

"The Business of Governing"

Raleigh, N. C.—By George! The editorial, "The Business of Governing," was the best one yet. I don't know whether your editor is a Democrat (a donkey partisan) or not, but he has plenty of "horse sense." It's a darn shame that we don't have politicians of his type; tell him to fling his hat in the Presidential ring.—*A Demy Krat.*

Oceanside, L. I.—I have always read your editorials and found a lot of common sense in them, but I cannot understand your idea in repeatedly advocating big business men to run the government.

Who is running the government today? No one but big business. Haven't we a business man as President today?

Big business promised not to cut wages or salaries. Has it kept the promise?

Big bankers have cried wage reduction for the last three or four years. We have had it and it's sure made a fine mess. The American public has been brought on the carpet and told it bought radios, autos, houses, and what not and has been condemned for it. But didn't it make business? Didn't big business get back its share? Didn't the bankers make money from all of that? Furthermore, isn't the wage or salary earner supposed to have some of the good things of life also, or is he only supposed to exist: a couple of rooms, a crust of bread, work, sleep, and some more work, if he is fortunate enough to get it?—*Frank Herrnkind.*

Frank Herrnkind

This Month of Grace

Chicago, Ill.—Good work, Mr. Editor! As soon as I began Part One of "Lost Squadron" I knew that Liberty was holding to its policy of giving us the best air articles of any magazine in the country. Dick Grace's "Lost Squadron" bids fair to be a hummer—one of the best—and Clayton Knight is, without a doubt, the boy to illustrate it.

Almost from the start your magazine has been air-minded. You've given us a succession of corking good aërial stories and articles. Congratulations on getting hold of Mr. Grace's latest!—*A Flyer Who Likes to Read.*

Perils of Killing with Kindness

New York, N. Y.—I like your editorials, Liberty. Your "back to the land" idea was a good one, and now you come out with a much needed warning in "Feeding the Hungry."

It's true that idle people who get something for nothing are apt to be demoralized, and charitable organizations should realize that danger.

Even the rich sometimes feel the force of this truth. Many people will tell you that all they ask of life is a chance to live in idleness, on a private income. And many of those I know who live in that way are discontented.—*A Man with Rich Friends.*

Spokane, Wash.—To quote from your editorial, "Feeding the Hungry": "Idle men of spirit do not want charity; they want a job. They want work; a chance to earn a living." Too idealistic, my dear sir! Yes, we, the laboring classes do want a chance to earn a living. But it is a sad fact that there are millions of us in this country right now who *have not* the opportunity to earn a living. What then? Should we and our families starve to death because charity is enervating?—*Thomas Hedger.*

Wichita, Kan.—A great editorial—"Feeding the Hungry," in Liberty for Oct. 3. Every citizen of the U. S. A. above ten years old should give it a third reading.—*George O. Shoemaker.*

They Keep Right on About "The College Wife"

Johnson City, Tenn.—Does Judge Lindsey really know his stuff? Or was he merely slandering American womanhood? I had thought of our ultra-moderns as yet sadly mid-Victorian prudes alongside the "smart set" of the Rome of Caligula and Nero, but if Judge Lindsey is right then I have been sadly mistaken, and our young people are indeed as modern as the pagans of old.—*Web Thompson.*

Edinburg, Texas—Hurrah for Judge Lindsey! I am only a sophomore, but take it from me, he knows what he's talking about. Only the college boy or girl can understand just how lax one's morals may get in a coeducational school. I am earning my way through college, taking care of a home and a husband, and I assure you that my books aren't neglected in the least. My husband and I make all the college hops and we are both quite popular.

It *is* true that two can live as cheaply as one. If more students would discover that, there would be more college wives, less college widows, and, as a result, a higher standard of both grades and sexual morality.—*A College Wife.*

Hollywood, Calif.—A fine article, that one of Judge Lindsey's entitled "The College Wife."

Most of us young people—married or single—agree with the judge, and so would the old folks if they would just calm down and get it clear what he really means and advocates, instead of shuddering at him.

He deals in facts, not phantasies, and has the courage to stick by his guns.—*Eleanor Leonard.*

They Never Fooled Us for a Minute, Peg

New York, N. Y.—It's my turn! I'm a student at New York University, taking up journalism. There isn't a current magazine I haven't read. There's so much bunk in the best of them, and so much sense in the worst of them, it hardly behooves any of us to knock old Liberty! More copies of Liberty are smuggled into study hall than any other magazine—and not only because it's five cents. They say good things about Liberty here at N. Y. U.

LIBERTY'S FRIGHTFULLY ROTTEN!
OH, FRIGHTFULLY
Liberty
Liberty

Some say "Frightfully illiterate!"—but they come back for more!

Don't let them kid you, Vox Pop—they all love it.

The covers are dumb, though. They don't fit Liberty. Liberty is sophisticated, smart, but the covers are just plain dumb. Not different.

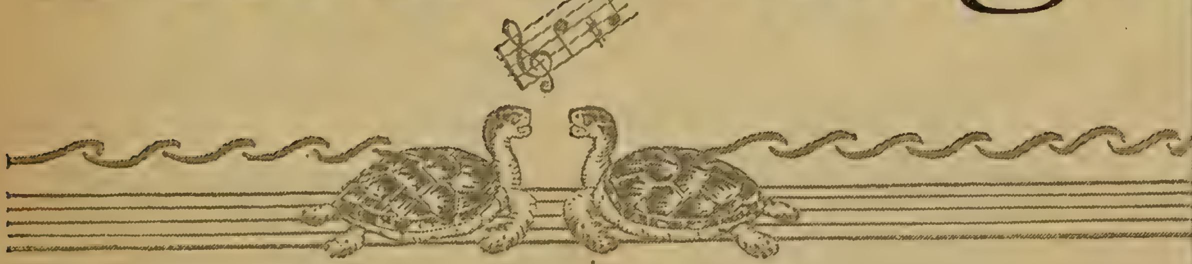
But, take it all in all, Liberty is O. K., and, as magazines go—*great!*—*Peg.*

Hoot, Mon.

Louisville, Ky.—I am one Scotchman who believes in getting his money's worth and I sure get it when I buy a Liberty. I have seen lots of bargains, but Liberty is the biggest one I have ever found.

Keep it up! When bigger and better magazines are published, Liberty's editors will publish them.—*Leroy McHendrix.*

When the Turtle Sings

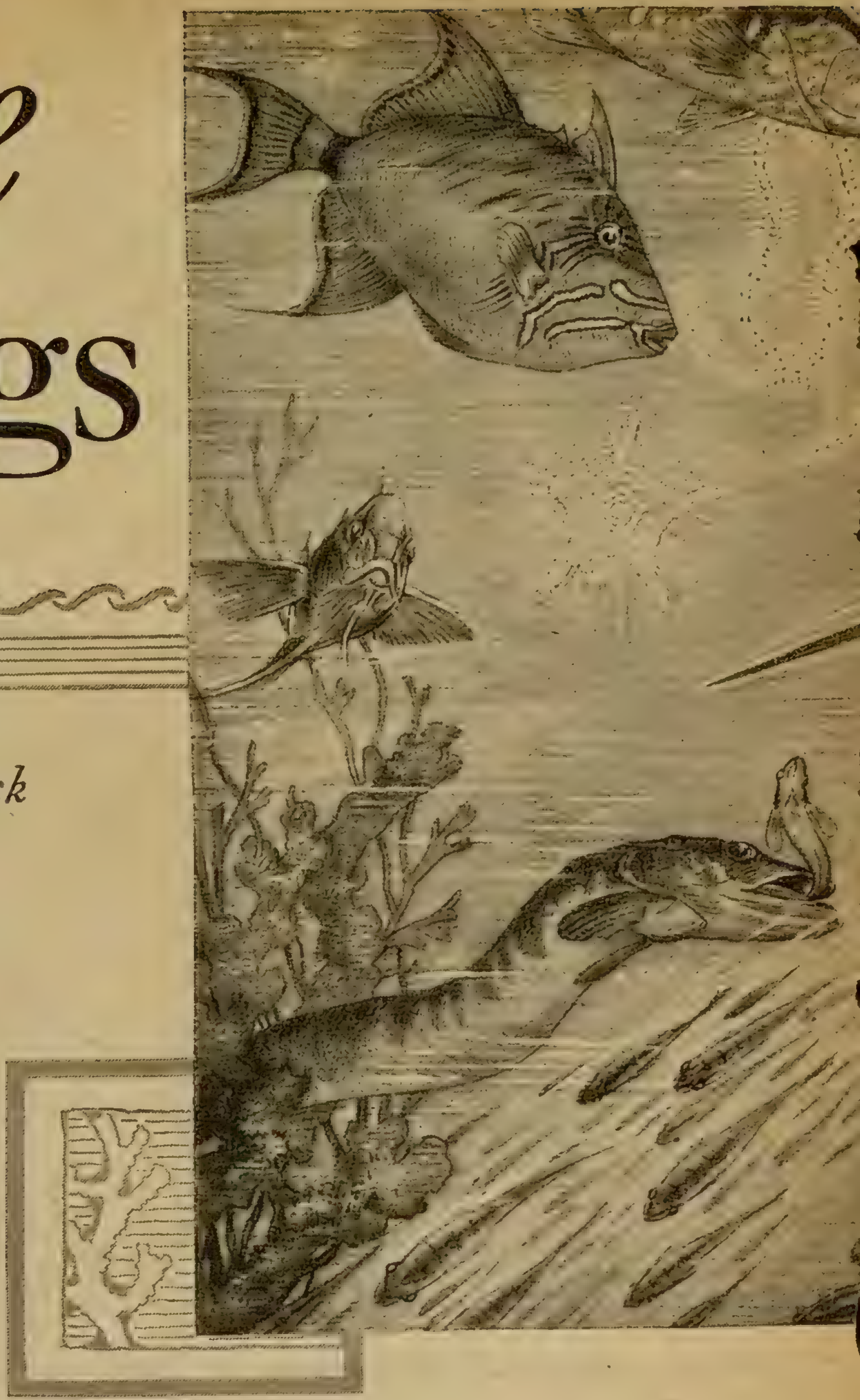


The Story of a Deep-Sea Moby Dick

By

PAUL ANNIXTER

Pictures by CARL LINK



(Reading time: 22 minutes 30 seconds.)

OLD Spharga lay basking on the calm surface of the sea, his mighty thousand-pound mate beside him. He was the giant marine turtle of the southern seas, one of the strangest and littlest known of all the weird forms that people the upper ocean. No inoffensive two-foot beach waddler, such as is caught by fishermen along the shores of the Bahamas, but a giant of his species, measuring more than four feet across the carapace.

It was in the region of the Sargasso Sea in the mid-Atlantic. Neither wave nor current ruffled the calm surface of the waters, which seemed ironed out and drowsing under the smiling noonday sun. The sea as well as the sky above seemed void of life, but such was not the case. In the indigo depths a fathom or two below old Spharga a pageant of colorful life was constantly darting and hovering, singly and in schools, chasing and dodging, eating and being eaten. From time to time the waters would clear like magic at the approach of some major killer of the shark or mackerel clan, to reassemble later out of nowhere when the danger had passed.

But for none of these denizens great or small did old Spharga or his mate evince the slightest cognizance or alarm.

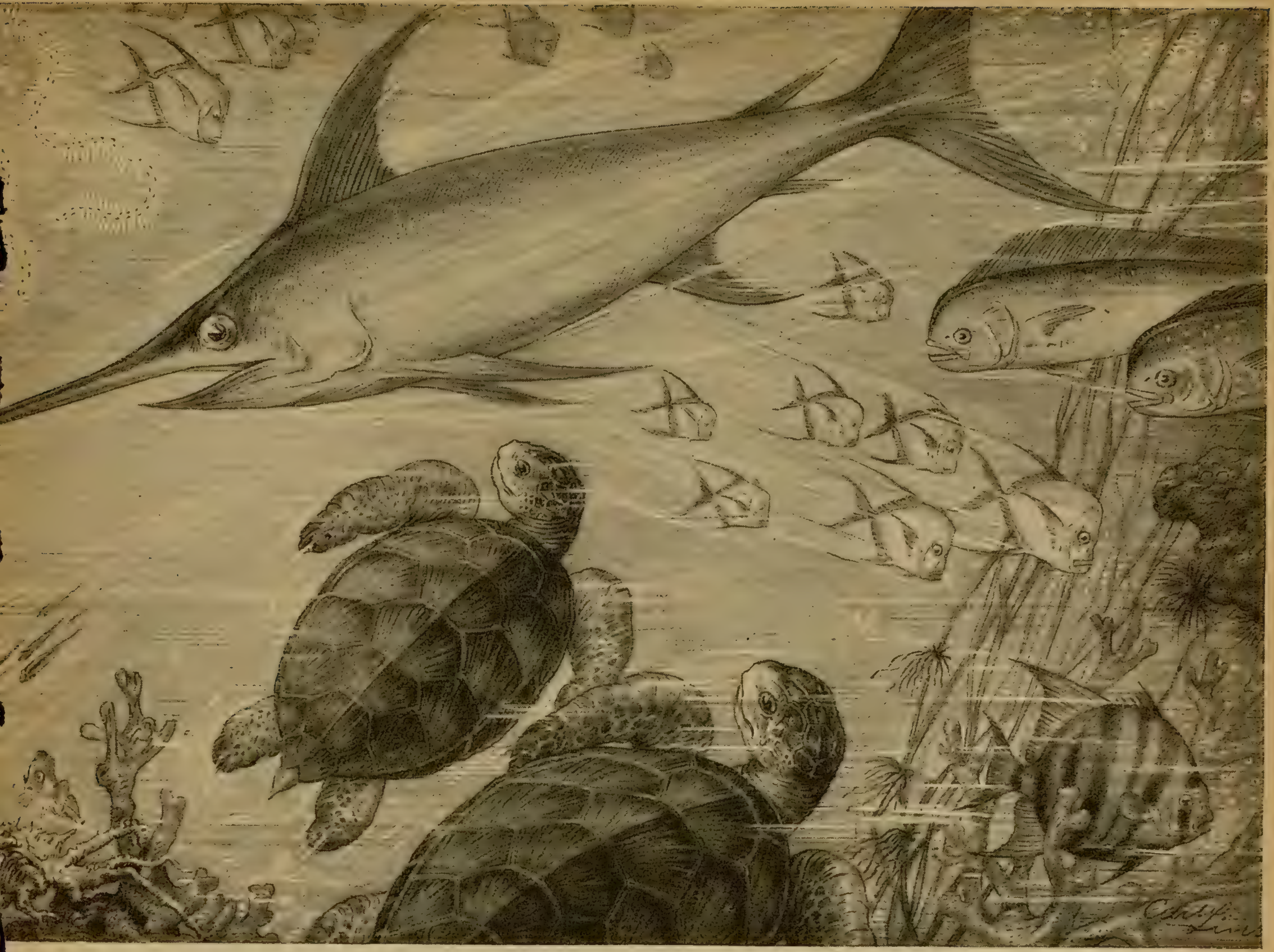
Once a long rakish shape that glittered like bluish steel came cutting through the surface water with the speed of a torpedo. On its back a sharp triangular fin, the warning flag of its kind, stood up like a blue sail. Swifter than the swiftest shark, feared by even the mightiest whales, the swordfish is one of the grimmest assassins of the ocean. Whalers and fishermen have a wholesome dread of him, for many a sizable boat has been scuttled by the attack of this monster whose express-train rush has been known to drive his swordlike proboscis through eighteen inches of solid oak. As this one approached, it caught sight of the turtle pair and veered sharply aside to investigate. Seeing it was only old Spharga the invulnerable, however, the killer swerved sharply away and continued on his course. Any other sea creature would have been instantly attacked. Between the swordfish and the sea turtle, however, a tacit truce existed.

And it was the same a bit later, when another great dark shape came cruising past with the unlovely waving motion of all sharks when hunting. It was a foraging man-eater of that grim breed known as "gray nurse" in those southern waters, and though it was a dozen times the bulk of the turtles, and turtle meat is famously good eating, it gave the baskers but a glance from its small, cruel, piglike eyes and veered aside with a speed that made the waters seethe and snarl along its gun-metal sides. The turtles, drowsing in the pleasing sunlight, did not even deign to open their eyes until the foaming waves in the wake of the monster swirled over them. Then each gave a few automatic strokes with its flippers, but that was because the waves had drifted them apart.

The reason for this immunity was not hard to find. Old Spharga looked and was the most inoffensive creature in the ocean, but his thick horny carapace made him immune to even the largest and most ravenous of the sea people, no matter how well armed with teeth they might be. Once he had drawn his head and flippers into their folds between his upper and lower shell, the fiercest fish or mammal might struggle to make an impression on him in vain. Even the harpoons of whalers will glance harmlessly off the shell of a full-grown turtle.

Old Spharga, in short, was a deep-sea character and an everlasting mystery. He was neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor reptile, yet his meat partook to a degree of all four. Though he was warm-blooded, he did not have to come up every now and then to breathe, as do whales, porpoises, and other marine mammals of the sea; he could stay down for days at a time if need be. He was at home on the surface of the ocean or in the unplumbed depths alike.

For three days old Spharga and his mate had been basking in this vicinity, their backs just awash, immovable and apparently sunk deep in sluggish torpor, but such was not the case. The pair had been holding com-



A long rakish shape that glittered like bluish steel came cutting through the water with the speed of a torpedo.

munication after the recondite fashion of their kind, preparatory to parting for the season. The female was heavy with eggs this year and felt an overpowering urge to make for a familiar island she knew to the westward where her many eggs might be deposited in a secret spot for the good of her coming family. At the same time she was loath to leave her mate and the abundant feeding of this tranquil spot, and already she had stayed on longer than usual.

ABOUT midday she received a final admonishment to delay her journey no longer. Head to head, the two vast turtles floated for another short interval, their horny fowl-like beaks almost touching. At last the female turned her head away as if in answer to an irresistible impulse; her four seal-like flippers shot out, transforming her instantly into a creature of buoyancy and speed. With a rhythmical swaying motion she sped away to the west, leaving the male to linger on in the rich feeding of the Sargasso beds. Somewhere, somehow, in the pathless waste of the ocean, they would meet again next season, if all went well, guided by some mysterious water wireless of which mere humans know nothing.

Straight westward through the pathless waste of waters the female held her course, swimming a foot or so beneath the surface, the broad fans of her four paddles beating through the water with the regularity of ship's propellers, and apparently as untiring. The rest of that day and all through the night she stopped for nothing, cleaving the water at a consistent speed of some eighteen miles an hour. She could maintain that clip for days on end when occasion arose. Conservation is perhaps the keynote of turtle existence; in all her long life she had never wasted an ounce of unnecessary strength. Hence incredible stores of energy were acrawl in her powerful slablike muscles, to be called upon at will.

On the third day she sighted the sandy beach of one of the Antilles islands which she had all along been aiming at, led by the uncanny sixth sense of direction which all water dwellers have. There, in the shell-white sand just above the tide line, twenty miles from any human habitation, she selected a spot and put in a final half hour of furious activity. Her four flippers churned after the manner of a burrowing terrier. The sand flew in a dense shower and presently her great form was hidden from view two feet beneath the surface in a pit of her own digging. Even her head was entirely covered, apparently without the slightest discomfort to her.

For two days thereafter the work of egg-laying went on beneath the sand. When, at the end of that time, she clambered forth, she left more than a hundred round white eggs behind her, covered over with a foot of warm sand. Her labors for the season were now completed. This hiding place was all she need supply her coming family. The covering of sand could be trusted to protect the eggs until the warm sunlight hatched them out. Thereafter the mothering sea would take them to itself.

Meanwhile, far out in the ocean, old Spharga was having the strangest experience of a long, full life. After the departure of his mate he had remained for another day basking where he was, eyes closed, head sunk beneath the surface, his broad paddles hanging motionless. Perhaps he was downcast and grieving; none could say.

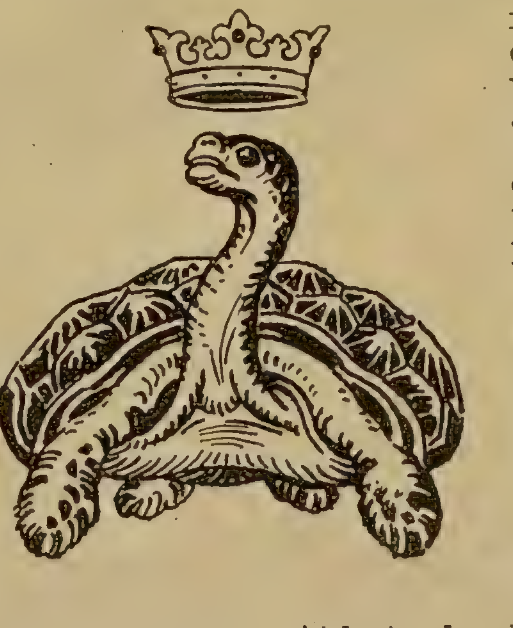
Many times before old Spharga had parted in a similar manner from his mate. Nevertheless each departure was as drastic to him as the first had been. Sea turtles are solid and philosophic folk, and, like sensible men, take one mate for better or for worse. For more than a quarter of a century this pair had been mated, but that was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHEN THE TURTLE SINGS
Continued from page forty-one

nothing as turtles reckon years. No one knows just how long the life of a turtle may be, but it is fairly certain that a century is not stretching it a bit.

About nightfall of the following day old Spharga roused himself to action. A sense of loneliness assailed him. Months must pass, he knew, before he would contact his mate again, and in that interim what might not happen? All of it was up to the whims of the sea and fate. Petulantly, as though gnawed by some inner thing which neither food nor ease would satisfy, he went churning along the edge of the sea-grass jungle that had been his habitat for many months.



His head was raised aloft as if he were searching for something. In reality he was casting about with his delicate aquatic senses for the answer to the call that stirred within him. Presently it came from out of the northeast and, turning his back upon the calm waters and abundant feeding he loved, he launched forth upon a voyage of exploration and adventure.

Throughout the dark hours he traveled steadily, leaving the Sargasso beds far behind, following what impulse who can tell? Something in his horny old head called for far travel as the one answer to the poignant unrest in his veins. As the night wore on, the warm surface of the sea became illumined in vast stretches by the teeming of untold myriads of phosphor animalcules whose witch fire lighted the traveler on his way. Like molten silver their luminance waxed and waned until the late moon, wheeling up on the heels of a soft breeze, eclipsed it with its brighter glow.

Few sea creatures, regardless of their size, are suffered to pass unchallenged whithersoever they will through the upper and lower ocean alike. The whale folk, mightiest of mammals, sheathed in tons of blubber, with bones and muscles like reënforced concrete, are ever in fear of killer bands and other pirates who move in packs. The greatest sharks and swordfishes have their special enemies. Yet the sea turtle, from the time he reaches his first year's growth, is the chartered libertine of the ocean. He alone may loaf before the mightiest. His one enemy is man, and in mid-ocean even man is negligible.

If any proof of this were needed it was furnished next dawning as the big southern stars began to pale. Old Spharga, cleaving the purplish swells, caught sight of a crew of the fiercest pirates that ever flew the black flag. Speeding through the waves, their pointed dark fins cutting the surface, came a band of small "killers," those fierce dolphin whales that hunt in packs and are the terror of the ocean. Seven in number, they were quartering the sea in search of prey.

LED by some pulse in the waters, they swooped down on old Spharga with a rush, their eyes gleaming with a fierce, voracious light. Conquerors of even the vast sperm whale and the giant squid, they yet veered aside as they saw what manner of prey they had been trailing. As for old Spharga the invulnerable, he registered not even awareness of them until two of the pack veered close to snap in baffled rage. Quick as the bursting of a toy balloon, the turtle's head and flippers contracted with a snap, leaving only a floating shell upon the surface of the water. Wrathfully the killers rounded and swept on about their lawless occasions.

All that day old Spharga traveled steadily on, his speed unvarying and methodical as was everything else about him, his unwieldy bulk taking on lines of actual grace in motion. His strange reptilian head with its fowl-like beak and eyes had taken on a look of fixed purpose. Just what his goal was he did not know nor particularly care; he was simply working out the peculiar wanderlust that periodically attacks his kind.

About mid-afternoon he encountered one of the fierce sudden storms of the tropics. All within a half hour a hurricane came up out of an almost clear sky, rising to a hundred-mile gale which plowed the surface of the sea to an astounding depth, driving all surface folk below for shelter. As for old Spharga, the storm, fierce as it was, interrupted his journey not a whit. He simply submerged below the zone of tumult and continued on his dogged way, neither slowing nor hastening his speed.

When presently he came to an abrupt barrier of solid rock and coral which was the spiring pinnacle of a submarine mountain rising up four miles from the ocean floor, he elected in a spirit of restless haste to turn his course downward instead of attempting to swim around the obstacle. And so it was he came to penetrate that black nether world of the ocean's depths, a forbidden realm which surface dwellers entered at their peril.

DOWN and down he traveled along the mountainside, and the fact that the weight of water about him increased from moment to moment and that the light dwindled rapidly to blackest night bothered him scarcely at all. His thick double shell protected him from the terrific pressure of the water, and his eyes had, to a degree, the night-seeing faculty of all sea folk.

At last, when his efforts flagged from the very weight of the water round him, he halted on a weed-grown ledge to rest and take cognizance of his surroundings. He had descended almost to that six-hundred-fathom depth beyond which only the bottom dwellers themselves may pass and live. The pressure was enough to have crushed in the hull of a wooden ship. Old Spharga's eyes fairly bulged and goggled with the strain of it. Presently they bulged likewise in wonder and trepidation at what he saw about him, for the ledge on which he lay became a reserved bench for a tableau strange beyond belief.

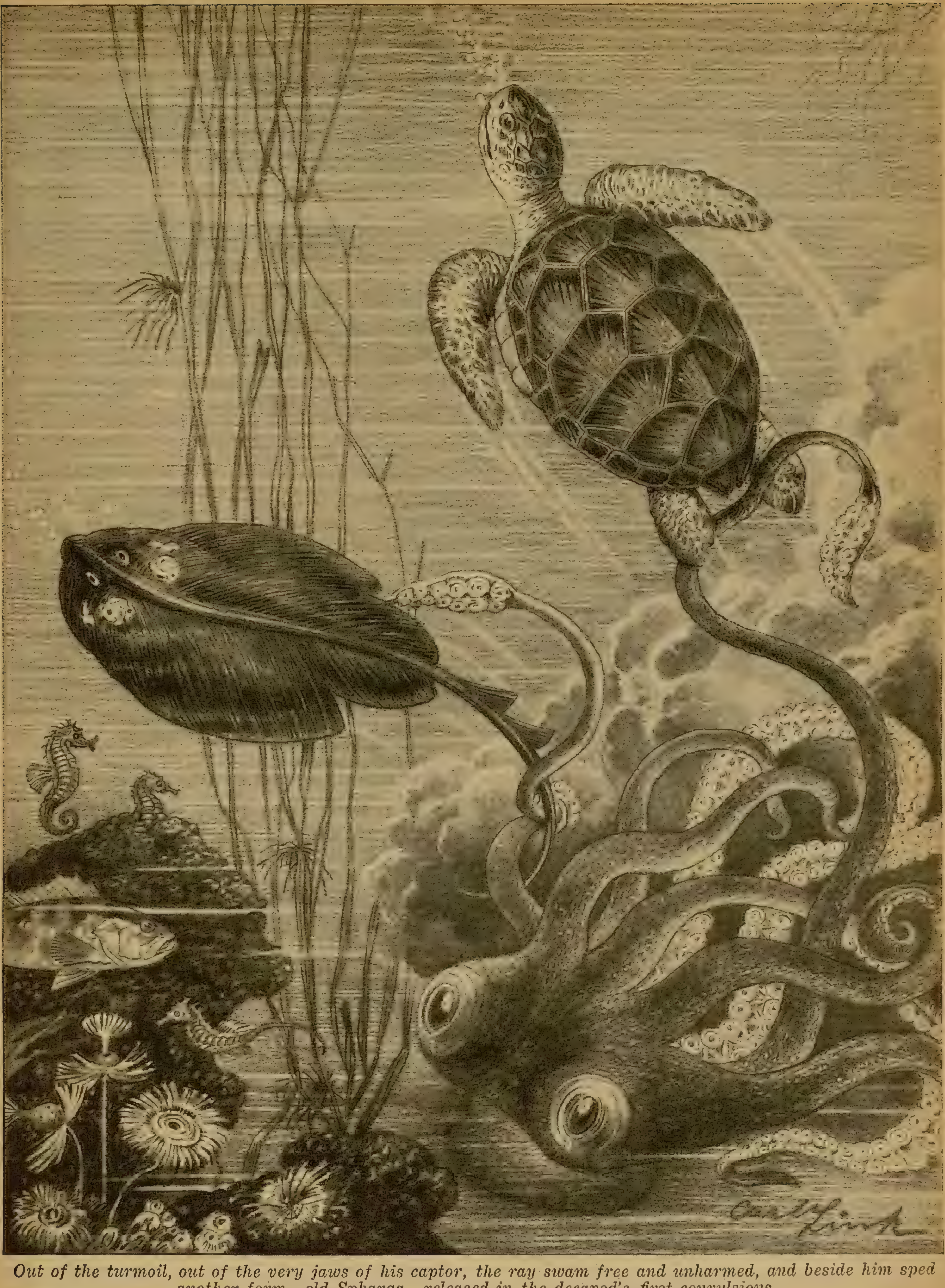
On the mountain slopes around him sea shrubs and tangled thickets grew just as on the mountains of the upper world, except that here the growths were more animal than vegetable. Fantastic clusters of hydrozoa waved their living snakelike arms about. Here and there showed beds of pale-gray sea lilies swaying to unguessed impulses in the waters, opening and closing their suction lips. Just before old Spharga on the ledge was a flaming mass of sea anemones screening the water for floating prey with greedy tentacles.

Presently the watcher's attention was drawn to a mat of coarse waving grass some three feet wide that lay on the slope above him. The grass became suddenly agitated as in a wind, and as old Spharga stared the entire patch came to life, lifted itself up with an obnoxious oscillating movement, and went wriggling away through the water. It was a smoking caterpillar, one of the weirdest denizens of the sea depths, a creature boneless, finless, eyeless, and in all respects more plant than animal.

As the turtle watched, a dark, sinister, pikelike shape came shooting up out of the gulf below the ledge and rushed at the wriggling one. Warned as though by a sixth sense of the attack, the sea caterpillar puffed up and contracted on the instant; one of its ends pointed pole-true at the oncoming fish, while from its tapering point, which protruded for all the world like a cigarette, a stream of poisonous vapor like smoke shot into the water. At the same time the caterpillar went shooting backward toward a cranny in the cliff wall.

As the attacker contacted the gas-tainted waters it swerved aside with every indication of acute pain, but came in again swiftly from another angle, only to be met by a fresh smoke screen. Twice more this was repeated before the sea caterpillar gained sanctuary and its enemy went lancing away through the murky waters in a state of partial strangulation from the poison.

As old Spharga continued to watch incuriously the spot where the sea caterpillar had disappeared, another marauder appeared on the scene. It was a crab, but such a crab as was never seen in the realm of sunlight. Its enormous nippers had a spread of full twelve feet, its



Out of the turmoil, out of the very jaws of his captor, the ray swam free and unharmed, and beside him sped another form—old Spharga—released in the decapod's first convulsions.

body cased in dull gun-metal armor. The creature came scrambling along the slope in the reprehensible sidelong manner of its kind, drawn doubtless by the smoke of the caterpillar's skirmish. Its cruel black staring eyes were on the lookout for prey. They found it quicker than was bargained for.

Just ahead of him, what appeared to be a marine shrub

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHEN THE TURTLE SINGS
Continued from page forty-three

growing on the rocky ledge got up suddenly and took flight, disclosing itself as another weird depth dweller, modeled somewhat after the smoking caterpillar. Dubbed by scientists the sea hare, this strange creature resembled a circular pincushion or an inflated sack surrounded by little wavering feelers. As it fled away along the ledge in a series of unlovely hitches, the crab rushed forward and seized it in his ice-tong pincers. But even as he started to tear it apart another miraculous thing took place.

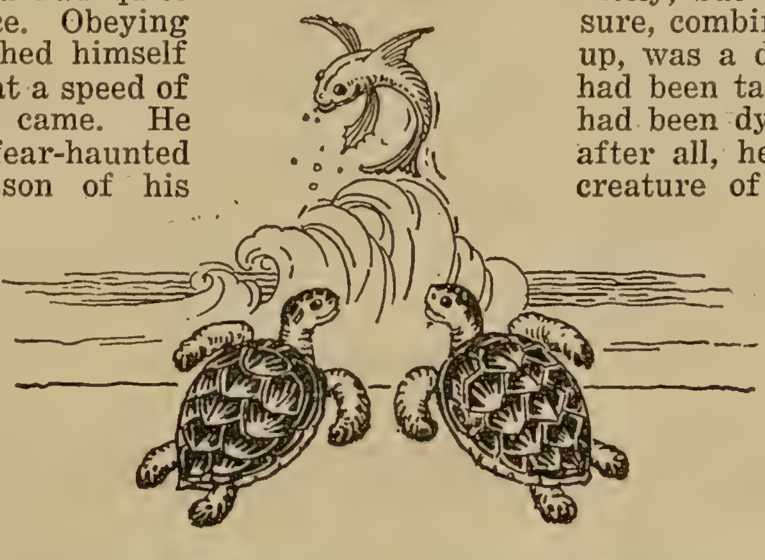
Woefully unprotected and outmatched by every other dweller of the depths, the sea hare has been given weapons to suffice against the mightiest. From half a dozen vents in his baggy body the weird creature released simultaneous streams of lethal gas which clouded the water surrounding the struggle. More deadly than that of the caterpillar it was, for in the face of it all the well known courage and tenacity of the crab kind availed the attacker nothing. Dropping his prey, the great crab literally hurled himself backward in a somersault in his panic to escape the strangling fumes. Regaining his legs, he went rushing drunkenly away, while the sea hare lunged off in the opposite direction, gassing the surrounding waters, as he went, for further protection. He did not get far, however, before the end he had so narrowly escaped caught up with him in another form.

Out of the lightless abyss below the ledge there shot a coal-black, formless fish, all champing jaws and hanging bulbous belly. It was a chiasmodon, the glutton of the depths, and perhaps the most grotesque of all the nightmare forms that dwell at the sea bottom. So prodigious was the maw of the newcomer that when open it split his entire body in two; his baleful eyes, set far down toward the end of his snout, glowed like phosphor in the gloom. Either he was unacquainted with the sea hare's lethal powers or he was powerless in the grip of his own bottomless appetite, which was often the case. At any rate, he engulfed the other in two vicious snaps.

IN an instant he rued his mistake, for in his death throes the sea hare, with a galvanic contraction, had released his entire store of poison in the maw of the killer. The chiasmodon went rushing round and round in agonized circles, trying to disgorge the meal he had swallowed. Losing all sense of direction in his paroxysms, he went lunging straight upward instead of back into the depths which were his home, and was quickly lost to sight.

By this time old Spharga had had quite enough of nether-world experience. Obeying an imperative instinct, he launched himself from the ledge and started back at a speed of knots to the world whence he came. He was not to escape from this fear-haunted realm, however, without a lesson of his own to remember long after.

As he sped upward, following the mountain slope, his way was suddenly barred by the terrible king of the depths himself, the abiding nightmare, when all was said and done, of all the fearsome forms that inhabit this earth. He was forging swiftly along about a miniature forest of swaying treelike growths when something like a *reata* flung upward from the shadows and bound him round in a double coil of bleached white gristle.



Old Spharga jerked and twisted in desperation, but another great tentacle shot up quickly to join the first. He was in the grip of one of the giant ten-armed devilfish which inhabit the ocean floor. Slowly, inexorably, he was drawn back and down until he saw beneath him the vast pallid form of his captor where it lurked like some gigantic spider in the entrance to a rocky grotto.

Old Spharga knew the eight-armed octopus of the surface waters; he had hunted the lesser squid of the shallows and its tiny cousin the loligo. But none of these was anything compared to this monster of the lightless depths. Frenzied as were his struggles to escape those choking spiracles, they availed him nothing. Rooting through seaweed clumps and churning up silt like smoke from the bottom, he was dragged down to the vast beaked maw of the monster which gaped like a cavern to receive the meal.

But old Spharga's luck had not yet run out; his thousand-odd pounds made him just a size too large for table fare. Vast as the devilfish was, he was not one of the largest; his toothless maw was incapable of engulfing the turtle in a lump, neither would all his titanic strength avail him against the other's rocklike carapace.

As a result, the decapod was swept by the most terrible fury he had ever known. Furious with hunger and with a meal within his very grasp, he was yet mealless. Backward and forward he rushed, gnashing his senile-looking jaws, still wrapping old Spharga round with all the crushing force of five of his tremendous arms. Small creatures fled to safety out of near-by weed beds; the waters were churned up to a consistency of soda and milk. But the result of it all got the devilfish exactly nothing. Less than nothing, for the commotion sent all possible prey for hundreds of yards around on a rapid flight for distant parts.

AS for old Spharga, he had simply drawn his head and flippers within his shell and prepared for siege. From the outset it was plain to him that his mightiest struggles were as nothing against this monster whose bloodless bulk had the strength and hardness of seasoned gutta-percha. His one hope was to hold out within his fortress until the decapod tired of the game. But once a devilfish has fastened upon anything, only death or doomsday can make him let go.

If there was any doubt of this it was dispelled at the end of an hour. The monster had ceased his tantrums by then and fallen quiet, deadly quiet, awaiting some other passing prey from an ambush in the thickets. But two of his tentacles still wrapped inexorably around the big turtle. Perhaps he hoped old Spharga would somehow break down or disintegrate in time; at any rate, his slimy embrace never relaxed an instant. Meantime he fed from other sources, hunting through the teeming ooze with his other tentacles, bringing back small struggling victims to his insatiable maw.

Thus long hours passed and day faded into another night in the world above. And each of those hours was taking a terrible toll from the turtle now. Ordinarily, as has been said, he could remain submerged almost indefinitely, but this tremendous depth and pressure, combined with the struggle he had put up, was a different matter. His endurance had been taxed to the utmost; for hours he had been dying by inches, so to speak; for, after all, he was no fish, but a red-blooded creature of the upper world, and he had adventured into a domain where no mammal has a right to pass.

Already in exhaustion he had drawn heavily upon his final resource, the store of oxygen all sea creatures have within their blood. Soon, within another half hour at most, he would pay the ultimate price for his rashness.

It was then, when the end was but a matter of minutes away, that help arrived for old Spharga in a strange and unexpected form. Through the shadowy waters a weird shape came shooting, flat as a frying pan, with a long whiplike tail, spined like a devil's. Its movements were not unlike those of a winging bat. It was an electric ray, a dweller of the upper waters, doubtless driven into the depths by the pursuit of some enemy. To the devilfish it was just another welcome titbit. One of his tentacles lashed upward from the shadows, its slim tip wrapping the stranger round his tail. Then, just as he was thrusting the meal down his gullet, a startling thing took place.

At the last moment the ray generated all his strange power into one violent electric shock. There was a blinding flash that illumined the waters for yards about and the devilfish was rent almost in two. Next moment the agonized monster was lashing about, torn and mutilated, amid clouds of silt and sand.

Out of the turmoil, out of the very jaws of his captor, the ray swam free and unharmed, and beside him sped another form—old Spharga—released in the decapod's first convulsions. Behind them, as the two mounted swiftly through the gradually lightening waters, they saw the devilfish release a cloud of sepia, black as the blackest night, which hid him and his agonized thrashings from view.

Propelled by all the pressure of the depths and the strength of his churning flippers, old Spharga shot up and up like a bullet. Once on the surface of the sea again, he lay for many minutes with head upraised, drawing in deep drafts of the blessed life-giving air. He had learned a lesson in the icy depths he was never to forget; he had been delivered, as it were, from the dead.

PAUL ANNIXTER

who is the author of this story, was born in Minneapolis, worked his way through school, and after three years of vagabondage began writing.

ABOUT two months later old Spharga's solo wanderings came to an end. It came over him softly one afternoon as he was hunting through the leek-green shallows off a little island. With a gradual quickening in his blood he left off foraging abruptly and turned his head due southeast whence came the new call of his kind, how or through what medium cannot be said.

Followed another long, long journey of two days and two nights, guided by nothing but that inner compass of the water folk which leads the fur seal over thousands of ocean miles to the arctic beaches at mating time and mysteriously prompts the king salmon to leave the run when the mouth of his home river is reached.

Now and then he saw others of his kind swimming swiftly in the same direction, but all of these he passed. The sight of them seemed to quicken his blood afresh. He gathered speed and power with each added league.

A gentle surf creamed and curdled on the shores of the little island that marked the end of the journey. From the sea the white shores seemed dotted with scores of dark boulders that poked up through the sand. They were sea turtles, hundreds of them, basking in the sun. The shingle was alive with them. They ranged in all sizes, from youngsters of the previous year, weighing no more than forty pounds, to hoary veterans rivaling old Spharga in bulk and years.

THE islet was one of the secret places of nature where the sea-turtle clan had forgathered from time to time through centuries. And this was the turtle-mating month, time when turtles sing, as sailors say.

As old Spharga lumbered slowly up the beach, it was observed that he carried an air of authority and that the assembly raised their heads and made a way for him as he approached. Many of the baskers were giants of astonishing proportions, but none of them equaled old Spharga in size or years. He was, in fact, their patriarch and king; the moving spirit of them all; for from the moment of his arrival they hung upon his every move, and not until he had selected a spot to rest did the company resume their sunning.

It was nightfall before old Spharga's mate appeared—one of the very last to arrive. They met upon the shingle and drew close, their noses touching for a long time in communion and caress. When, three days later, the conclave on the shore broke up, it was old Spharga and his mate who gave the signal. Singly then, or in pairs, the weird elephantine monsters waddled down the beach to meet the surf, and the great yearly migration of the turtle clan was on.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

It Comes Sometime

I was warning my little niece about being careful crossing streets.

"Oh, don't worry," the child assured me. "I always wait for the empty space to come by."—Grace Claren, 49 Caughey St., Waltham, Mass.

* * *

It Sounds Bad Enough

When little Willis' parents wished to say something that they did not want Willis to understand, they always spelled the words. One day when Willis had been very naughty, his father began to spell out the way of punishing the child. Little Willis looked at his mother and said:

"Please, muvver, don't let him A, C, D, E, F, H me. I won't do it any more."—Mrs. Robert Moran, Culver, Ind.

* * *

What Makes a Birthday

Donald, four, admiring a small dog, asked the owner his age. On being told that the dog would be seven years old his next birthday, he replied, "Gee, dogs don't have birthdays! How could they blow out candles?"—Mrs. Robert J. Kernon, 171 Beverly Road, Worcester, Mass.

GRAY STREAKS?

A famous, clear, colorless liquid brings youthful color to fading strands. Just comb it through hair. Gray streaks vanish. Color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Entirely SAFE. Leaves the hair soft, lustrous—easy to curl or wave.

We'll send complete Test Package FREE. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results yourself. Will you try it? Just mail the coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
OVER TEN MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

FOR *FREE* TEST PACKAGE
MARY T. GOLDMAN,
4032 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Name ....
Street ....
City .... State ....
Color of your hair? ....

STRANGE IRONING CORD
Pays Immense Profits

Prevents Scorching
Saves Electricity
Cannot Kink or Snarl

200% Profit! Hudson made $75.00 in 15 minute sale to large Company for telephones. We furnish proof. H. M. Hay says, "Out of hundreds of Neverknots left on trial have had only two returns. I sold over 80 to one bank."

NEW KIND of CORD SET FREE

Every Neverknot Salesman is given free the beautiful Le Luxe Neverknot Cord Set (with only Unbreakable Switch Plug of its kind in the World) which automatically coils itself out of the way, prevents scorching and saves electric bills. Every woman buys instantly for it saves its own cost in electricity. It's brand new and yours free if you work for us.

New Off'n On Plug Saves Electric Bills

Important! There is only one Neverknot. Write this Company for exclusive territory, special prices and big free offer.

NEVERKNOT CO., Dept. 10-M, 4503 Ravenswood, Chicago

LUCKY TIGER
A Proven Germicide!

For a clean, healthy scalp use Lucky Tiger. Destroys germs—gives to thin, falling hair a new life and lustre. Delicately perfumed and world's largest seller at Druggists, Barber Shops and Beauty Parlors.

TRY IT TODAY!

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

The Twilight of th

By EDWARD DOHERTY

(Reading time: 19 minutes 5 seconds.)

THE rise of Al Capone, most notorious of our feudal bootleg dukes-for-a-day, now fading, was held up as a blood-dripping object lesson in the opening article of this series, last week. Mr. Doherty showed damningly that the good citizen's airy comment, much heard in days of prosperity, that these gangsters " only kill each other " has been culpable nonsense. He now goes on arraigning Capone's record, and takes up " Legs " Diamond's.

PART TWO—THE MURDER INDUSTRY

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT of New York wants $20,000,000 for the unemployed. In Brooklyn the police open a door by shooting the woodwork out of a panel and arrest the " slaughterhouse " gang, seven young men charged with standing two enemies against the wall of a slaughterhouse and turning a machine gun on them. Mahatma Gandhi sails for England in his best loin cloth. " Mickey " Duffy, beer king of Philadelphia, is shot to death in his hotel room at Atlantic City. The police are seeking Vincent Coll, baby killer. Ramsay MacDonald is repudiated by his own party. Bainbridge Colby forms a " committee of seventy " to fight gang rule in New York. The Lindberghs, in Tokyo, may hop across Siberia. A dead racketeer is found on a Brooklyn sidewalk. Jimmy Walker, mayor of New York, drinks beer in Europe. . . .

In nearly every newspaper in the United States you'll find news of world importance—and news of gangsters. The same paper that mentions the illness of Lloyd George also informs you that Capone has bid a million dollars for " wine brick rights." The issue that tells of Mussolini's escape when his plane crashed, has an editorial sneering at the citizens of Chicago who asked Capone's help in rescuing a man from kidnapers.

Capone is a source of news because he is the richest of our criminal rich, the most dangerous of our public enemies, the most powerful of the feudal kings this machine-gun age has littered.

Every editor realizes that, yet none of them would be surprised to learn Capone was broken at last, his menace gone, his millions vanished. Sixty millions? J. Ogden Armour lost three times that much in a few weeks.

Every editor is waiting to use one of two headlines: " Capone Killed! " or " Capone Jailed." Either line will sell hundreds of thousands of papers.

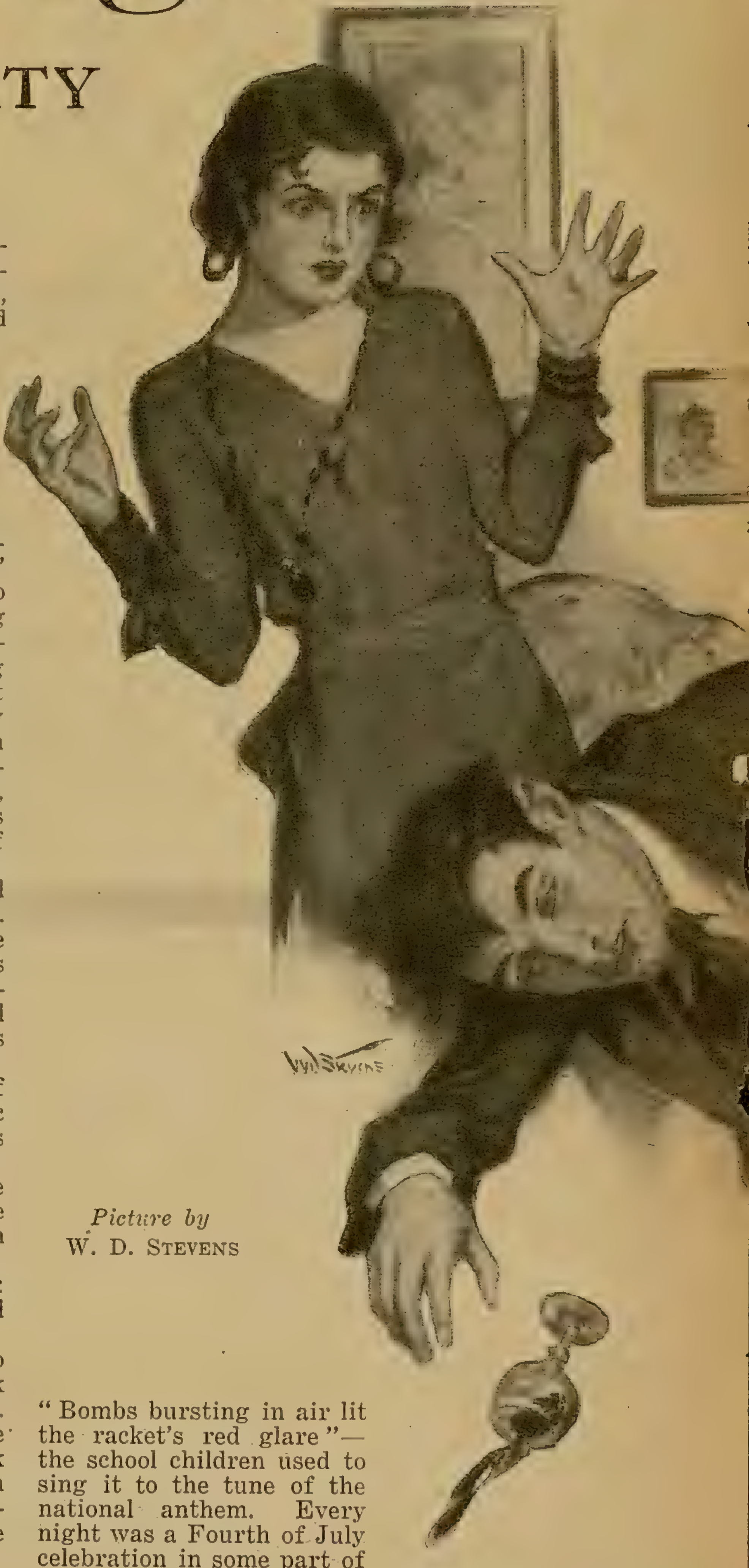
The wonder of the story is that Capone has lived so long. It is no fault of his enemies. Not even Jack " Legs " Diamond has been so hunted by rival murderers.

When " Little Hymie " Weiss went out—a machine gun singing his requiem—George " Bugs " Moran took up the feud. Moran had shot Johnny Torrio and sent him screaming and sniveling to a hospital. Moran took several shots at Capone, and once got his chauffeur. Capone always escaped without a wound.

Capone feared Weiss, but he didn't fear Bugs. Bugs had been kicked *a posteriori* by nearly every policeman on the force. Bugs had more venom than brains. But he had a gang that inspired terror in all the other gangs in Chicago, wild, undisciplined, sulphurous rats.

He made special overtures to the Aiellos and they came to him. They numbered nine, and they hated Capone.

Bombs began bursting all over Chicago. In almost every Capone saloon a pineapple bloomed and boomed.



Picture by
W. D. STEVENS

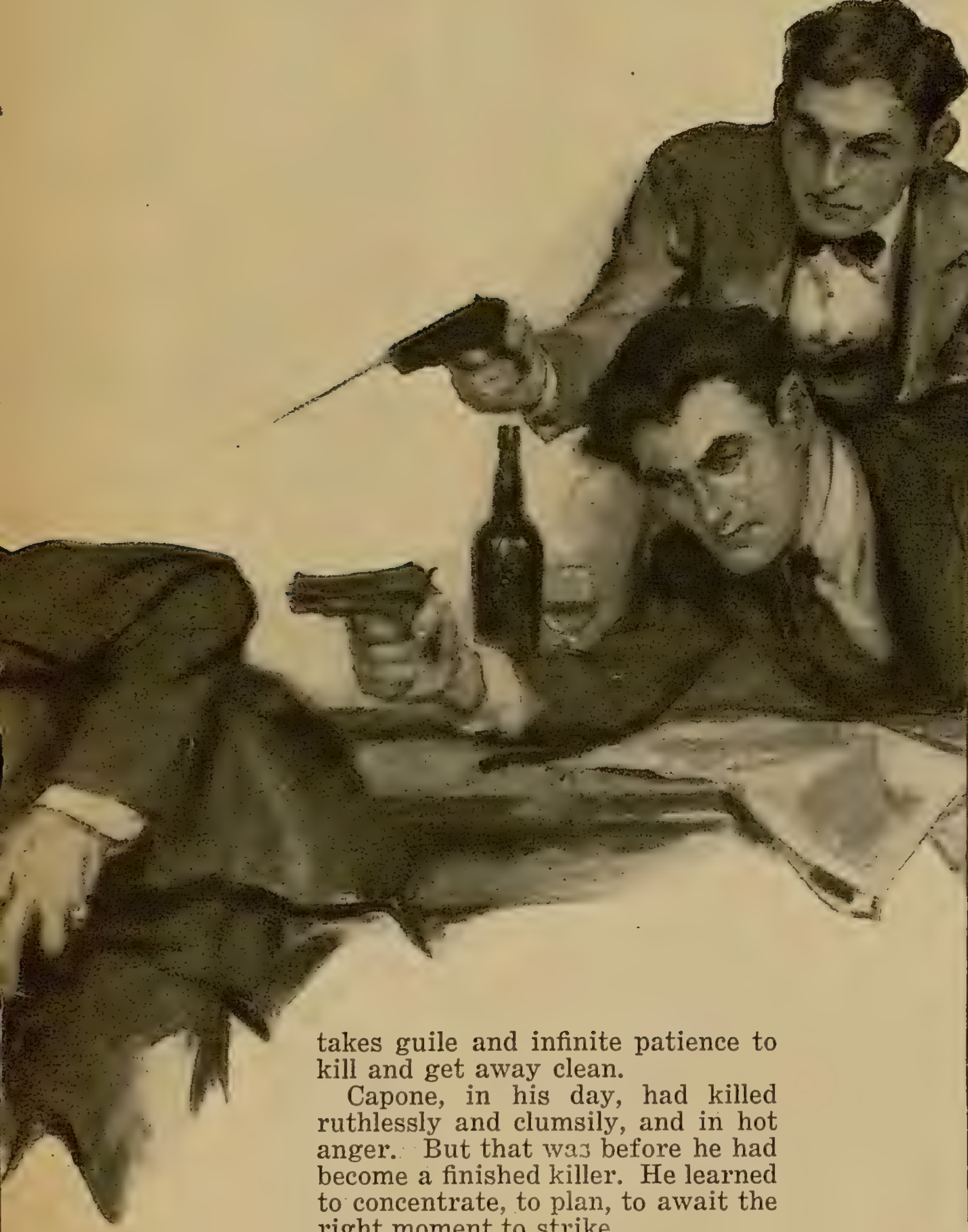
" Bombs bursting in air lit the racket's red glare "—the school children used to sing it to the tune of the national anthem. Every night was a Fourth of July celebration in some part of town. Capone suffered, but did nothing in retaliation except besiege the Aiellos' bakery and let the sunlight into it, and the bitter wind. He went to Florida, and awaited a more favorable opportunity for revenge.

Capone had learned much about murder since the day he fled to Chicago because he thought the Brooklyn cops were after him for killing a man.

Masters had taught him technique in killing. Experience had taught him patience. Any fool can kill. It

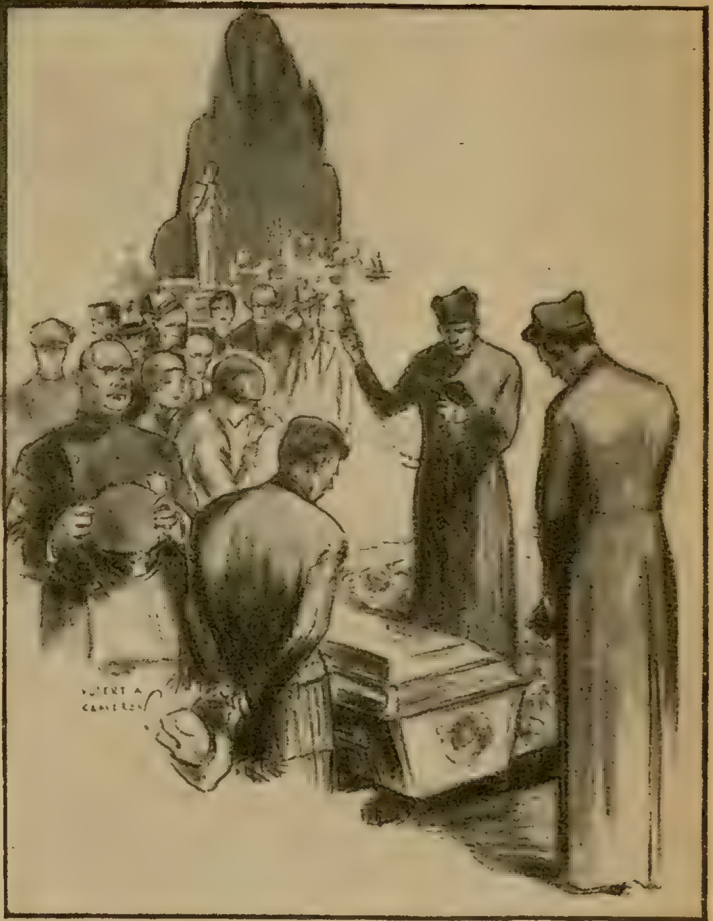
GANGSTER

How Much Longer Are We Going to Put Up with Him?



Three more shots were fired as she looked upon her husband. The wineglass fell. Lolordo fell on top of it and lay still.

Picture by
ROBERT A. CAMERON



In the garb of a priest Diamond went to the cemetery and stood at the grave.

takes guile and infinite patience to kill and get away clean.

Capone, in his day, had killed ruthlessly and clumsily, and in hot anger. But that was before he had become a finished killer. He learned to concentrate, to plan, to await the right moment to strike.

Murder was so much easier when the victim had been lulled into incautiousness. It was simpler when he was unarmed and had his back turned.

Capone fled. And Moran believed he had frightened his enemy for keeps. Capone took pains to have him think so. Capone gave out interviews to the effect that he had enough money, that he wanted peace, that he loved Florida and would stay there.

One day two men in the uniforms of policemen went into the garage where Moran's men kept their cars. There were seven men present. None of them was frightened. They gave up their weapons without an argument. They turned their backs to the wall like lambs, believing they were merely to be searched by the cops.

The machine guns worked for a little moment, and the seven lay dead and dying on the floor. It was only an accident that Bugs Moran was not among the seven.

"Only one man kills like that," Moran said. "And that man is Capone!"

Moran and his hellions were just as merciless, just as hot for blood. But they used no finesse in their murders.

They killed Tony Lombardo in the light of day, as he walked with his two bodyguards through the Loop. They shot him and Tony Ferrara, one of his guards, at Dearborn and Madison streets, in sight of thousands of people. And though Joe Lolordo, the other guard, chased the murderers, they escaped. Lolordo was stopped by a policeman and thrown into jail, but only temporarily.

After Tony Lombardo had been buried Capone made Pasqualino Lolordo the Sicilian chief of Chicago.

Joe Aiello and two friends went to Lolordo's home one afternoon in January. Mrs. Lolordo admitted them and saw her husband greet them cordially. She set out the best wine, and went to another room.

She heard the four men talking, laughing, clinking their glasses to friendship. She heard shots!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GANGSTER
Continued from page forty-seven

She screamed and ran into the room, choking with the smoke. Her husband stood by the mantel, a glass of wine in his hand. There was a queer expression on his face. The hand that held the glass trembled. The wine spilled on the carpet.

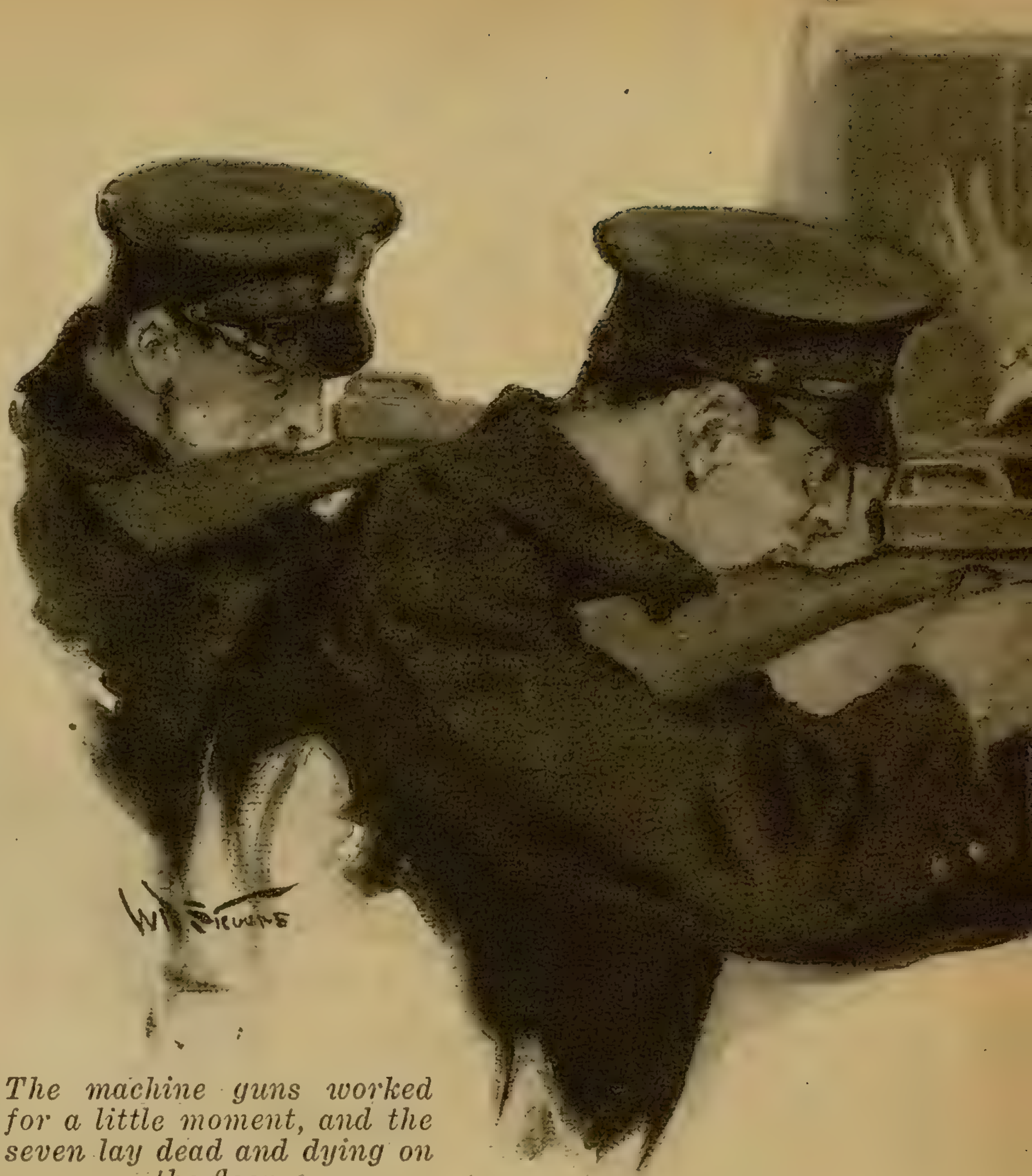
Three more shots were fired as she looked upon her husband. The wineglass fell. Lolordo fell on top of it and lay still. One of the three men knelt, turned the body over, snatched a cushion from the sofa, and placed it so he could rest upon it the head of the man he had just slain.

Lombardo and Lolordo were killed a little while before Capone's "typewriter" wrote the massacre story in the garage on St. Valentine's Day in 1929.

It was that killing that made Capone king of the Chicago gangs. It not only took the heart out of Moran, but it brought out the yellow too. Moran quit. "Polack" Joe Saltis sold out to Capone and retired to Wisconsin. Other mobs made their peace. But the Aiellos were different. The Aiellos had treacherously killed Lolordo. The Aiellos had killed Lombardo and Ferrara. The Aiellos were Italian, and should have been aligned with their own. Capone would not treat with them.

IT took a long time for Capone to put Joe Aiello on the spot. But he finally managed it. Aiello came out of a flat on the Northwest Side one evening. He stepped into the courtyard. Three machine gunners had been waiting for days for him to do just that. They fired from three angles.

And Capone celebrated with a great feast in the Oak Park residence of Claud Maddox—the gunner who got Aiello. Many men died before Aiello. Each death strengthened Capone.



The machine guns worked for a little moment, and the seven lay dead and dying on the floor.

Jake Lingle, Chicago Tribune reporter, who had been Al's friend, was shot in the back of the head. That murder almost cost Capone his kingdom. Capone places in the Loop were raided. Capone saloons were wrecked. Capone gambling dens were torn apart. Capone brothels were closed or set afire. Capone's women—and his profit from the traffic in women is colossal—were frightened and dispersed.

But Lingle had been a racketeer himself, it appeared. And Capone convinced almost everybody that he had nothing to do with Lingle's murder. So gradually his saloons and his gambling houses and his brothels reopened. His trucks once more made their trips into the Loop. His stills worked overtime.

When the cold days came, Capone opened his soup kitchens for the poor of Chicago. Those with full stomachs whispered, "Well, he may be a murderer, and a dealer in white slaves, but you got to give him credit. He's got a heart."

Those who didn't want to give him credit said, "Why shouldn't he give a little of his money to feed the bums? He's made thousands of bums in his day."

Many men died after Aiello—but it was Aiello's death that made Capone supreme.

Capone's organization has killed many men for revenge. But it has committed most of its murders merely to boost Capone.

The murder of Frankie Uale gave Capone his first grip on New York.

Uale was head of the Unione Siciliano in New York, and as such the Mafioso king of the United States. Capone had once been a waiter in Uale's restaurant in Coney Island. When he fled Brooklyn, it was Uale who gave him the money to get to Chicago.

When Capone wanted Dion O'Banion killed and was afraid to do the job himself, Uale came to Chicago and killed O'Banion.

The two men were friends for years. But Capone wanted things of Uale that Uale felt he had no right to. He became angry when Uale denied him favors. Uale, riding in his car, was ambushed and slain. The machine gun that ended his life was the one that ended the lives of those seven men in Bugs Moran's garage.

Capone became the Mafioso king. And "Joe the Boss" Masseria and "Little Augie" Pisano became his lieutenants in the East.

Both were in the booze racket. Both were leaders of gangs. Little Augie had been supplying the gentlemen of Capone's guard. Joe the Boss was Little Augie's friend. Augie was dapper, shrewd, diplomatic, a soft-spoken little man with a glad hand for everybody. Masseria was nothing but a killer. He was born in Sicily. He acquired a police record in New York. He killed more than a hundred men. He was the most dreaded gunman in New York.

LITTLE Augie and Joe the Boss made an alliance with Vannie Higgins, who was working Long Island with as tough a crew of murderers as ever got out of jail.

And Jack "Legs" Diamond, then a friend of Higgins, ingratiated himself and his gang into the combine.

Diamond didn't last long in that organization. He and Higgins fell out over the shooting of Leo Steinberg, a young man who thought that, as a free-born American citizen, he had a right to do some rumrunning on Long Island without paying tribute to Capone's syndicate.

The syndicate kidnaped him.

"Don't kill him," Diamond advised. "We can get a ransom for him."

Diamond was always the lad to get the money. Kidnaping was one of his hobbies.

Negotiations began. Steinberg's father loved his son more than anything in the world. He was willing to give up every penny he had if that would save the boy.

He was told that for $200,000, paid "on the line," he could have his son once more, unharmed. The money was to be split four ways.

Diamond rubbed his hands when the old man agreed to

Picture by
W. D. STEVENS

pay the ransom, and he hurried to Higgins.

But Leo Steinberg had been killed. "He was too fresh," was the explanation. "We had to croak him to shut him up. We give 'im a drink."

In Chicago they take the victim for a ride and dump him, dead, on a highway or in a ditch. In New York they kill him and throw him into the nearest river or take him out to sea. That's "giving him a drink."

Diamond was furious to learn that Steinberg was dead. He and Vannie parted bad friends. It was only a little while afterward that Diamond was rather seriously shot.

Jack "Legs" Diamond grew up in the same New York East Side hell holes and Brooklyn dumps that Capone knew in his early days. He mingled with the same shady crowds.

HE got as far away from the petty thieves of his adolescence as he could, but not so far as Capone. He is still more or less of a "punk"; but the history of prohibition's first red decade cannot be written without mention of him.

He is of a higher type than most of the Volstead-spawned gunmen, shrewder, more polished; but when it comes to shooting and being shot at he's just as yellow as the rest of them. But then, so is Capone.

There is only one brave, shining deed recorded in all the red and yellow history of Jack Diamond, and this act has never been proved to have had a foundation in fact.

Jack was orphaned early in life. He and his younger brother Eddie were reared by a pious aunt in Philadelphia. But when the boys were old enough to get into mischief they ran away and came to New York.

They were package thieves in their teens. They stole goods from wagons and trucks. They deluded messenger boys carrying packages. They receipted for goods consigned to others.

It was a simple racket. Sometimes it paid big money.

They would watch the exits of the fashionable stores, waiting for a boy to come out, carrying a package. They would follow him. At the right moment they would accost him with some such greeting as, "Say, kid, want to make a dollar?"

BOYS are always tempted by the thought of making an easy dollar, even when running errands for an employer.

"It won't take you long. Just go up on the top floor of the building across the street and ask for Mamie Jones. When you get her, ask her to come down. Here, I'll hold your package, and there's the dollar. You'll have to climb some steps and you'll need your wind. You don't want to lug that bundle up all those stairs. That's all right. I don't mind hanging on to your package while you're gone. But make it snappy, kid."

A bright boy might not let go of the package. A dull boy would, nine times out of ten. Jack or Eddie would walk away with the package. It might be a mink coat, an ulster, an evening gown. At any rate, it was salable.

If the boy refused the dollar and went his way, the two brothers might still get the package. One of them would get the address on the wrapper, if it was possible, and usually it was, for careless merchants sometimes pasted the name and address on the outside. When the boy got to his destination he would find there a young man in his shirt sleeves, who would bawl him out for being late, sign for the package, and hurry away.

The Diamond brothers didn't remain package thieves very long. They got into the booze racket—as thousands of other petty crooks did—and found it more dangerous than stealing packages. Jack protected Eddie in every way, punished those who hurt him or threatened him. Eddie died of consumption—one of the few gangsters to die a natural death—and Jack cried like a baby.

Jack is as hard as they come. He has killed men. He has been accused of killing at least one woman. He has tortured men. He has blackmailed and bludgeoned money out of everybody he could frighten or coerce.

And yet where Eddie was concerned he was soft as a mother to her only child. He had been Eddie's mother and father most of his life.

He was hiding when Eddie died. He was wanted for killing two men in the Hotsy-Totsy Club. He had disappeared. He was safe. But he went to Eddie's funeral. The police believed he would. They waited for him, all around the place where the body lay and the wake was held. All day they waited, and all night. But Jack did not appear.

They buried Eddie in consecrated ground, after a requiem high mass in a Catholic church. There was a great crowd in the church, a great crowd outside. And there were policemen in uniform everywhere, and policemen in citizens' clothes.

Jack Diamond came to the church as the pallbearers bore in the casket. He passed through the lines of the police, and many of them tipped their hats to him. For

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GANGSTER
Continued from page forty-nine

he was dressed in the garb of a priest. He went to the cemetery and stood at the grave, and let the tears fall as a real priest prayed for the soul of his brother Eddie. And again he passed through the police, and vanished.

Jack Diamond has one of the longest criminal records in the files of the New York police, but he has been convicted only twice. He built that record deliberately, to make himself a power in the underworld.

He had himself picked up numerous times, and because the police had no evidence against him he was usually discharged. Sometimes, though, friends taken with him were convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

His associates didn't think Jack was a stool pigeon. They believed he either was a very smart young man or had tremendous political connections.

DIAMOND did have some political connections. Most gangsters are involved in politics. Those who are not, break rock or die. Diamond has never yet broken rock.

He graduated early into the gangster class, when a group of solid, respectable business men sought his services and the services of others of his caliber to break a strike. He was taught how to swing a blackjack, how to use an iron pipe, how to break a man's jaw or put out his eyes; how best to cripple or to kill.

Sometimes Diamond was hired to injure or kill strikers. That's where he got the idea that business men were all rich crooks and a man was a sap to work.

Sometimes labor-union officials hired him to beat up or murder strike breakers. He worked for either side without prejudice.

He never was husky or strong. But a slugger doesn't need strength. A boy with a piece of iron or lead pipe is more dangerous than any champion of the ring.

Jack Diamond isn't the only slugger hired in the last fifty years. Nor is he the only one who got a fee for mayhem and a bonus for a murder. There have been thousands of boys educated as he was by men who posed as pillars of the church and of the state.

We had gangsters before we had prohibition. But they were all in the labor racket then. When prohibition came most of the gangsters were already rich and politically powerful. Politicians protected them because they worked for big men—men who contributed liberally to the campaign. While protecting them they used them. Politicians seldom give protection for nothing. They found that sluggers were just as good at intimidating voters as they were at frightening strikers or strike breakers.

The sluggers thus had both the employers and the politicians in their power. They could ask "favors" their former bosses dare not deny. They could work at their trades—safe blowing, pocket picking, sneak thieving, robbery, burglary, or murder. The employers would furnish money for their defense. The politicians would use their influence. No "right guy" would ever go to jail.

The sluggers were immune. They had only to talk to send big business men and big officials to jail.

It was "Dopey Benny" who put Jack Diamond into the labor racket. Dopey was one of the bosses on the lower East Side who was paid to beat up union or nonunion men. He got a lump sum from his employers for any job he tackled, and he paid five or ten dollars a day to his sluggers. Sometimes he had to eliminate a rival gang, and in these crises he was liberal with money. He paid as much as five dollars for a single killing—provided there was no comeback, no way of implicating himself.

But Dopey held out on a police official, which was a sad mistake, for he went to jail, and nobody had influence enough to "spring" him. So his gang passed into other hands.

"Kid Dropper" took it over—after he had shot Johnny Spanish in the back. And when Kid Dropper was in turn perforated, "Little Augie" Orgen became the boss.

Little Augie was Jacob Orgen. On the lower East Side Orgen is pronounced "Oigen" or "Augen." "Little Orgen" naturally, then, became "Little Augie," or "Little Oigie."

Jack Diamond didn't meet Little Augie Orgen until he came out of the New York City reformatory. Diamond had been found guilty of attempted burglary, and Judge Dike had sentenced him to a few months on the island, making the sentence light because it was a first offense and because of Diamond's youth.

Nor did he stay with Orgen long. He went into the army. He got into difficulties there. He was accused of stealing. He was accused of striking his sergeant with an iron bar. He was accused of deserting his outfit as it was about to leave for France. Desertion in time of war is usually punished by death, but Diamond was given five years in the disciplinary barracks on Governor's Island, and was later transferred to Leavenworth, Kansas.

Warren G. Harding, President of the United States, pardoned him and other military prisoners. And Diamond came back at once to New York and to Augie.

ORGEN dazzled him. He wore a new suit of clothes, silk socks and a pink silk shirt, a baby-blue silk tie, patent-leather shoes with spats. And he carried a cane.

He had grown rich. And he took Diamond under his wing, and promised to give him the moon if he "went along and did as he was told."

Diamond worked with Augie for years in various labor troubles, and worked with other thieves at other rackets.

It was not until late in October, 1917, that Diamond became a so-called "big shot" in the New York underworld. His opportunity came with the murder of Little Augie.

Diamond was wounded. It was the second time in his career that he had been shot. They took him to Bellevue Hospital. He screamed in a high shrill voice that he was dying. He begged for the priest to come and hear his confession. He was as frightened as Johnny Torrio after Bugs Moran had sent him to a hospital in Chicago. But the frightened "punk" was a hero in gangland.

The life story of Jack Diamond, "the big shot-at"—with its many ugly proofs that "Murder will out" doesn't hold good among gangsters—will be brought down to the present time in Mr. Doherty's third article, to appear in next week's Liberty.

Liberty now offers

$100 to $500 Apiece

for **Short Short Stories**

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Mr. Solomon Goes Home

A Short Short Story

By

OLGA HALL-BROWN

who was born in London thirty-three years ago. For the last five years she has divided her time between writing stories for magazines and newspapers and traveling about the world, usually cruising in the Mediterranean or visiting Hollywood.

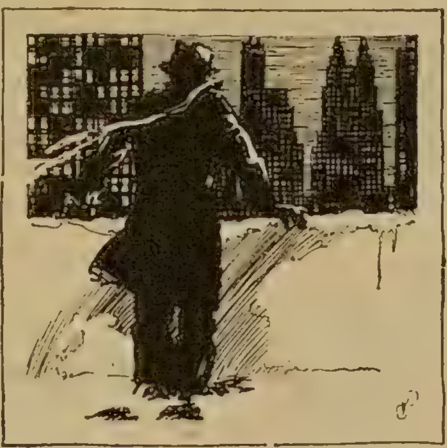
(Reading time: 5 min. 20 sec.)

OLD Solomon was a penthouse dweller. That is to say, his workshop windows commanded one of the most exciting views of New York—the one from the top of the Blake Hotel. He often left the broken and disheveled furniture which came up to him with maddening monotony, and took a walk round the breezy confines of the roof.

"Funny," he said one night as he returned to his workshop—"all those folk down there in the hotel, and never a soul comes up to feast his eyes on eternity."

Bob, the electrician, who was mending a reading lamp across the way, merely looked embarrassed. He was relieved when the staircase door swung open and a girl stepped out on the roof. "Here's somebody now," he said.

The old man caught a glimpse of the girl's face as she slipped past his open door. It looked white and distraught. He put his gluepot on the table and followed her, keeping in the shadow of the buildings. She was leaning against the high parapet, looking up to where the Chrysler tower stabbed the starlight. Innocent enough! Solomon was about to return to his work when the girl put her foot on a stone coping and swung herself on to the top of the parapet. It made the old man's head swim to see her sitting up there against the sky with that prodigious depth beneath her.



He advanced as softly as a cat, and did not speak till he had firm hold of her ankle.

"Come down," he said; "that's dangerous."

She turned on him like a little tiger. "I mean it to be," she said fiercely. "Let go of my ankle!" She kicked his hand away. So that was it. Solomon caught her quickly round the knees and pulled her to the ground.

Her eyes were tragic pits of darkness. "You silly old fool! Why must you interfere? Can't I even die if I want to?"

And then she turned to the parapet and threw her head down on her arms and sobbed as if her heart would break. Old Solomon put his arm round her silver-brocaded shoulders. "A man, I suppose. And you're such a little young thing to want to die! Come along, now. There are plenty others."

The tenderness in his voice disarmed her. "Nobody else but him," she sobbed. "Nobody else in the world."

The wind blew with sudden cold violence. The old man urged her toward the penthouse building. "Come into my workshop. It's warm in there."

She followed him meekly, and sat down in an armchair whose stuffing leaked through a gap in the bottom. Solomon shut the door against Bob's unseemly curiosity.

"Mind if I smoke?" he said. The girl shook her fair head. He filled his pipe deliberately and lit it.

"Let you down, I suppose?" he inquired.

The girl nodded.

"We were going to be married," she sobbed. "We were dancing here tonight. Said he thought we shouldn't marry, because he didn't care, after all."

The old man took his pipe out of his mouth. "What's your name?" he inquired.

"Evelyn," she responded.

"Very well, Evelyn. You've got to be a soldier and get over it." He leaned forward and tapped her on the knee. "You see, he was a brave boy—wise, too. If he felt like that. Life lasts a long time, and you got to live it every minute. Lots of men haven't the nerve to be truthful. They go on and make their wives unhappy. It never pans out—trying to make a good job out of a bad marriage. See?"

She was looking at him with her heart in her big blue eyes. Old Solomon warmed to his subject.

"You think love only comes once. That's 'cause you're young. Perfect nonsense! This time next year you'll have forgotten all about it. You'll have another boy friend and be as happy as a—as a lark in a tree."

The ghost of a smile hovered at her lips then.

The old man smiled too. "There's a fine little girl. Never does to take someone against his will. You can't force love. Better without it. See my point?"

Evelyn found her voice—husky with tears, but quite steady. "Yes, I was a perfect little idiot. It wasn't worth it—all that shock to mother and father."

Old Solomon looked at the clock ticking loudly among the glue and varnish pots. Nearly an hour past going-home time. Marjorie would be as mad as a hatter.

"Come along," he said. "I'll take you down."

THEY went down in the service elevator. She kissed his bristly cheek when they parted in the dark street at the back of the hotel. Old Solomon ran for the elevated, his heart racing. He'd done a bit of good work. Marjorie would be amused.

It was dark when he opened the door of his little apartment. No smell of fresh hot coffee greeted him on the threshold. He switched on the light, took off his coat, and listened. There were strange sounds from Marjorie's room. He opened the door. She lay face downward on the bed, great sobs tearing her slim little body.

He knelt on the floor beside her. "Marjorie—*Marjorie*—what's the matter with dad's girl?"

She twisted and flung her arms round him.

"Oh, daddy—I can't go on living! I'm going to end it all.

"It's Sam. Says he's changed—and it would be a mistake to go on—"

Old Solomon's jaw set in a hard, firm line. He took the girl's arms from his neck and stood up, his weariness and hunger gone from him.

He stepped out into the living room and put his coat on with grim deliberation.

"Just you wait, Marjorie. I'll teach him what's a mistake. Just you wait! I'll be back."

The girl leaped up suddenly—galvanized into action. "Oh, daddy—no—no! You mustn't hurt him. People can't help these things. You can't force love. You aren't going to hurt him?"

He put her restraining hands away with surprising strength and opened the door.

"Doesn't love my girl—doesn't he? Hurt him! I'm going to skin him alive!"

He flung open the door and drew it after him with a mighty slam. Marjorie pressed herself against it and wept as she heard his clattering footsteps die away down the stairs.

THE END

Enjoy Thrilling Satisfaction of a Figure Free From FAT

Woman Loses 43 pounds in 3 months

Thank Modern Science for this safe, pleasant, easy way to lose ugly fat—simply take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast, and go a little lighter on potatoes, fatty meats and pastries.

Unlike other salts, Kruschen doesn't reduce by rushing food thru the system—rather it's an ideal combination of 6 separate minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—an unexcelled home reducing treatment which constitutes the same principles as the world famous European Spas.

Mrs. Jerry Gipe of Willow Hill, Pa., writes: "Since taking Kruschen Salts 3 months ago, I have lost 43 lbs. I feel so much better and look so much better, too."

An 85c bottle of Kruschen (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading druggists thruout the whole wide world.

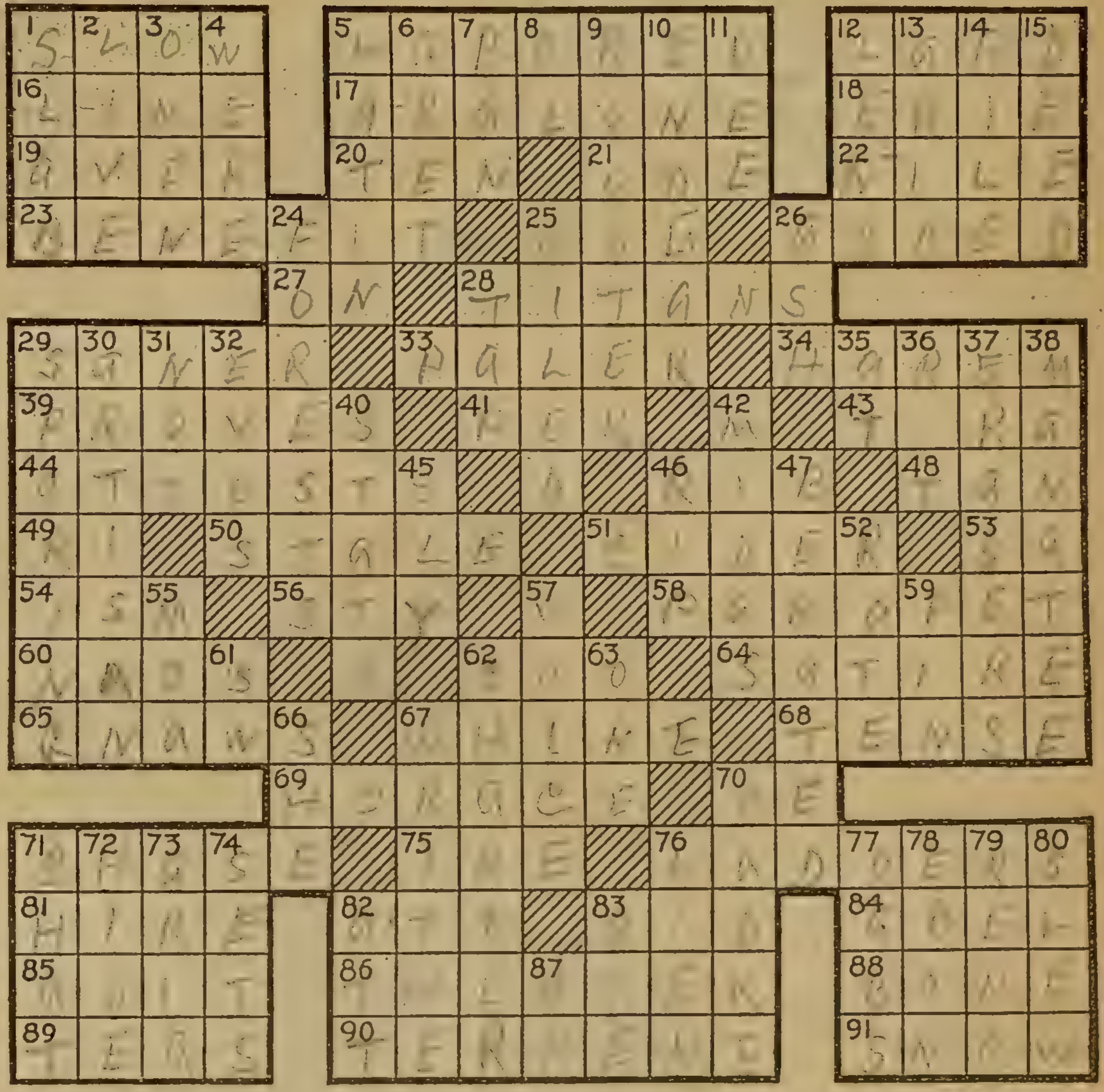
KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It"

7 out of 10 retail dollars come from this market! . . .

Census reports show that 69.25% of retail sales volume is concentrated in cities of 10,000 and over. In these cities Liberty places 85% of its circulation—a greater percentage than any other magazine. Concentrate your advertising where sales are made by using Liberty—the preferred city magazine!

Two New Puzzles

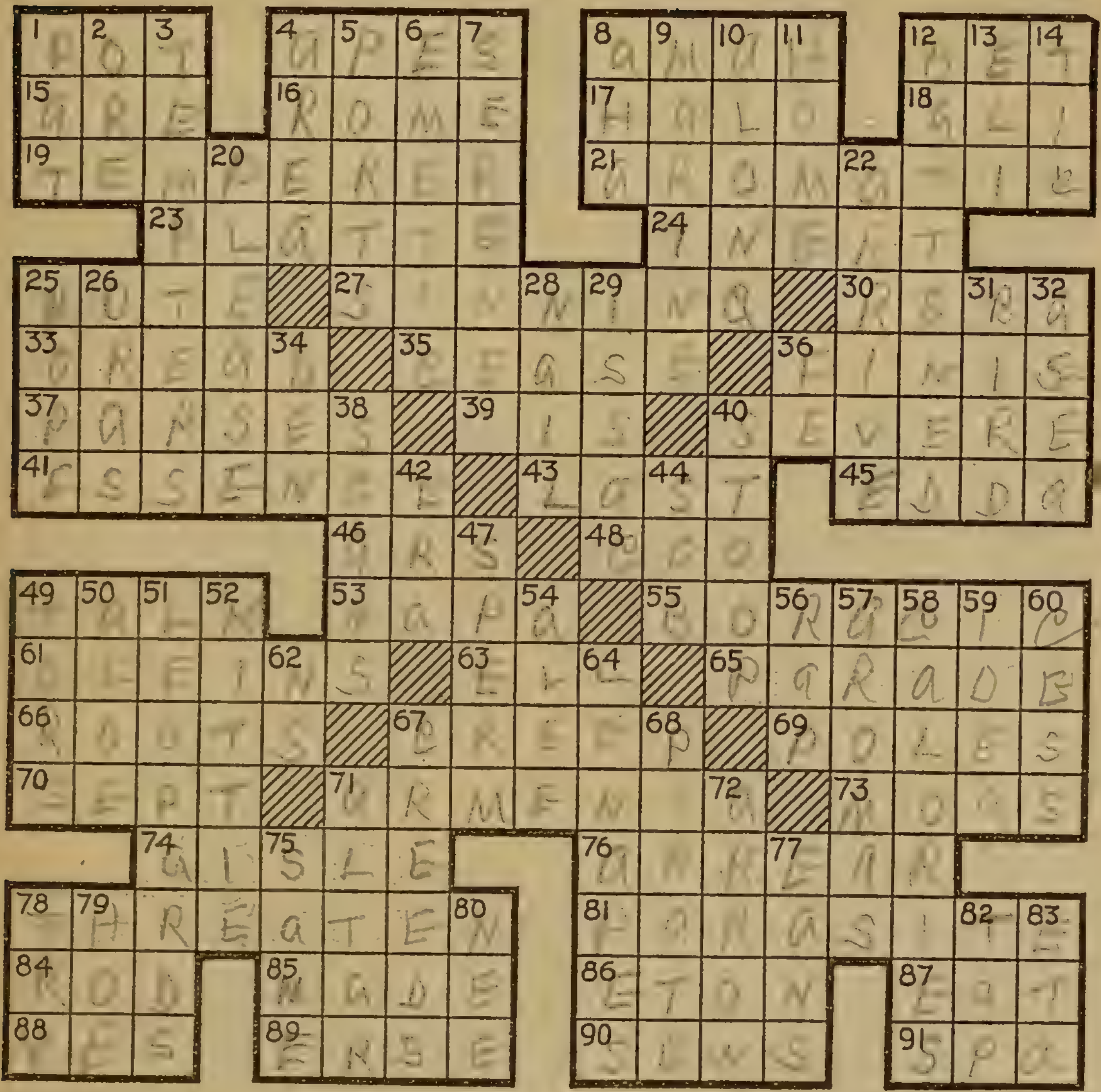


HORIZONTAL
1 Slacken the speed of
5 Not easy or natural
12 Enrich with pork or bacon by stuffing
16 Calcium oxide
17 A mollusk
18 City in Kansas
19 State to be true
20 Cardinal number
21 Poem
22 River in Africa
23 To profit
25 Character in a drama by Ibsen
26 Augmented
27 Over and in contact with
28 Primeval deities in Greek mythology
29 More rational
33 More pallid
34 Seraglio
39 Substantiates
41 By
43 The taliera
44 Bears witness
46 A bone of the body
48 Color shade
49 Japanese measure of distance
50 Wanting freshness
51 A beverage
53 Symbol for an element
54 Theory
56 Hordeolum
58 Rampart
60 A cella (architecture)
62 Note of a bird
64 Sarcasm
65 Bites off little by little
67 Moan basely
68 Taut
69 Latin poet
70 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
71 Pursue
75 Wrath
76 Scaling devices
81 Rent
82 Coin of an Asiatic kingdom
83 Succor
84 Man's name
85 Opening or passage in a mine
86 Sphere of operation
88 Part of a skeleton
89 Social functions
90 Mundane
91 Flakes of ice congealed in the air

VERTICAL
1 Comparatively thick slice of anything
2 Teeming with living beings
3 Augury
4 Form of to be
5 Ancient language
6 Instigate
7 Forbid
8 Suffix meaning oil
9 Fowl
10 Make beloved
11 River in England
12 Grant the use of
13 Dry; barren
14 Stir up
15 Act
24 Extensive wood (pl.)
25 Suffered illness
26 A tree
28 Spigot
29 Frugal
30 Skilled worker
31 No
32 Days preceding special events
35 By
36 Forsake one's party from interested motives
37 Expungers
38 Aquatic mammal
40 Political subdivision of a country
42 A king of Phrygia
45 Artfully or meanly cunning
46 Tear
47 Chided vehemently
52 Classify
55 Extinct bird
57 Give utterance or expression to
59 Fastening device
61 Compass point
62 Special privilege, immunity, or exemption
63 Individual
66 Pronoun
67 To twist or contort the body
70 Christian priest
71 A bird
72 Conceal
73 A song
74 Collections of things belonging together
76 Charge upon property
77 Flatfishes
78 Black
79 City in Nevada
80 Killed
82 Siamese coin
83 Corroded
87 Measure of area

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-five

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 Cooking vessel
4 Imitates
8 Oriental female servant
12 Stake
15 An area ten meters square
16 City in Georgia
17 Nimbus
18 Mohammed's son-in-law
19 Regulator; moderator
21 Fragrant
23 County in Nebraska
24 Supine; lifeless
25 Mechanical repetition
27 Transgressing
30 Biblical name (Numbers xxxi)
33 A nymph of mountains and hills
35 Stop
36 An end; conclusion
37 Resolves a sentence into its elements
39 Prefix: across
40 Rigorous
41 Element
43 Endure
45 Collection of Scandinavian myths
46 Measures of area
48 Note of a dove
49 Convey in speech
53 County in California
55 Pertaining to borax
61 Fats
63 Measure of length
65 Procession
66 Digs up with the snout
67 Crawl
69 Perches or rods
70 Combining form meaning seven
71 A country in Asia Minor
73 Extinct bird of New Zealand (plural)
74 Passageway
76 That which is past due for payment
78 Menace
81 Organism that lives on some other
84 Measure of length
85 Created
86 Town in England
87 Devour
88 An affirmative
89 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
90 Stitches
91 Region abounding in mineral springs

VERTICAL

1 Strike gently
2 Crude metal
3 Enticers to evil
4 District
5 Seaports
6 Medicine for inducing vomiting
7 Made placid
8 Exclamation
9 Pertaining to the sea
10 On the line of
11 Domicile
12 Fastened with a kind of cleat
13 A high priest
14 Nervous twitching
20 Gratify
22 Reach a given point
25 Heavy cord
26 Anglo-Saxon money of account (plural)
28 Fastening device
29 Father of Esau
31 Feathered animal
32 On the ocean
34 Lair
36 The symbol for an element
38 Examines critically
40 Descend from dignity
42 Period
44 Weep convulsively
47 A whale
49 Rocky pinnacles
50 Medicinal herb
51 Animal of the cat kind (plural)
52 Young cat (variant)
54 Toward a vessel's sheltered side
56 Strike smartly
57 Pleasant odors
58 Units of heat
59 Mental image
60 Assessment
62 Initials of a Canadian province
64 American Indians
67 Doctrines
68 Sea dog
71 Place at which sacrifices are made
72 Missile weapon
75 Identical
77 Brings forth young
78 Essay
79 Gardener's implement
80 Word introducing the maiden family name of a married woman
82 Strike lightly
83 Greek letter

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-five

NEURITIS

Quick Relief with a Harmless Tablet

NEVER suffer pain any longer than you can help. Pain racks nerves, saps vitality. At the first sign of any touch of neuritis, rheumatism or lumbago, take a couple of Salicon tablets. Salicon almost instantly relieves any pain from headache to rheumatism without any bad after effects. Does not affect the heart, upset the stomach or establish a habit. Helps also to relax taut nerves and induce sound sleep at night. As a relief for periodic pains, women find it a blessing. It's the modern pain antidote and sedative. 25c, 50c and $1.25 at all good drug stores. Doctors freely prescribe it.

K. A. Hughes Co., Dept. 23-L-1031
22 Yeoman Street,
Boston, Mass.

FREE TRIAL

Kindly send **free trial** size of Salicon

Name

Address

City State

Constant Coughing *strains the* HEART

LUDEN'S
Menthol
COUGH DROPS
5¢
LUDEN'S NAME ON EVERY DROP

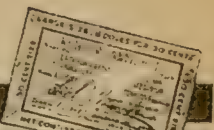
Quickest Relief from Coughing

NEURALGIA!

SEND for free samples of this reliable, effective remedy. All druggists sell it —powders or tablets.

Kohler Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

KOHLER ANTIDOTE *for* HEADACHE



EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.
The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

DRAMA on the GRIDIRON

The Inside Story of Some Big Moments in Football

By

JOHN F. ("CHICK") MEEHAN

(Reading time: 12 minutes 30 seconds.)

THE flesh-and-blood drama of football is unique, and in many instances more intensely moving than the leading three-act success of the season. It swings swiftly from tragedy to comedy, pathos to farce, but never back to the level of the commonplace.

A stadium crammed full of delirious, madly yelling rooters constitutes the average conception of a football crowd—and an erroneous one. The truth is that the crowd is comparatively quiet for more of the time than it is noisy, and the reason can be found in the gripping spectacle before it.

In point of fact, the crowd itself is an important part of the football drama. A game between Yale and Princeton about ten years ago serves as an apt illustration. On one side was Tim Callahan, the Yale captain. Directly opposing him was his brother Mike, captain of Princeton. There in the crowded Yale Bowl sat Mrs. Callahan, watching her two sons batter and smash until one or the other was laid out. Her anguish was so great that whenever a player was hurt, she turned away and anxiously asked: "Is it my Timothy or is it my Michael?"

This was plainly an exceptional case, but it drives home the point that there can be more genuinely induced feeling in a football stadium than in front of an asbestos curtain. As a rule, the spectators are strictly partisan, and they feel with the players—sometimes more than the players do themselves. It seems to me that the only genuine spectator is the coach; and even he is more than a spectator, for he is also the dramatist of the occasion.

Whether the drama is objective or subjective, however, it always hovers close. A gorgeous climax can be expected at any moment. The most stirring of all, in my opinion, occurred at the tail end of a game between Michigan and Pennsylvania in 1912. In the final seconds Michigan led by 21 to 20, and victory seemed inevitable.

As his last move the Michigan quarterback called for a kick, and the ball went soaring down the field to Pennsylvania. While it was in mid-air the horn sounded, signifying that time was up. But the game would not be ended until the play was completed. Dick Marshall, a never-to-be-forgotten Penn player, stationed himself under the ball as it came down, and into his ears, above the din raised by Michigan rooters, a team mate shouted:

"There's one way you can do it, Dick! Give everything you can!"

In another second Marshall's legs began churning in an inspired run. Only one way to win, and Marshall did it! He galloped, dodged, and slashed through the entire Michigan team for a touchdown. Sadness in the Pennsylvania sector became rapturous joy, and in the twinkling of an eye thousands of Michigan voices were stilled.

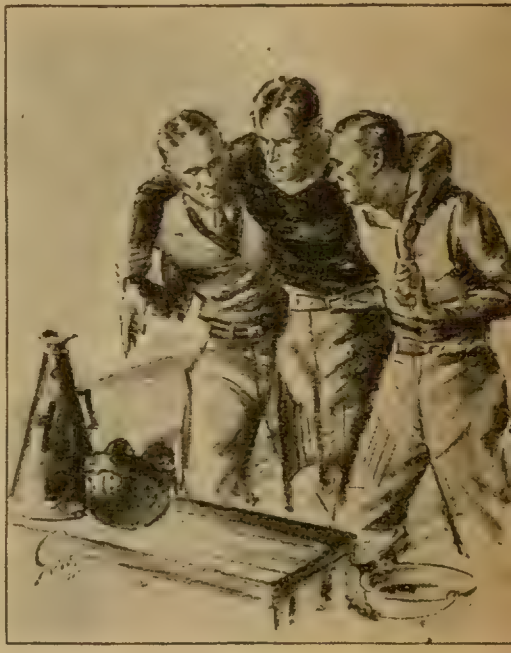
That was indeed a heart-stirring play, but I have seen games in which the grand climax was excellent comedy. Once, particularly, it was sheer minstrelsy. During a visit I was making in a Southern town, my host took me to see two teams of husky Negroes play a game that had been heralded for weeks.

The team which eventually won used the largest numbers that have ever been employed in a football signal code. The quarterback would drawl:

"One million, nine hundred and ninety-eight thousand, seven hundred and forty-five. Two billion, no million, sixty-eight thousand, thirty-twelve—and, center, pass me that ball!"

Late in the final period this boy drove his team up to the one-yard line and another quarterback rushed in to replace him. The new man, lithe and muscular, switched to a different style of signal calling.

In the manner of a railroad conductor, but with more boastfulness, he shouted: "Bu'min'ham, Memphis, Nashville, A'lan'a, 'n' Charles'on—but, boys, pay no attention to dem signals. Jes' pass me dat ball, and, interference, follow me!" Instantly he crashed over for a touchdown.



They cheer the player when he ge
up or is carried out.

THE coach turns playwright once in a while and fashions the climax himself. A quick substitution in the line-up and a rapid conveyance of a message to the quarterback are always outward evidence that a climax may have been designed. This designing, more familiarly termed strategy, fails as often as it succeeds.

Knute Rockne's master hand succeeded with greater frequency than the rest. There is one instance that will live forever in the tradition of Notre Dame.

On his deathbed, George Gipp, the greatest star in Notre Dame history, had asked Rockne a simple favor. "When things are going against the boys sometime," he had said, "tell them to win one for the Gipper." That was in 1920. Eight years later Rockne told the story and asked an under-dog Notre Dame team to go out and beat Army. It was one of those rare instances in which Notre Dame's opponent was the favorite.

Through three periods Notre Dame fought Army to a standstill. Only a few minutes of playing time were left; the score was 6 to 6; and Rockne, on the bench, wanted as much as any man on the field to "win one for 'the

The drama always hovers close. A gorgeous climax can be expected at any moment.

Pictures by WILL GRAVEN

Gipper.'" Suddenly he saw the opening for a strategic move that he and his quarterback, Frank Carideo, had planned for weeks.

"O'Brien!" Rockne called. A tall, wiry young fellow, particularly adept at catching forward passes, rushed over. There were a few whispered words. Rockne patted O'Brien on the back, and sent him off with the warning: "Hold on to this one."

The appearance of O'Brien meant only one thing to Carideo. He recalled Rockne's lesson in strategy. "When I send in a fellow like O'Brien," he had said, "he is there for one purpose above all—to catch a pass. Don't wait!" Carideo didn't.

On the first play the ball was looped deftly to O'Brien. It worked just as Rockne had hoped. O'Brien continued on to the goal line—and Rockne had kept faith with Gipp.

A SMART quarterback can see the proper moment for a highly dramatic flourish, or rather, an astounding tactical stroke. Benny Friedman was such a one in his playing days at Michigan. In one instance his team was losing, and Benny decided on a brazen play. Michigan was in possession of the ball deep in its own territory, and it was third down. As it was still early in the game, conservative strategy might have dictated a punt. A forward pass would be hazardous. But that is exactly what he decided upon.

When the players huddled, Benny called the signals with an air of finality. They lined up, and he shot a long pass toward the left end, speeding down the field. The end, instead of turning to look for the ball, continued running, and the ball was grounded.

As they were about to line up for the next play, Friedman singled out his errant team mate and asked: "What in blazes happened to you?" With a perfectly bewildered countenance, the other chap replied: "Why, Benny, I never even listened to the signals. I thought surely you'd punt on third down." Friedman, sadly disappointed, still could see the humor of the situation, and he laughed it off with the remark: "Oh, well, I guess a good quarterback must be a little bit crazy."

I have planned flourishes that have met with as much success as Friedman's did in that case. Thirty seconds of playing time remained in a tie game between Pittsburgh and my Syracuse team when a great idea came to me. I called Roy Simmons and gave him instructions: "Go in there and throw a pass straight down the field to Giff Zimmerman. If you do it, we can win."

The idea was a fairly good one, inasmuch as Zimmerman was the fleetest back on the team. We had a play designed to break him loose, and all our hopes depended on the chance that a forward pass would click. On this play Paul Jappe, our end, was to run out toward the side line as a decoy and yell excitedly in order to attract attention.

Simmons called the signal and everything went along nicely until Jappe started out toward the side line. Instead of a subdued yell, he let out a terrific bellow that could be heard throughout the stadium, and Simmons, a sophomore, was too readily convinced. He completely

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

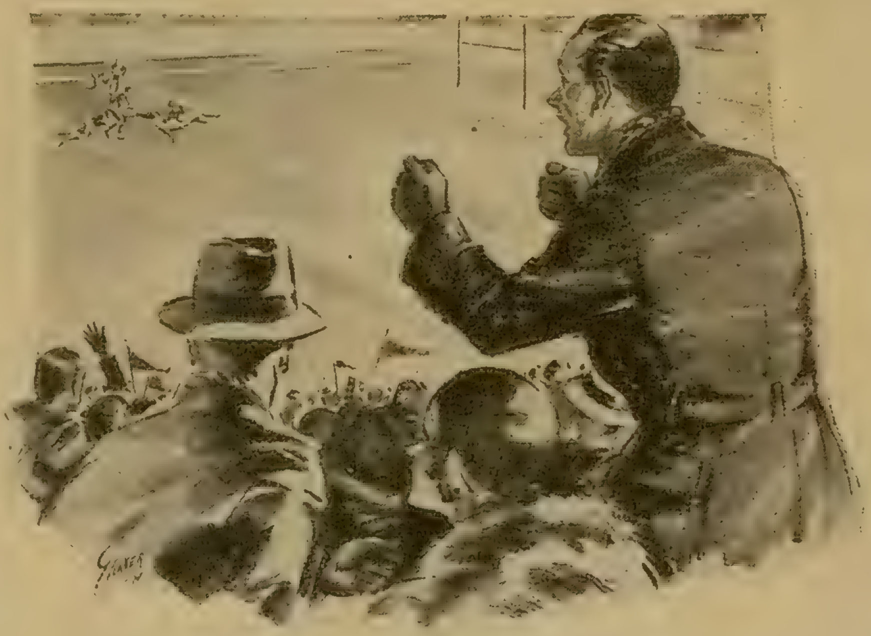
forgot Zimmerman. Instead, he threw the ball in the direction of the bellow, where there was no member of our team to receive it except Jappe, who couldn't have caught a forward pass in a bushel basket.

Tiny Hewitt of Pittsburgh came galloping into the picture, picked off the pass, and continued down the field for a touchdown.

Still another time, my sentiment was exactly the reverse, but the result was the same. Syracuse was playing Washington and Jefferson. Here again the score was tied and less than a minute of play remained. A break had just gone against us. A minute earlier we had been hammering at the door to victory, but now we had the ball eighty yards from the goal.

A previous lesson had taught me that we should be satisfied with a tie in such circumstances. It was too late to gamble. I therefore decided to remove Harry Herbert, the quarterback, because I feared for his judgment. He was a fighting quarterback—the type that would risk a chance play to get up there again. In place of Herbert I sent forth Benny Moses, a smart little quarterback and a great passer. My last instruction was: " Don't you pass."

I did not realize until afterward how deceitful the English language can be. Moses heard, but understood me to mean only that he, personally, was to do no passing. On the next play, Reeves Baysinger dropped back in kick formation to throw a long spiral down the field. Moses scurried across the turf to make the catch, but the ball never approached him. One W. and J. tackle broke through and blocked the ball as it left Baysinger's hand. The other tackle, Weiderquist, caught it and dashed away to a touchdown. For the crowd it was a joyful climax; for me it was tragedy.



As a rule, the spectators are partisan, and they feel with the players.

It often happens that the contrast between the frenzied crowd and the calm player is laughable. Ralph Hewitt, the Columbia quarterback, decided in desperation last year to attempt a drop kick against Cornell. To accomplish it, Hewitt would have had to make a boot of fifty-three yards. Yet that fact barely disturbed him.

" Boys," he announced, " I'm going to pop one over." With unsurpassed poise, coolness, and accuracy, he did. Hewitt was perfectly relaxed, but the tension was so great on the Columbia bench that Lou Little, the coach, fell over backward at the shock.

THE height of tension in spectators was reached a dozen years ago when my Syracuse team, undefeated in the East, accepted a postseason game with Indiana, which beat us 10 to 7. Indiana had been having a poor season and was hardly hopeful of victory; so that when it gained its lead, Jumbo Stein, the Indiana coach, knelt on the side line and, with clasped hands upraised, prayed devoutly that his team might hold its advantage. Meanwhile the Indiana stands rocked with the yell, " Hold 'em, Indiana! "—the only cheer they had perfected all season.

In only one phase of the football pageant do the spectators fail to appreciate the full meaning. When an injury takes place, the crowd is lacking in sympathy. I mean heartfelt sympathy. They cheer the player when he gets up or when he is carried out, but they are, as a rule, quick to forget. This state of mind is not hard to understand. The importance of the accident is not always clear to them, and usually the suffering of the men is far more than the spectator could understand or detect.

I came across an unhappy episode involving an injury and some ironic humor only a few years ago in a contest between New York University and Colgate. The central figure was Jack Connor, whom I still regard as the best quarterback I ever coached.

New York University, on the basis of its performances up to that date, was expected to win. On the second play of the game Connor went hurtling through the Colgate line for a substantial gain. It seemed that then and there he decided on a set plan of attack. He called for barely anything but plays directly into the opposing line. All through the first half he adhered religiously to this set plan. I thought he should have tried a few forward passes, but I reserved criticism. My faith in Connor was supreme. I waited until the team was in the dressing room between halves before offering a suggestion. Connor was seated in a corner, apparently absorbed in thought.

" Well, you see where you have them now," I began. " You've hammered that line to smithereens. The backs have been drawn in to back it up. Do you know what to do? "

THE answer, of course, was a mere formality. He was to throw forward passes. He simply looked up at me confidently, with that winning expression which gave him the nickname of Smiling Jack, and said: " Tomatoes! "

I nodded with satisfaction and went about other duties, congratulating myself on having such a smart quarterback. It was a pleasure.

The second half started, and Connor's tactics remained unchanged. I sent in substitutes with messages. Connor continued calling principally for line bucks. Still I did not want to withdraw him. My faith in him carried over. Once, within four yards of the goal, he sent Frank Briante into the opposing line four times in succession. N. Y. U. was always turned back, and the game ended with Colgate achieving a scoreless tie.

Here indeed was a problem for me. Connor had not only used poor strategy but had ignored my instructions down to the final whistle. I tried moderate disciplinary measures, but they had no effect. Finally, on Tuesday night, seventy-eight hours after the game, I discovered that Connor was suffering from a mild concussion of the brain! He remembered nothing that had happened after he had used his head for a ramrod on the second play. When I learned the truth, the whole game flashed before me as a complete picture. I felt that I should have known. Connor fortunately recovered quickly, but I had learned another lesson.

There is but one sound defense against injuries—a sound body. I have made it my policy with every squad I ever coached to bring the boys down to the opening game as near to physical perfection as possible. That is a fetish which once caused me some embarrassment.

Keeping the players fit was my chief concern when Syracuse made the transcontinental trip to Southern California in 1924. For the full three days of travel through the West, aside from a three-day stop-over at Albuquerque, New Mexico, the boys were kept dressed in sweat shirts and sweat pants so that they could detrain at every stop to snap through light exercise and signal practice. Naturally we always attracted small crowds. The train stopped about four times a day. From every town news dispatches were sent East saying that Syracuse had stopped off there for a brief workout. I have been told that newspaper offices doubted the veracity of the reports because of their great frequency.

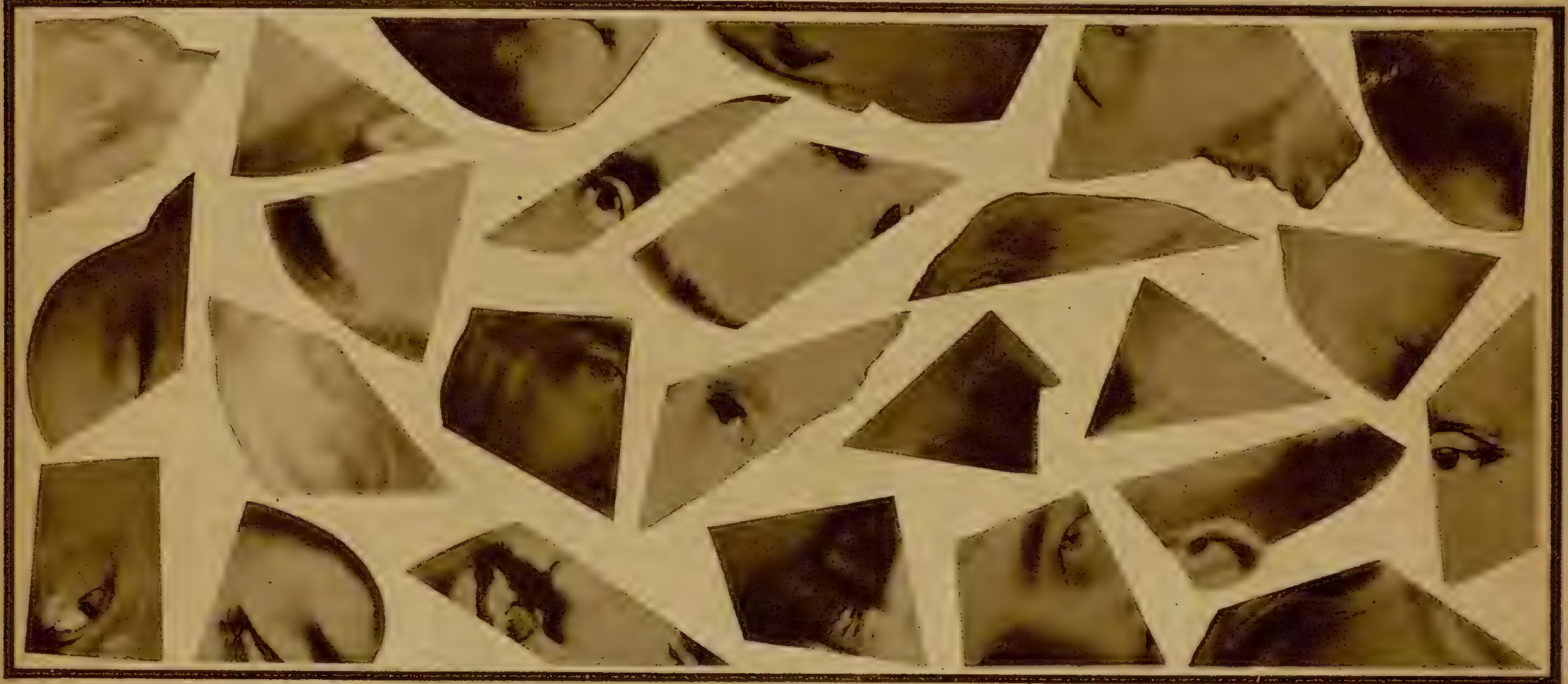
Upon returning home, it took me some time to convince friends that the dozen dispatches in three days were legitimate. Even then they accused me of " putting on a show "—as if that were something foreign to a football coach's business!

THE END

Here's Puzzle No. 7

$5,000 JIG-SAW CONTEST

ONLY THREE MORE TO SOLVE!



Liberty Offers 311 Worth-While Cash Awards And Your Chance Is Excellent!

HERE we are, folks, well into the Jig-Saw Contest home stretch. Here is puzzle No. 7 in the great game for $5,000 in cash prizes. When you have solved this there will be but three more puzzles to hurdle before you dash across the finish line. And then comes the distribution of the prize checks just as soon as the judges can confer and make their awards. Will your name go up?

Your chance to win depends on you alone. You certainly can win. But not unless you finish out the course.

Get busy right now and solve this week's puzzle and then take the last three in stride.

The puzzle above solves into portraits of three people you should be able to identify without the least difficulty once you have pasted all of the pieces into their correct relation. When you have finished this puzzle you will have pasted up and identified twenty-one pictures. Next week's puzzle will supply three more.

Then there will be only six more pictures needed to complete your entry. The end, and the prize money, is almost in sight!

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$1,000
Second Prize	500
Third Prize	100
8 Fourth Prizes, each $50, total	400
300 Fifth Prizes, each $10, total	3,000
311 Prizes ... Total	$5,000

The RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a jig-saw puzzle comprised of the pictures of people who have been, or now are, prominent in the news of the day and whose pictures are frequently seen in newspapers, magazines, and elsewhere.

2—Each week's puzzle when cut apart and correctly assembled will result in three separate and complete pictures.

3—Write plainly, or print, the name of the person it portrays below each picture.

4—Save all solutions until you have a complete set of thirty pictures identified.

5—Then write one letter of not more than seventy-five words, by which each entry must be accompanied, telling "What I most admire about the character of one of the persons I have identified in this contest."

6—You need not purchase Liberty nor cut out the printed puzzles in order to compete. You may trace the puzzles from the magazine and assemble your solutions from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

7—When you have your complete set of thirty pictures identified, attach your seventy-five-word letter and send by first-class mail to JIG-SAW, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8—All entries must be received before the close of business Friday, November 27, 1931.

9—For the set of solutions most nearly correct accompanied by the best letter Liberty will award $1,000; for the next best, $500; for the next best, $100, etc., according to the accompanying cash prize schedule.

10—The judges will be appointed by Liberty Magazine. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries can be returned nor can we enter into any correspondence relative thereto. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

11—Announcement of awards will be made in the earliest issue of Liberty Magazine compatible with careful and accurate judging.

PUZZLE NO. 8 OF THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR HERE NEXT WEEK

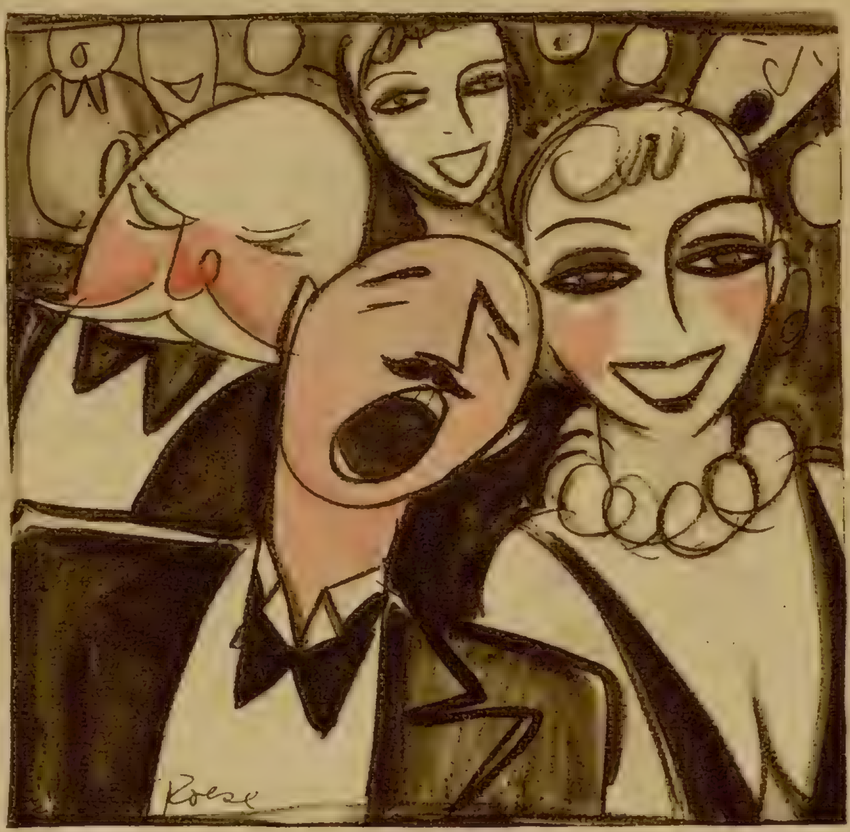
Hiccoughing Makes Us Fat

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by HERBERT F. ROESE

(Reading time: 6 minutes 15 seconds.)

SO many simple little actions have been recently discovered to be fattening, there is hardly any move we can make, voluntary or involuntary, which does not put on weight for us. We have been told that laughing makes us fat, that sleeping after meals makes us fat, that drinking water makes us fat (or thin, according to which day of the week you read about it); and, although I haven't seen it specifically stated, I have no doubt that it has been discovered that yawning and sneezing are in the class with all the rest of the fatty tissue builders (who, by the way, seem to be just the busiest little builders since the days when the pyramids were being thrown together).



I am sure you will admit that a good rousing sneeze is one of life's sensational pleasures.

But, if you will notice, all of these fatty functions are rather pleasant ones.

Laughing, dozing, and yawning are certainly lots of fun.

Though there may be some opposition to sneezing as a pastime, I am pretty sure that, if you will be quite honest, you will admit that a good rousing sneeze, one that tears open your collar and throws your hair into your eyes, is really one of life's sensational pleasures. You may say, "Oh, darn it!" in between sneezes and try to act as if you weren't enjoying it, but, as an old hay-fever sufferer, I know the kick that can lie in a good sneezing spell, provided you have the time to give to it and aren't trying to thread a needle.

In the midst of all these little pleasures of life which are to be denied us if we want to keep thin, it seemed to me that hiccoughing ought to be proved fattening, thereby introducing something we *don't* like to do. I don't know of anyone who has a good word to say for hiccoughing. It is pretty easy to prove that almost anything makes people fat. All you have to do is drag out the old cells and gland secretions and talk about how they secrete fat in the blood and hide it away for the winter months. If you can get a dog or a cat in a cage and can make them do whatever the thing is you are studying, you ought to be able to prove your point in about fifteen minutes.

They put a dog and a cat in cages side by side the other day, and made them awfully cross at each other by telling the dog what the cat had been saying about him and the cat what the dog was telling his cronies about her, and, by testing the animals' blood before and after the hard feeling began, they discovered that they were both quite a bit thinner by supper time. It wasn't stated what their weight was *after* supper, or when the two had made up their little tiff, but it is safe to say that they both put on about three pounds each. I've tried those reducing gags myself and all that they do is make me hungry.

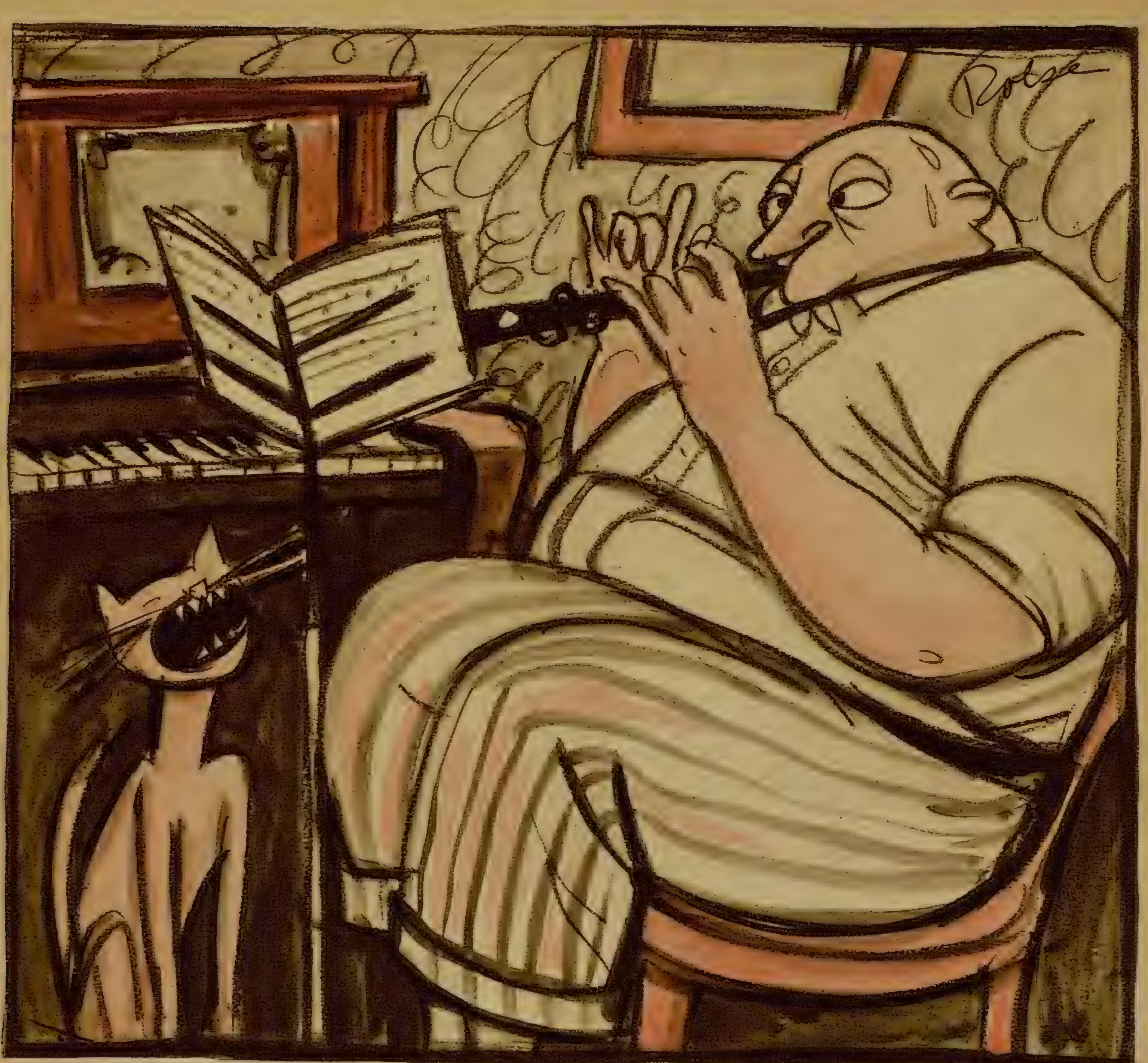
However, as not many people know what hiccoughing really is—except that it is a damned nuisance—it will be perfectly safe to go ahead on the cellular theory for a starter. You must know that our wonderful Human Machine (wonderful except for about three hundred flaws which can be named on the fingers of one hand) is made up of countless billions of little cells called "cells," and that it is the special duty of some of these little body cells to store up fat. And I will say this for them: they do their duty.

I have got a set myself which lean over backward in their devotion to their duty. They must have little mottoes up on the walls of their workshop reading: Do It Now! and A Shirker Never Wins.

I sometimes think that they get other cells in from an agency to help them when it looks as if they weren't going to get their quota of fat secreted by five o'clock, for they haven't fallen down once on the job as yet. I wish I could say as much for the cells whose duty it is to *destroy* fat. I suspect that my fat-destroying cells drink, or else they don't get enough sleep. Something is slowing them down, I know that.

Now, let us say for the purposes of argument (not a very hot argument, just kidding) that the process of hiccoughing is a muscular reaction caused by an excess secretion of the penal glands (I made that one up, but there ought to be a penal gland if there isn't). You have been sitting, let us say, at a concert, or have been trying to play the flute, and have become exhausted. This exhaustion sets loose a nervous toxin which, in turn, sets loose five homing pigeons which try to fly out of your mouth. This is what we know as hiccoughs, or "the hicks."

If it were not for these hiccoughs, the fatigue poison set loose by the exhaustion would act on the cells and destroy great quantities of fat, making it necessary for us to take in our clothing two or three inches. But the hiccoughs, or escaping pigeons, step in and relieve the



You have been trying to play the flute, and have become exhausted. This sets loose a nervous toxin.

toxic condition, thereby leaving the fat where it was—and you know where *that* is. In my experiments I had no cats or dogs to place in cages, but I used an aunt who was visiting us and who hadn't been doing much around the house to pay for her keep. I placed her in a cage, and in the cage next her placed a parrot which she insists on carrying about visiting with her wherever she goes. After testing the blood of both the aunt and the parrot and giving them some candy to keep them quiet, I tried to induce hiccoughs in the aunt. This was not so easy, as she didn't want to hiccough.

NOW, hiccoughing is all very easy to fall into when you don't want to, but there doesn't seem to be any way in which to induce it out of thin air. I showed the aunt pictures of people hiccoughing, thinking to bring it on by suggestion. But she wouldn't look. I tried giving imitation hiccoughs myself, but succeeded only in bringing on an acute attack of real ones which I didn't want. (Unfortunately, I had neglected to test my own blood beforehand, so these were of no use in the experiment.)

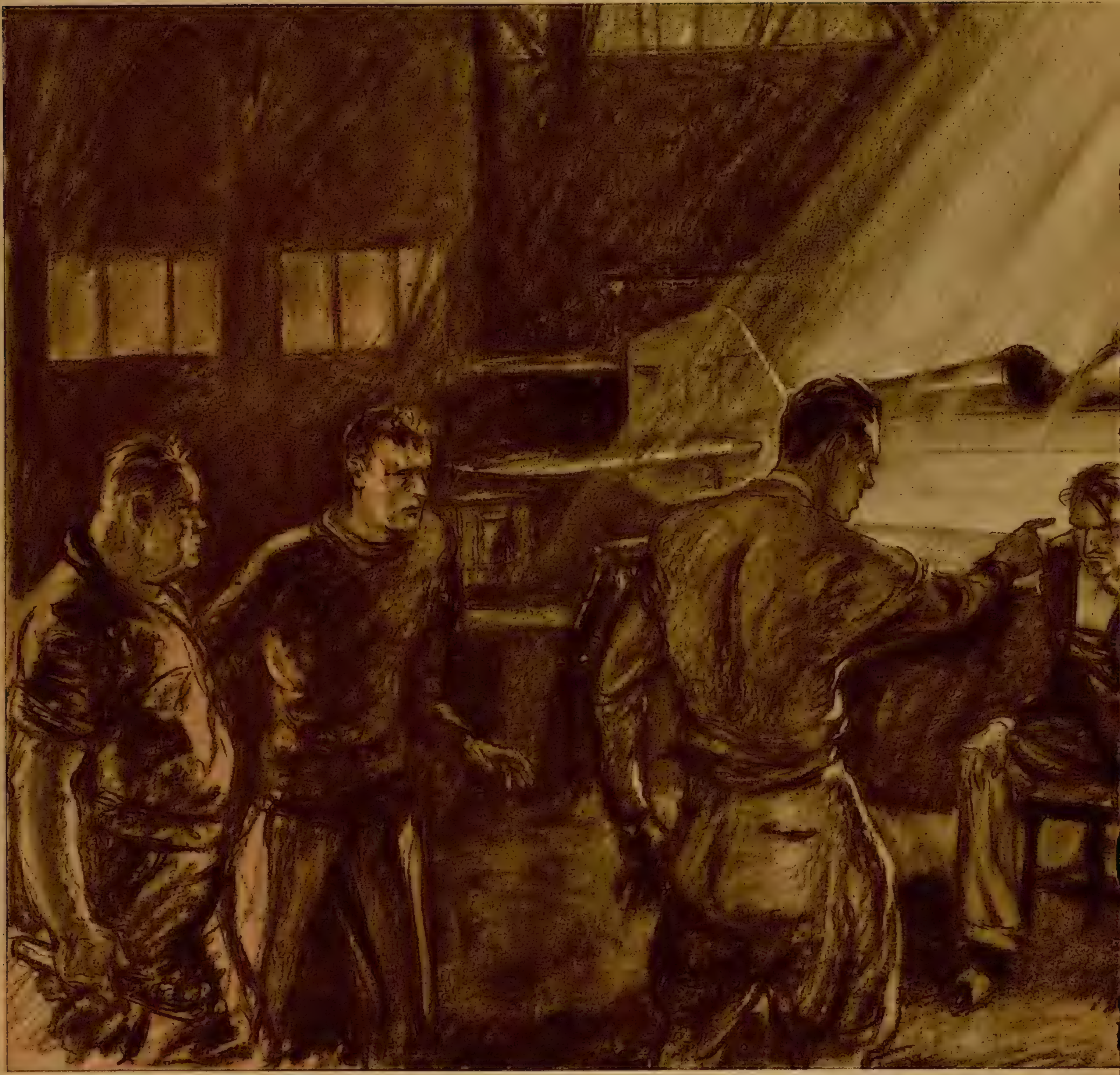
My own hiccoughing, however, got my aunt to laughing, and that, together with the candy, set up quite a decent little attack of hiccoughs. This, in turn, excited the parrot, who was accustomed to mock my aunt to the point of rudeness, and he began a series of imitation hiccoughs which were as irritating as they were unskillful.

Things went on like this for several days, when finally the parrot gave up the whole thing and took to singing instead. My aunt and I were spasmodically hiccoughing, but it was nothing to what it had been when the fit was at its height. In fact, I had plenty of time between hiccoughs to make blood tests of the aunt and to try to make one of the parrot. The parrot, however, would have none of it, and so I am unable to report on the effect of hiccoughing on the weight of birds.

As far as my aunt goes (and that is pretty far) I have data to show that she gained four pounds during the seizure, owing entirely to the elimination of the fat-destroying poisons through the agency of hiccoughing.

Thus we find that all fattening pastimes are not pleasurable. This is going to revolutionize the science of weight reduction, for the whole thing has been hitherto based on the theory that we mustn't do the things we want to do and must do the things we dislike (I mention no names in this latter group, but certain forms of lettuce and green vegetables will know whom I am referring to). Now, if we are to keep from doing even one disagreeable thing, like hiccoughing, the whole tide may turn, and by 1933 it may be so that the experts will tell us *not* to do the unpleasant things (and then where will you be, my fine lettuce?) and to go in strong for everything that gives us pleasure.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.



LOST SQUAD

(*Reading time: 24 minutes.*)

THIS is a story of aërial adventure, told by "Red," a member of a squadron of stunt flyers working on a motion picture with de Forst directing and Nena Follette, de Forst's wife, as star. One by one the flyers cracked up unaccountably until Red discovered that control wires were being burned with acid. De Forst was killing for camera thrills! Infuriated, Red trapped him in a closet, intending to shoot him. When Gibson, the squadron's captain, interfered, Red threatened to shoot Gibson.

PART FIVE—ONE LIFE LESS

"GO on—shoot! You coward!" said Gibson.

He was within ten feet of me. I glanced at the knob. At Gibson. At the door. What corner would de Forst be in? I'd have to aim fast—pull quick! I kicked open the door. A wild, agonized scream came from within.

"Please, O God, don't let him kill me like this. Gibson, Gibson! Stop him. He's going to shoot!"

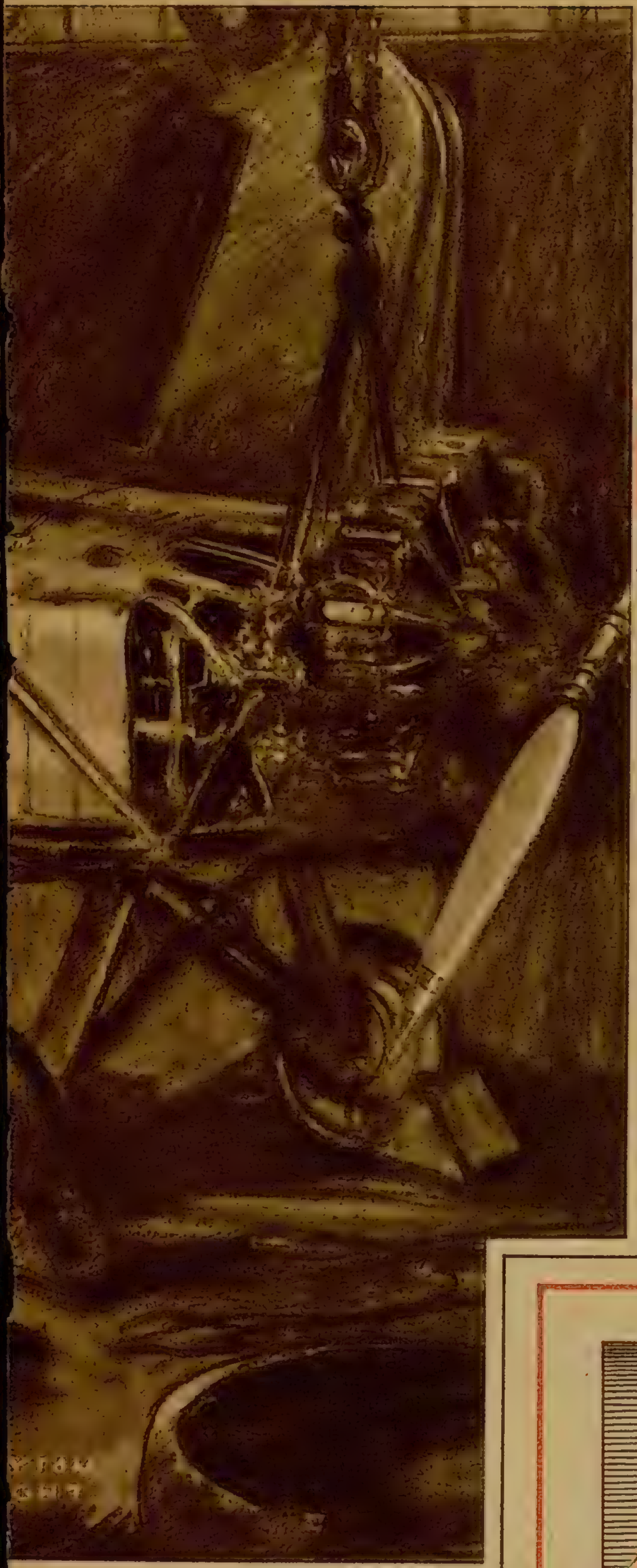
My lip curled as I looked at the cowering body. A thrill went up and down my spine as my hand sought the little lever. One press and it would be over. One little press.

I saw Gibson coming. He was close. My fingers were set. "Even Gibson can't stop me now," I thought.

"Don't! I'm begging." The hands of the rat were clasped in prayer.

"You will, will you?" The voice in my ear was deafening. "You will murder!" It was Gibson. I yelled madly as he hit me.

Everything went black. But I pressed the trigger. My mind went through all the mechanism of the thought action. Explosion. Something exploded. Maybe it was Gibson's fist. More than likely the gun. If the gun, then de Forst had directed his last scene.



A Story of Flying Death and a Thrill Builder's Finish

By

DICK GRACE

"CERTAINLY you're going to pay. Just what they did. And there are three here to see that you do, de Forst. If we hang for it, we will."

Pictures by Clayton Knight

RON

WHEN I came to, old Fritz was dipping water out of the lower part of the water container, and for the second time that day it seemed as if I were being drowned. It cooled me somewhat. I felt a great sense of relief. I had not shot Gibson. He was standing in front of the door of the Place. I remembered. I had shot de Forst.

"That'll do, Fritz," Gibson said, not taking his eyes from the interior of the Place. "Bolt that." He pointed to the roller door of the hangar.

I sat up. My jaw was sore—aching. Gibson's knuckles were skinned. At first I looked at him with hate. But I just couldn't hate him. He was so white. Fair. He smiled a little wanly at me as I arose to my knees, and said, "Sorry, Red, you old bum, but I'd rather knock you out than have the seat of your pants tanned in an electric chair."

"Oh—it's O. K.," I mumbled as I got to my feet. "Lost my nerve, I guess. Should have shot you."

"Don't do me any favors," he smiled. "Are you all right?"

I nodded. "I was a little bit loco. I killed de Forst?"

"Didn't squeeze your hand hard enough." A short silence; then, "How long do you think you've been out?"

"Seems like an hour."

"About fifteen seconds. Get that sash cord over there. You're going to have to use it in a minute."

I stepped over until I could see the inside of the little room. There was de Forst. Pale. Shaken. Chattering like an ape.

"Go on. Don't wait until this rat gets some courage."

I GRABBED a bundle of twisted cord which we used to tie down ships in bad weather.

"Come out here. Keep your arms to your sides," Gibson ordered.

De Forst rose to his knees. Fell on his hands. Straightened up and stood. He looked as though he might collapse.

I pitied him for a bare moment. Then once again I saw the last quiver of Phil's body. I could feel the warm blood surging to my head, my arms, my finger tips. And I itched to get those fingers on him.

He seemed to gather strength as he stood there. He knew he was safe from death at the instant. Had heard Gibson save his life.

A smile of sarcastic irony passed along the edge of the left corner of his mouth. In the old days that would have been followed by a temperamental outburst of curses. But for once the great and mighty de Forst stood before two stunt men more or less the lamb. And for the first time in the history of motion pictures, stunt men had something to say as to who should get temperamental.

"You're a great specimen of a man, aren't you?" gibed Gibson. "Red, tie his arms to his sides. No—not that far down. Let him have the use of them from his elbows."

I went around in back of him, bound him a dozen or so times from the waistline up.

"Put that straight-back chair over near the fuselage of 707. Out of sight of that window. Fritz, close those shutters. Think we want the whole world in on this?"

He was full of orders. What was his idea? Did he rescue de Forst from me just so he could have the satisfaction of blowing the coward's brains out himself? Perhaps, I thought. At least, he had a senior right to the honor. It was his squadron.

"Now," said Gibson, "put out all the lights except that work light near the motor and the one on my desk."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LOST SQUADRON
Continued from page sixty-one

"The son-of-a-gun!" I yelped as I went over to the Place. "Do you know what that guy did?"

"What?"

"All the time Phil was dying the pup was sitting in there drinking my Black and White."

Gibson grinned. "When we're through with this monkey we're going to lay in, lock the doors, and open the best case of liquor we can buy from that boy in the hotel."

"Yeh, and I'll be drinking to you fellows' health when you board the train for San Quentin." It was the first peep from de Forst.

"You're talking from a pretty hot spot right now, and it's liable to be hotter soon," said Gibson.

De Forst attempted to straighten up.

"I heard you telephone the police. That fool cut you off." He pointed to me. "They'll chase up that call to the operator. Ought to be on their way out here before another thirty minutes."

"And what does that mean to you?" asked the cap.

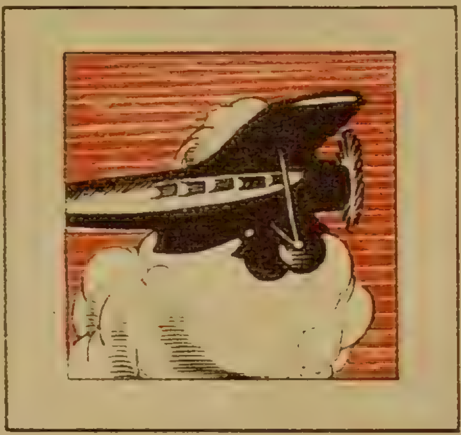
"I'd rather be in their hands than yours," he rasped.

"Red, can I trust you?" Gibson asked. I nodded.

"Take this gun. Keep it aimed six inches down from the shoulder and three inches to the left of his chest bone. De Forst just put me wise.

IN five minutes he had told headquarters the whole story—that is, the whole story as far as they were concerned. He explained that we had found some of the controls burned with acid, and that it would be murder if he could prove it. Yes, he had the wires. Didn't want any help. We'd make a complete report in the morning and submit the evidence for their investigation. And (I laughed as I heard Gibson lie so glibly) he had no suspicion as to who was guilty. Gibson continued: "Sorry we were cut off a few minutes ago. If I find any further evidence when I continue my examination of the wreck, I'll call for you."

De Forst scowled a bit. He sat on the edge of the chair, folding and unfolding his hands with nervous deliberation. His eyes alternately strayed from one to the other of us. Peculiarly, he looked at us in a straightforward manner. I'd always heard before that criminals and crooks could not stand to give and take such an exchange. King Arthur was still in his court. At least he thought he was. He watched Fritz close the shutters high in the wall to the right and almost back of him with an interest that seemed to betoken absolute disinterest in his surroundings.



"You fellows must be looking for a flock of trouble," he snorted.

"Sure," answered Fritz. "We've found it."

"Not yet you haven't. When I get out of here—"

"Pardon me," I cut in ironically. "*If* you get out—"

"—When I get out of here you're all a cinch for arrest."

"Your reasoning may be correct," said Gibson in a quiet voice, "but so far I see nothing we could be held for."

A half chuckle gurgled from de Forst's throat. "I suppose being forced at the point of a gun into a hell-hole like that"—he nodded to the Place—"is not enough to drive a man insane, when I've got a scene in the air which means life or death to a pilot."

Gibson reddened. "Here, Red, let me have that"; and he took the gun from me. I knew he didn't dare trust me too far with it. He took it from me and laid it carefully on the edge of his desk.

"You might as well have your say out," he said to de Forst.

"You know I will. I'm used to it. All right. I'm confined at a pistol point. I'm dragged out and tied to a chair. There'll be enough charges against you three if you let me go now. But if you don't—"

"Yes—what if we don't?" I snarled.

"Well, if I'm not let free this moment you three will be charged with Tate's murder!"

Even Gibson was startled with the audacity of such a plan.

"In court it's your word against mine," de Forst continued. "I don't know what grudge you had against the kid, but I think you framed him—just like you're trying to frame me."

"Sure," laughed Gibson; "and what Red heard you and the Limey plotting was all part of our scheme."

"I'm not trying to make out your case. I'm just telling you what I'm going to go to court with; and, as I said, it's your word against mine—mine and Epic Pictures. If you think they'll do anything but indict and convict your conniving—"

"Shut up. That's all there'll be," Gibson rasped.

"For God's sake," I pleaded, "let's not waste time, Gibson. There's no justice in the courts for us. He's right in everything he says. With Epic Pictures with him, they'll frame us until we're the ones. It's not the first time, and you know it. What about the scene in which John Ames blew up a mast while they were making Old Glory? A couple were killed and half a dozen injured. Didn't we go and see one poor devil in the Hollydale Hospital? What did he say? They'd planted dynamite at the bottom of that mast against the orders of everyone. One of the sailors who had to climb up a yardarm found they were about to be tricked, and returned to the deck and put all the explosives under lock and key. Afterwards they found the lock broken. And later that fellow with the twisted leg didn't dare leave the hospital, or testify, or they'd have cut off his lousy twenty a week compensation."

The three of us—Gibson, Fritz, and myself—had crowded close to the chair which held de Forst. I think my plea must have impressed the old captain, for he stood as if undecided.

"Better do away with him," warned Fritz. "If we don't, he'll never get what's coming to him. Just let me tap him over the head. All his worries will be over."

"No. He'll have his chance first."

"Chance!" both Fritz and I hollered.

"We'll give him one opportunity to spill all he knows, and if he doesn't, then—"

"Suppose that means a confession, doesn't it?" De Forst smiled sarcastically.

"Yes—one that will be signed and be witnessed."

"THAT'S a laugh. Gibson, you ought to know better! Anything I signed would be under duress—force. No court would admit it."

"There are exceptions," said Gibson meaningly.

"Well, suppose I won't. You mean you'll murder me?"

"There's got to be justice somewhere," said Gibson.

I was gathering his whole plan now. I knew he'd not let de Forst be harmed.

"This field is not entirely deserted. There's the watchman," insinuated de Forst.

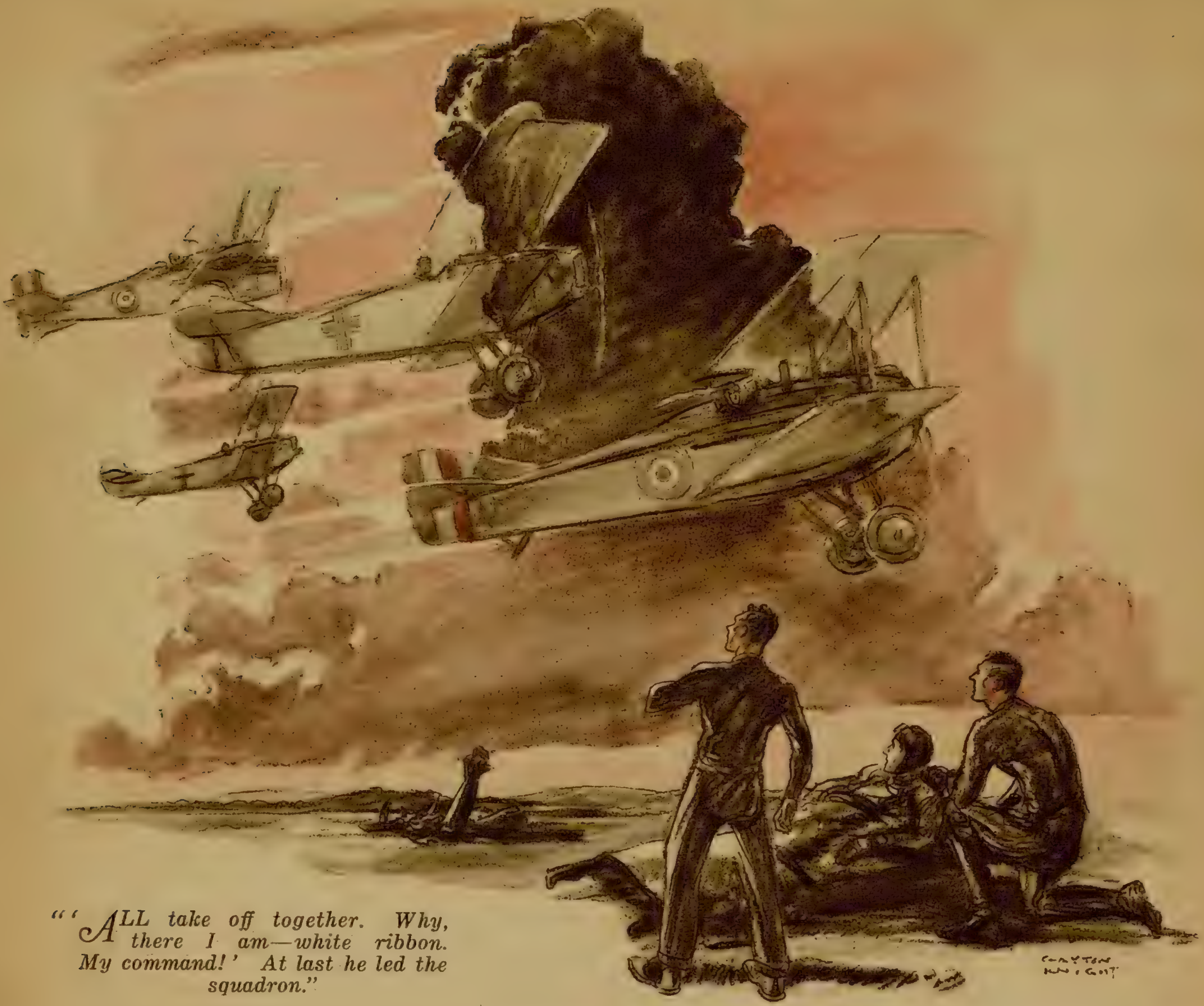
"If you let one yip out of you you're done for—and that's not just a threat." A hard expression came into the captain's eyes.

"But they'd get you," challenged de Forst.

"They'll get me anyway if you're dead in the morning—but they'd never hear your holler for help tonight. Listen to that." A whining whistle pervaded the air.

"Do you know what that is? It's those beautiful clouds you needed for back-lighting that last shot. Those clouds that were black at the top and bluish yellow at the bottom. The yellow bottoms are opening up, spilling the sand and dirt they've gathered from the desert. Look—" He pointed to the splotch of congealed blood that marked the spot where Phil had died. Already the edges of it were drifted over with dry yellow dust. De Forst shuddered slightly at the sight.

"It's a regular old Santa Ana and it's just breakin



"'ALL take off together. Why, there I am—white ribbon. My command!' At last he led the squadron."

loose. Before morning there'll be eucalyptus and pepper trees across the roads and there'll be automobiles without windshields, tops, or a sign of paint. It blasts everything—even voices, de Forst."

"My wife's car's out there," whined the director, and then his face brightened.

They'll miss me at home and the studio, he thought; someone will come for me. Nena! She wanted the Coconut Grove tonight. She had planned on it. She would contact the studio. Perhaps the field. Undoubtedly she'll come out if I'm not back by eleven.

Gibson turned to Fritz. "Take those tie ropes and stake down the ships. Search his pockets and get his car keys. Park it back of the old dump ground where it can't be seen."

THE weak, expressive face of the director was a blank. Suddenly the panic of his real danger confronted him. The shell of bravado fled and left open to the world the true nature of the man who had made Hollywood's greatest thrillers.

Gibson, as if divining his thoughts, came back from bolting the door as Fritz left, and stood eying him intently.

"You know now what it is to be helpless, de Forst. You know just a little bit how it feels to sit in a cockpit without controls and wait. You are frightened. You don't want to die. You are afraid to be alone with us—those of us who are left. You are afraid of the wind. And you are afraid of that pool of blood.

"It's blood you put there. It's blood that will never be washed out of that oily cement. If you lived centuries it's blood that you could not get away from. You are afraid of it. Yet on the wall are the helmets of five you saw go—five you sent. They'll be waiting for you in that Squadron of the Dead. They'll want to pick your bones. Revenge for the spoiled lives of those they left behind. You are going to them, sooner or later. They will never rest, de Forst. They're in the wind tonight—flying those phantom ships in helmets of black. And each eye socket is looking for you!"

There were but two lights in the hangar: the one on the captain's desk, and the one which was incased in a wire protector and which hung over the skeletonlike motor of the ship 707. The light from those two bulbs left huge shadows and dark corners. The pictures on the walls were darkened, the helmets on the pegs bare outlines. De Forst, backed up against the fuselage of the ship, was not in the direct rays of either light, yet I could see the trembling of his lips, the half-wild look in his eyes.

And Gibson. He faced the rays of the work light. His eyes burned with a half-insane, a crazy glow. It was almost as if he were another person. I'm sure he wasn't the calm old-young man I'd known. While he was speaking Fritz had come back. Yet he seemed oblivious of Fritz, or of me. I let Fritz in, rolled the squeaking door shut. Bolted it. When I came back Gibson was still talking. It gave me a strange feeling. It must have affected Fritz the same way. Both of us stood back in the shadows, listening.

"You bought something," the cap was saying. "You bought something which can never be paid for. Neither you nor Epic Pictures nor the whole American public. You bought lives! Lives that didn't want to be bought. They didn't have to be. They'd have given them to you for friendship. Well—we're starting with tonight, de Forst. You're going to make the first installment."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LOST SQUADRON
Continued from page sixty-three

"For God's sake, stop! Let me go. Let me out of here."

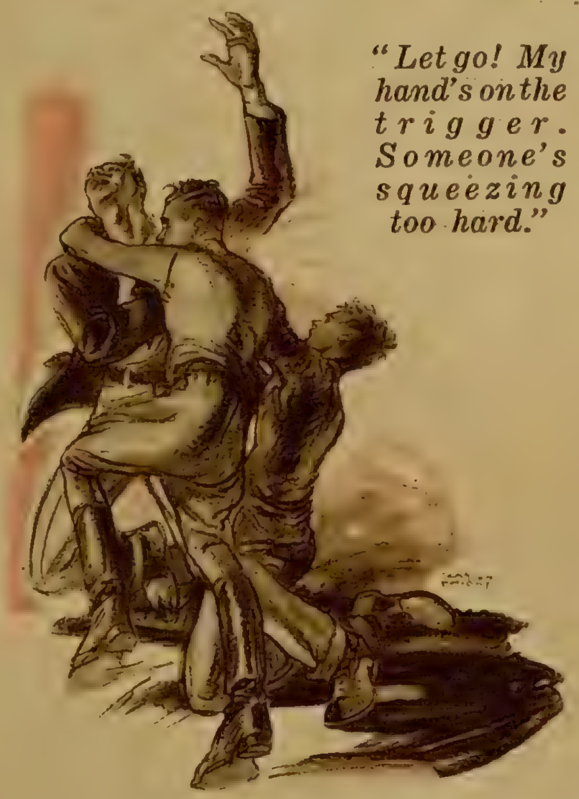
Gibson laughed crazily.

"I'll pay. I'll give you anything I've got. My home, my car, money—all!"

"That's it," cried the captain. "All! You're going to give all. Like Baxter, Baker, Jackson. Like little Phil. You didn't see him as we brought him in. No. You were cringing back of the door of the Place, having a drink. And for every drop you took he was losing two. You didn't see his eyes as he snapped out of it to give us the last take-off. But you could hear him. I suppose you thought of the thrill in your picture when he cried, 'The black won.' Sure the black won—death. You didn't see the poor devil's face turn to gray or see his arms quiver. All you heard was: 'Why, it's Baxter! Baker! And Jackson. Formation flying—all take off together. Why, *there I am*—white ribbon. My command!' . . .

"Last command! Certainly. At last he led the squadron. Over on the other side they always honor the new pilot that way. Certainly you're going to pay. You'll give *all*. Just what they did. And there are three here to see that you do, de Forst. If we hang for it, we will. Not because we want it. Because they demand it. They're here tonight to see that justice is theirs."

"No—no! You couldn't do that—"



"Let go! My hand's on the trigger. Someone's squeezing too hard."

"I COULDN'T?" raged Gibson. Look at the spot. It's covered by dust now. I couldn't?" De Forst raised his half-crazed eyes to the blood spot. A few feet from the work-light bulb, it shone, with its ragged edges described in horrible nicety.

Ghastly moment. Nightmares. The shutter high in the wall crashed open with what to all of us then was an explosion. Fritz in his excitement must have half hooked the draw chain to the safety below. It clattered open with all the force of that Santa Ana back of it, ripping its chains, stripping its hinges from their supports. Momentarily it hung there, poised on its edge. Then, as a fresh gust of wind struck it, it ripped itself free of the last hinge and clattered outward and downward. I was about to spring for the cord of the work light. Fritz gripped my arm. The heavy steel shutter caught the small electric strands and carried them with it in its downward path. The wires became taut. The work bulb moved; flipped completely over the motor; landed in a confusion of sounds with the shutter—and went out just as if someone had turned off the switch.

It was almost dark. The lamp on the captain's desk had a green shade which cut down the light in the hangar so much that all of us were but faintly silhouetted figures.

No one spoke. De Forst's fast breathing was the only thing audible. It wasn't like the sound of a person breathing. It was a rattle that seemed to come from his throat or far down in his lungs.

The wind was raging, howling about the corners of the building. Dust and dirt were flying through the gaping hole. And through all that jumble of noise and the silence that followed not one of us moved. We were frozen to the spots we were in—Fritz and I. Gibson, stopped by the happening, stood as if he thought that the spirits of that old squadron on the other side had just entered the hangar in formation. And de Forst, paralyzed beyond a throat gurgle, just sat there disgorging from some part of his body that rasping rattle.

I'm only human. I believe what I see. I try not to believe anything else. I have no imagination. I am superstitious. That can't be helped. Sometimes you see more than you see, and if you are wise you'll listen to more than you can hear. There's something more than the lonely little earth in which we live. I know. I've had too many hunches—things that originate from outside of me.

That shutter didn't tear from its hinges for nothing. Why should it?—just as the cap was spouting like that; just when we had a murderer in the hangar; just after Phil's body had been blown to bits and his soul had been carried on the wings of the Santa Ana to the outside boundaries of God's secrets. There was purpose, plan in the whole thing. Always is.

As we stood in that silence of half-witted fright the hangar suddenly became light. Brilliantly light. It stayed that way for seconds, and then seemed consumed in a Stygian darkness. I couldn't see Gibson. I couldn't see Fritz, who was within an arm's length of me. It wasn't darker than before. The light was just too bright.

Again!

I stood staring up at the hole in the wall.

"Look! Look, you, de Forst!" The words came from Gibson. "I said the boys were out. They're here. If you don't believe it, look at that wall!" His arm pointed to the wall opposite—the wall that the pictures were hung on.

My legs trembled. I stood there in a daze, knowing that I was seeing something that I did not see. Slowly that light was traveling from the left to the right. Slowly it brought each of those ghastly pictures into faces. No two were visible at the same time. The gusts of wind, pouring in through the top, blasted against those pictures and they clattered and shook as the light passed from one to another. There was Baxter with a sardonic look on his face, and Baker with a cynical smile. Curwood with his oil-bespattered inquisitiveness, and Jackson with a scowl that would never rub off. Then, last of all—last of all was that peg of Phil's. The peg that had just been filled. The light seemed to linger on that one. Imagination, I guess, and I've tried not to have any. It lingered there and showed us all those incrusting, coagulating spots of blood.

Then the light passed on.

"For God's sake, stop it, Gibson!" yelled de Forst. "I can't stand any more. I'm insane now. I'll sign anything—waive immunity. Write it myself."

Gibson stood as if of stone. "What you are saying is evidence against you." He seemed cold, collected.

"I don't care if you kill me now—but get those faces away! I'll confess. I did it. I killed the kid. Gave Limey money if he'd put acid on the wires. Look. Look in my pocket. He slipped the bottle there afterward."

"Switch on the lights." The order came in crisp tones from the captain.

THE bright lights from the top of the hangar dispelled the ghostliness of corners. It made plain the fact that the light which had spread so over the ghastly pictures on the wall was but the rays of the powerful field beacon. The wind which had seemed so terrifying was forgotten in the moment of suspense. De Forst sat on the chair. Doubled. His long arms, tied as far as his waist, drooped until they almost touched the floor. Convulsive sobs shook his huge, awkward shoulders. And Gibson stood there, just a little pale, his wan eyes and strained face plainly showing the effects of the whole thing.

He went to de Forst.

"Which pocket?" he said rather hoarsely.

"Right—" sobbed the other.

Gibson's hand found the inside of the pocket with difficulty. The ropes about de Forst's waist had to be slid upward. De Forst was still bent forward on the chair. Fritz and I came too. We watched Gibson's face change as the hand grasped something. Watched as he tugged to pull that hand from the pocket. Something ripped. The hand came out. With it a four-ounce bottle, barely half an inch of liquid still in the bottom of it.

We all looked at it. Just three and a half ounces of that little bottle had cost us Phil. The hands of the man who had ordered that stuff spread with a brush on the control cables were now groping for the legs of the chair.

Old Gibson's face did not change.

“Stand up, de Forst,” he commanded.

The other's shoulders moved slowly backward until again they were upright, revealing to us a face such as we had never seen before. The eyes were red, swollen, half closed. Lips dry, parched. Cheek muscles incapable of holding the chattering jaws closed. He stood.

“Red, move that chair over by the cowling.” The cowling was perhaps fifteen feet from the desk, directly in line with the door. “You follow him, de Forst, and plant yourself in it.”

It was done. Gibson had placed himself between de Forst and the desk, upon which lay the loaded automatic.

“Undo his arms.”

I looked at him. It was wrong. I knew that. I almost refused. Gibson saw that too, and his expression changed a bit, became harder if possible. The ropes were undone.

A surprised look came into de Forst's face. He managed to draw the flaps of his mouth closed. Rubbed the wetness from his face. Gibson put Fritz at the door—I suppose as a precaution against de Forst making a sudden bolt for it. He stationed me near himself, between the chair and the desk.

“You watch him,” he said, and hunted through the desk; found a fountain pen and some paper, and then went to de Forst.

“Now.” It was all he said. It wasn't even an order. He walked a few feet away. Was looking up at the hole in the wall. Staring a little absent-mindedly at the beacon's light.

I looked back at de Forst. He was not writing. There was a funny look on his face. A great change. I thought he had his eyes on the desk. Perhaps I was a little too far to one side. Gibson should not have had his back turned. Neither of us realized that we were almost as far from the gun as was de Forst. What neither of us at that moment suspected was that he had as good a chance to get at it as we did, because he'd have a surprise leap ahead of us. I'm still wondering if the old cap did know. If it was all a part of his plan.

De Forst leaped. The paper and pen flew wildly from him. A peculiar, crazy look was in his whole face. My first thought was the gun. I might have been able to trip him, but I wanted the gun. There was that fleeting thought that I'd failed. That he'd get there first. Then I knew I had won. My hands were on the steel barrel, my finger on the trigger. His were on it, too. On it and on me.

“Stay where you are!” yelled Gibson as Fritz started toward the scrap with his ever-ready Stillson. And Gibson was with us.

“Stop it!” he was yelling at me. “Take your hands off it. Let me handle this.” But my hands were there. I had one finger on the trigger, or believed I had. Gibson's hands were there, too. De Forst's, too. Six hands, all fighting, pounding, grabbing. Six feet. Six knees.

“Let go!” I yelled. “My hand's on the trigger. Someone's squeezing too hard. It'll go. Safety off!” Nobody paid any attention. A knee hit me in the pit of the stomach. Knocked the wind from me. We staggered back to the chair. Over to the other side of the hangar. Were over the spot where Phil had died. Someone slipped. I started to fall with them. Then it happened.

A blatant, ear-splitting report. De Forst fell to his knees. Right over the dust-covered spot where Phil had been a few hours before. Gibson and I arose, still holding to the gun.

“Let go,” he ordered. I did.

We stood there for a bare second—looking at that still figure on the cement. The bullet had hit him behind and below the ear.

“Well, I did it,” said Gibson resignedly.

“You!” I bellowed.

“Yes, me.”

“You're a liar.”

“None of that, now. I haven't taken my hand from the trigger since it happened.”

“My hand was there when—”

“Fritz! Start the motor on 707. Get a few coughs out of her before someone comes. Hurry, now! Got to make 'em think that shot was a back fire. Here, you—help me get de Forst into a leather coat.”

“What's the idea?”

“You've crossed me enough, Red. Do as I say for the rest of the night without squawking.”

The Whirlwind on 707 back-fired twice. Gibson grinned for the first time in ages. Then the old motor caught and sent out a series of explosions.

“Give me that ruler; I—”

A loud knock came at the door. Sounded like the butt end of a gun. Gibson looked panic-stricken.

“Hurry! Hurry!” he whispered—and, loud enough so his voice would carry above the motor: “Who's there?”

Only fast thinking can save Gibson and Red. Next week you'll watch their struggle to hide the truth.

S	L	O	W		L	A	B	O	R	E	D		L	A	R	D
L	I	M	E		A	B	A	L	O	N	E		E	R	I	E
A	V	E	R		T	E	N	■	O	D	E		N	I	L	E
B	E	N	E	F	I	T	■	A	S	E	■	A	D	D	E	D
				O	N	■	T	I	T	A	N	S				
S	A	N	E	R	■	P	A	L	E	R	■	H	A	R	E	M
P	R	O	V	E	S	■	P	E	R	■	M	■	T	A	R	A
A	T	T	E	S	T	S	■	D	■	R	I	B	■	T	A	N
R	I	■	S	T	A	L	E	■	C	I	D	E	R	■	S	A
I	S	M	■	S	T	Y	■	V	■	P	A	R	A	P	E	T
N	A	O	S	■	E	■	C	O	O	■	S	A	T	I	R	E
G	N	A	W	S	■	W	H	I	N	E	■	T	E	N	S	E
				H	O	R	A	C	E	■	P	E				
C	H	A	S	E	■	I	R	E	■	L	A	D	D	E	R	S
H	I	R	E		A	T	T	■	A	I	D		A	B	E	L
A	D	I	T		T	H	E	A	T	E	R		B	O	N	E
T	E	A	S		T	E	R	R	E	N	E		S	N	O	W

Answer to the puzzle on page 52

P	O	T		A	P	E	S		A	M	A	H		B	E	T
A	R	E		R	O	M	E		H	A	L	O		A	L	I
T	E	M	P	E	R	E	R		A	R	O	M	A	T	I	C
		P	L	A	T	T	E			I	N	E	R	T		
R	O	T	E	■	S	I	N	N	I	N	G	■	R	E	B	A
O	R	E	A	D	■	C	E	A	S	E	■	F	I	N	I	S
P	A	R	S	E	S	■	D	I	A	■	S	E	V	E	R	E
E	S	S	E	N	C	E	■	L	A	S	T		E	D	D	A
					A	R	S	■	C	O	O					
T	A	L	K		N	A	P	A	■	B	O	R	A	C	I	C
O	L	E	I	N	S	■	E	L	L	■	P	A	R	A	D	E
R	O	O	T	S	■	C	R	E	E	P	■	P	O	L	E	S
S	E	P	T	■	A	R	M	E	N	I	A	■	M	O	A	S
		A	I	S	L	E			A	R	R	E	A	R		
T	H	R	E	A	T	E	N		P	A	R	A	S	I	T	E
R	O	D		M	A	D	E		E	T	O	N		E	A	T
Y	E	S		E	R	S	E		S	E	W	S		S	P	A

Answer to the puzzle on page 53

HAIR TROUBLE?

Read what a renowned scientist has discovered after 30 years of intensive research. Learn from him the **CORRECT** and harmless way to remove dandruff, how to make dry or brittle hair soft and lustrous, how to check an over-oily scalp condition and how to stop an itching scalp. Let him give his answer to the secret sought by mankind for centuries, **"How to cover BALD SPOTS** or how to **REGROW** lost hair." All this and more that is told in a booklet called **A PROFESSOR'S ADVICE** will save you time, money and heartache, and is sent **ABSOLUTELY FREE** upon request by, **LINDAY, 361 WEST 29th ST., N. Y. C.**

Name (Print) ....

Address ....

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1931.

State of New York,
County of New York, } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lee Ellmaker, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Liberty and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Editor William Maurice Flynn, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Owner: Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Stockholder: Macfadden Publications Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Stockholders in Macfadden Publications Inc., Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.; O. J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications only.)

LEE ELLMAKER.

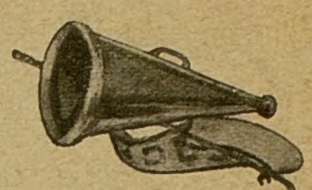
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1931.

(Seal) WESLEY F. PAPE.

Notary Public, Nassau County. Cert. filed in N. Y. Co. No. 542, Reg. No. 2P350.

Commission Expires March 30, 1932.

To the Ladies!



By

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 min. 45 sec.)

REPORTS about seventeen-year-old girls who get drunk are no longer novel. Weather reports aren't novel either. But just as the weather is always news, so I find people endlessly concerned with the wet woes of this dry generation.

Mrs. John S. Sheppard leads a big crusade against dry "despotism." She heads the New York State division of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform. Mrs. Sheppard knows that the women of America had more than their proper share of influence in enacting prohibition here. She thinks they are reaping the greatest measure of sorrow from it.

Mrs. John S. Sheppard

"We took our men out of the saloons," she told me, "only to put our daughters and sons into the speakeasies.

"American women objected to saloons most of all because the saloon keepers had girls in their back rooms to stimulate masculine spending. Now we have got rid of the saloons, but the girls we objected to are still in the back rooms. Plenty of speakeasy owners have them there for the same old reason, and the men are still spending.

"The only difference is that nowadays our respectable daughters go in and see all this, as they never did before."

Mrs. Sheppard has a daughter and three grandchildren. "I have just returned from a trip to Sweden and Norway," she said, "where there is no prohibition and no talk about liquor. There I realized clearly how much better it is for children to grow up without hearing continual conversation about drink, as all children must in this country now."

MALACHITE jewelry has become the latest fashion in Paris. Malachite, you know, is that semiprecious stone as green as grass and striped as a rule with two or three different tones of the emerald hue. Green is such a popular color for clothes in Paris this autumn that the old-style malachite jewelry was bound to come back.

There is plenty of malachite to be found in this country. Old malachite pieces set in silver can be picked up at quite reasonable prices in many antique shops.

Beautiful—but not so cheap—are the earrings and beads of carved Chinese malachite.

With the new brown evening dresses, bracelets and necklaces made of flat malachite squares set in silver are being worn most effectively.

Pouch bags of green velvet to match the jewelry complete the picture. But *don't* wear green shoes. They are no longer smart.

Coral jewelry—the favorite accompaniment of white frocks this summer—will continue to do duty with black velvet. Coral also looks marvelous with dark blue. And dark blue, by the way, is being used a great deal for late fall models in Paris.

HOW tough is raw meat? How tender is it? Experienced guesswork—and the butcher's word—are the only guides we have when we buy meat at present. But this haphazard state of affairs may soon be over. The scientists are now perfecting machines to *measure* the tenderness of meat for us. By and by we'll say, "How tender is that steak?" when we go to the butcher shop. And the butcher will say, "That's a Number Three tender, madam."

The laboratory wizards have rigged up steel jaws which chew raw meat and count the chews on a kind of taximeter. The time and force required to masticate various cuts in this machine determine their respective tenderness or toughness. Processes for making tough meat tender are also being perfected. It has been discovered that meat frozen quickly, then stored for about a week, becomes twenty per cent easier to chew. Rump and rump tenderloin cuts are now scientifically proved to be the tenderest beefsteaks.

All this meat lore came to light recently at the eighty-second convention of the American Chemical Society.

MERRILY I Go to Hell, by Lady Mary Cameron (Brentano's). Piquant adventures of a bishop's daughter who starts young and sees plenty. Amusing.

INSOMNIA has been bothering a friend of mine. Of course she tried the old cure of counting imaginary sheep jump over a fence. But sheep counting made her more wide-awake than ever. "You see, I'm such a citified person," she said, "that I can't remember clearly enough what a live sheep looks like."

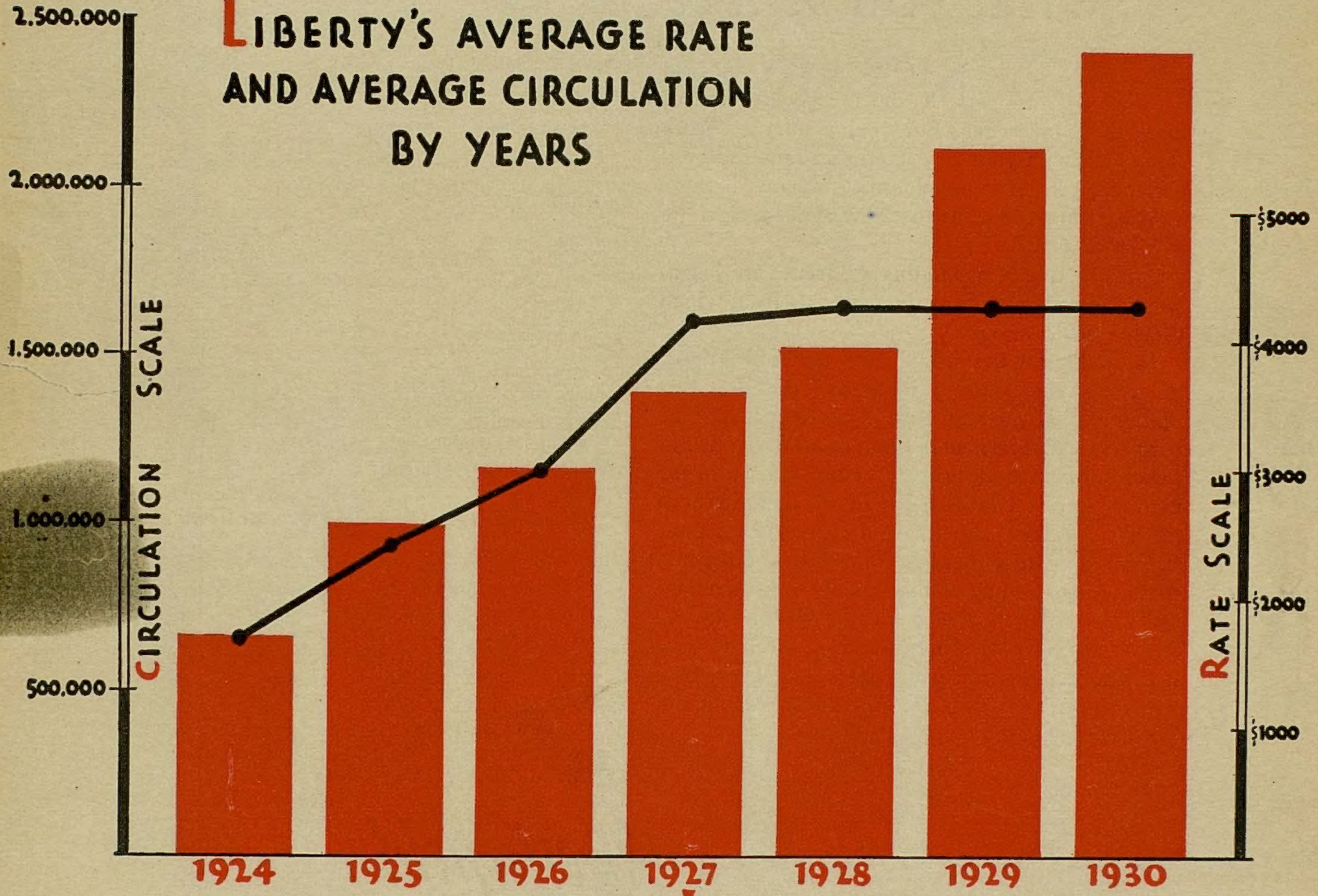
I sympathized with her predicament, and tried to recall other cures recommended by other insomnia sufferers. Mark Twain, for example, who had great difficulty putting himself to sleep, tells how he did the trick by studying the German grammar.

The famous "Gloomy" Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral in London recommends *his own books* to insomnia sufferers. He declares, "Often I find my wife napping peacefully with one of my books upside down on her knee." Boredom seems to be the answer. If you have insomnia try doing something that bores you.

IN nice old-fashioned English country houses breakfast nearly always includes orange marmalade, but for a change they sometimes have a homemade plum preserve called damson cheese. Spread on crisp buttered toast it is delicious with coffee. Try damson cheese if you go in for jam making. It's easy to put up.

Pick your damson plums over carefully, pull off the stalks, wipe with a cloth. Pack tightly in an earthenware jar, close the jar well, and bake until quite soft (three to three and one-half hours) in a slow oven. Then rub the plums through a sieve, and to every pint of pulp add ¾ pound cube sugar, a tiny pinch of ground cinnamon, and a few kernels from the plum stones. Boil about thirty minutes over a slow fire, stirring constantly. It should be almost as dry as cream cheese when done. Place in hot sterilized jars and leave a few weeks before using.

Why LIBERTY'S Cost has DROPPED



$4250 RATE ESTABLISHED MAR. 26, 1927.

AVERAGE RATE BY YEARS >	$1688	$2383	$3000	$4146	$4250	$4250	$4250
AVERAGE CIRCULATION BY YEARS >	624.419	996.528	1.150.110	1.380.451	1.518.842	2.105.414	2.401.416

CIRCULATION *(99% Voluntary)* INCREASED 74% WITHOUT RATE INCREA

Square this

with what you *hear*
. . . what you *read*
. . . what you *believe*

NOWADAYS you read and hear every kind of thing about cigarettes. But when you try to square some of it with your own common-sense and experience, a lot of it just doesn't "square"!

What smokers want to know about a cigarette is, "How good is it?"

And when it comes to that, cigarettes are just as good and just as pure as the materials from which they're made.

In making Chesterfield, we use only riper, milder, sweeter-tasting tobaccos—the best that money can buy—and pure cigarette paper—the purest that can be made. Our chemists rigidly test for cleanliness and purity all materials used in the manufacture of Chesterfield. In our factories even the air is washed, and changed every 4½ minutes.

Everything that goes into Chesterfield is the best that money can buy or that science knows about.

"Good . . . they've got to be good," we say about CHESTERFIELD—and we mean it! And that's something you can square with everything you've ever read, or heard—or know—about this good cigarette!

Chesterfield
Cigarettes
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

© 1931, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.